CHURCH HYMNAL

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CHURCH HYMNAL.

Compiled and arranged by a Committee appointed by the
Bishop of Montreal.

Montreal and Rouses Point, N. Y.,
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This Hymnal, compiled by the following Committee, appointed by the Bishop of Montreal, who acted as Chairman at all its sittings, is recommended for use in this Diocese.

The Rev. Canon Bancroft,
" " " Baldwin,
" " J. Constantine,
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" " R. W. Norman.

A. MONTREAL.

Montreal, *4th Dec.* 1874.

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HYMNS.

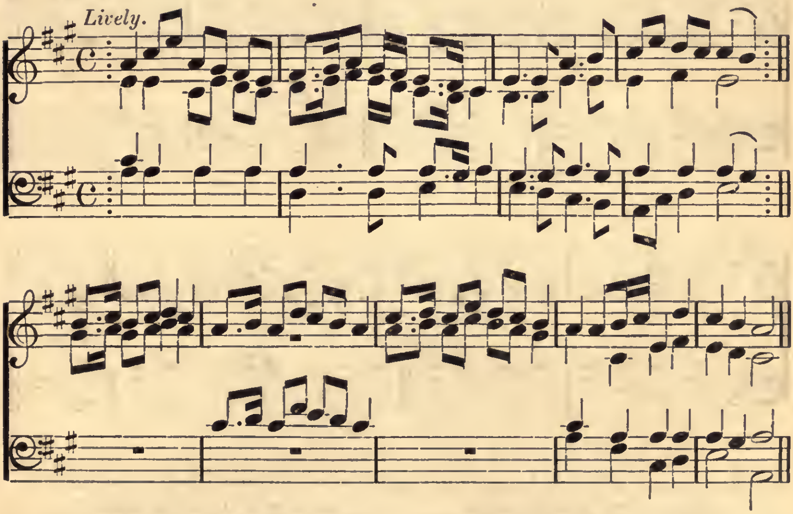
I.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

ADVENT.

FIRST TUNE.

1. Helmsley. 8.7.8.7.4.7. Rev. M. Madan.



Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train;
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

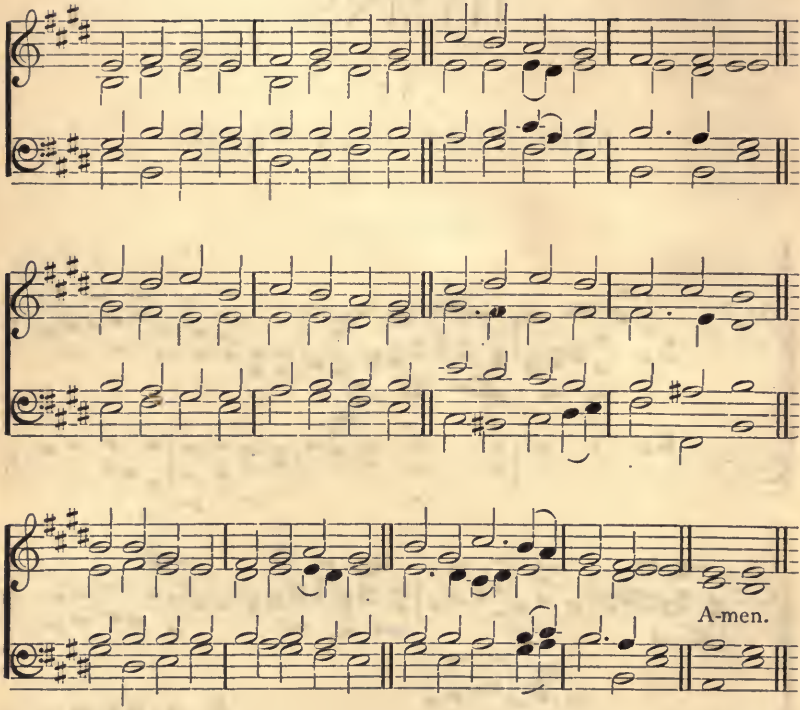
Every eye shall now behold Him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints by men rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

Yea, Amen: let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
O come quickly;
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

SECOND TUNE.

1. St. Thomas. 8.7.8.7.8.7. V. Novello.



Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
  Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
  Swell the triumph of His train;
    Hallelujah!
  God appears on earth to reign.

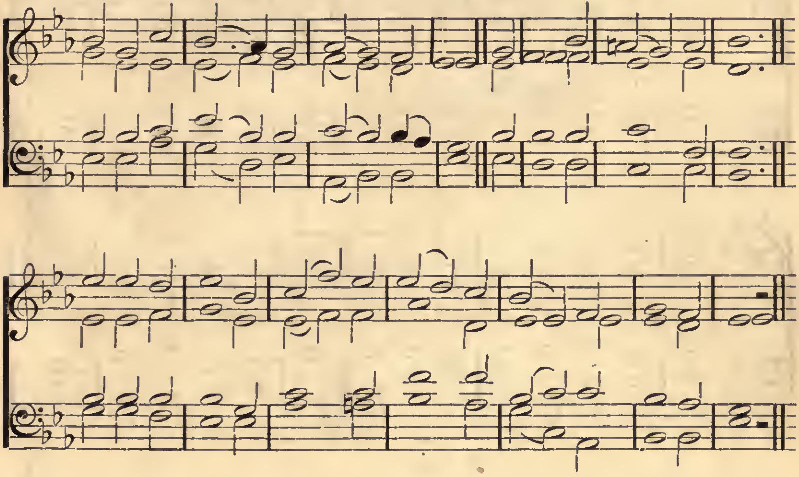
Every eye shall now behold Him,
  Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
  Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree,
    Deeply wailing,
  Shall the true Messiah see.

Now redemption, long expected,
  See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints by men rejected,
  Now shall meet Him in the air:
    Hallelujah!
  See the day of God appear.

Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
  High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
  Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
    O come quickly;
  Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!
    Amen.

2. CHILDHOOD. C.M. REV. C. J. DICKINSON.

With spirit.



Joy to the world, the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And earth and nature sing.

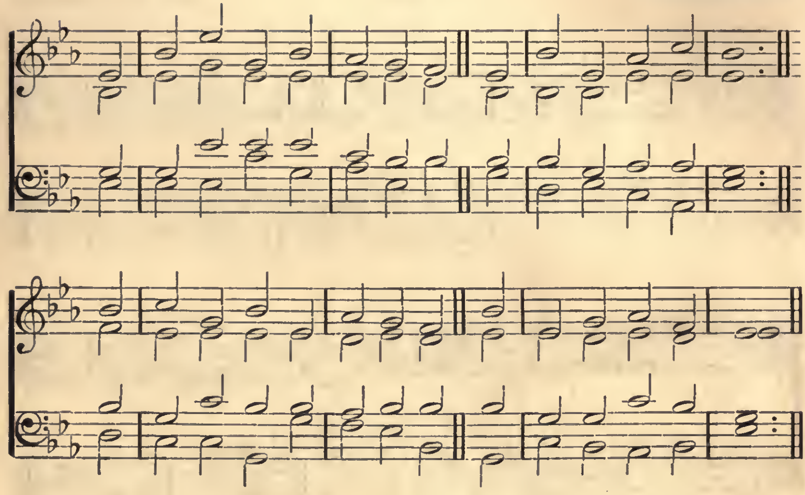
Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

ADVENT.

3. St. David's. C.M. Old Melody.



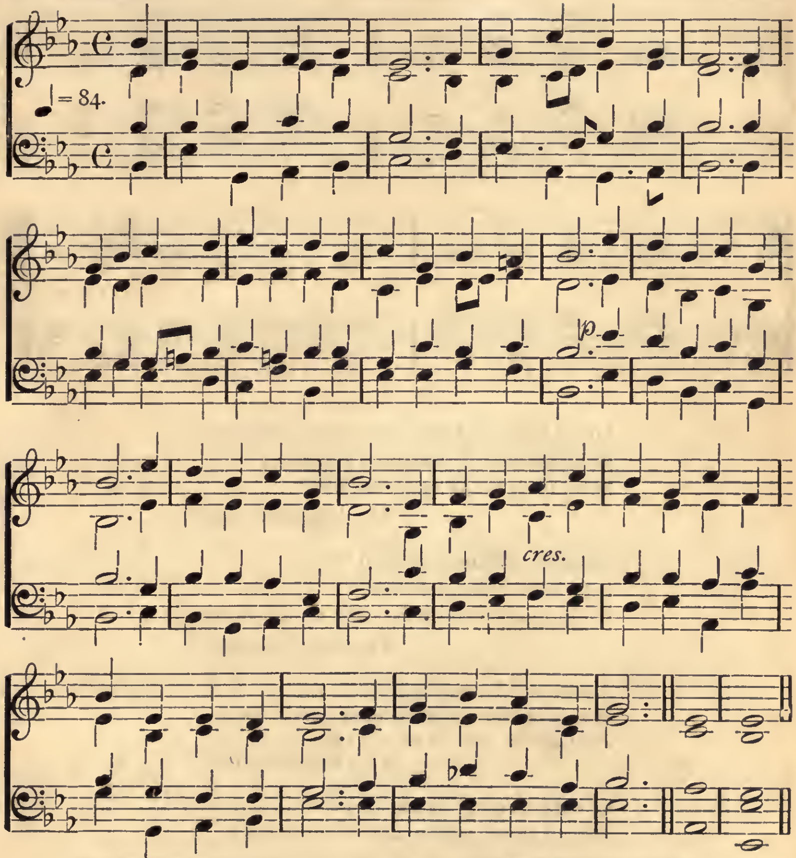
Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thine Advent shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

4. REDEMPTION. 6.6.8.6.6.6.8.6. DR. C. STEGGALL.



The Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps, a mourner yet.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come.

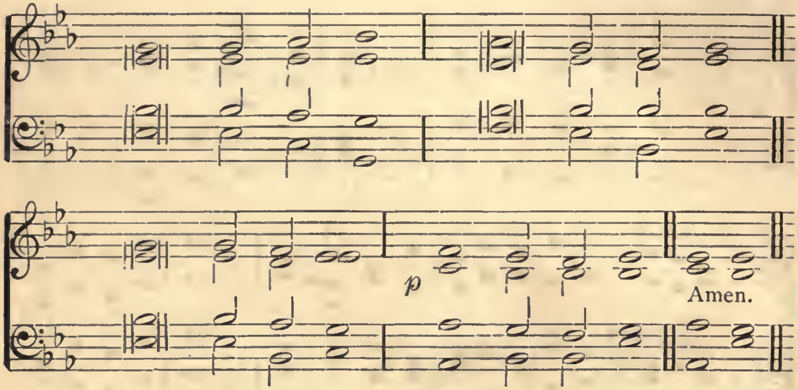
Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died:
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to slumber there
Till the last glorious morn.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come.

The serpent's brood increase;
The powers of hell grow bold;
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood?
Come then, Lord Jesus, come.

We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain;
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come. Amen.

ADVENT.

5. TROYTE. 8.8.8.4. ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE.



Great King of kings, why dost Thou stay,
Why tarriest Thou upon Thy way,
Why lingers the expected day?
Thy kingdom come!

Life in its fulness is with Thee,
Life in its holy liberty;—
From death and chains this world set free;
Thy kingdom come!

Earth still is waiting for the day
When old things shall have pass'd away,
And all be clad in new array,—
Thy kingdom come!

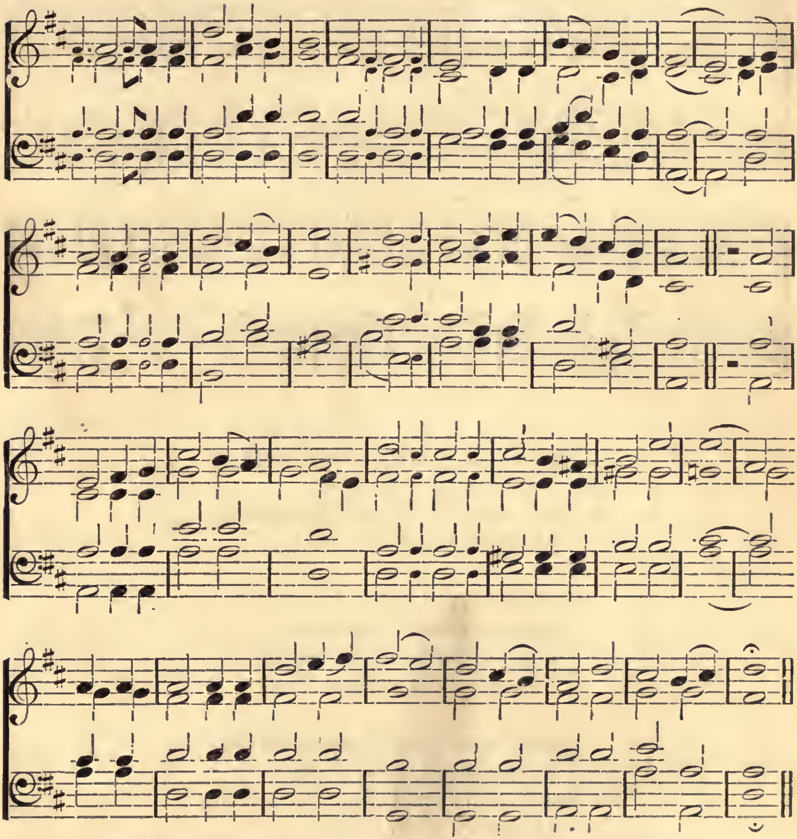
O King of glory, King of peace,
Bid all these storms and tumults cease,
Bring in Thy reign of righteousness;—
Thy kingdom come!

Peace, gentle peace, is on its way,
And holy love this earth to sway;
Hasten, O Lord, that glorious day—
Thy kingdom come!

Oh, bid Thy blessed gospel go
Forth to each child of sin and woe,
That all Thy wondrous grace may know;—
Thy kingdom come! Amen

ADVENT.

6. STORMONT. IRREGULAR. JOHN HOWDEN.



Fear not, thou daughter of Zion,
He cometh, He cometh, thy King!
He cometh in lowly greatness,
Lift up thy voice and sing!
He hast'neth with love and blessing;
With glory and light to thee;
'Tis the day of the great salvation,
This year of jubilee.

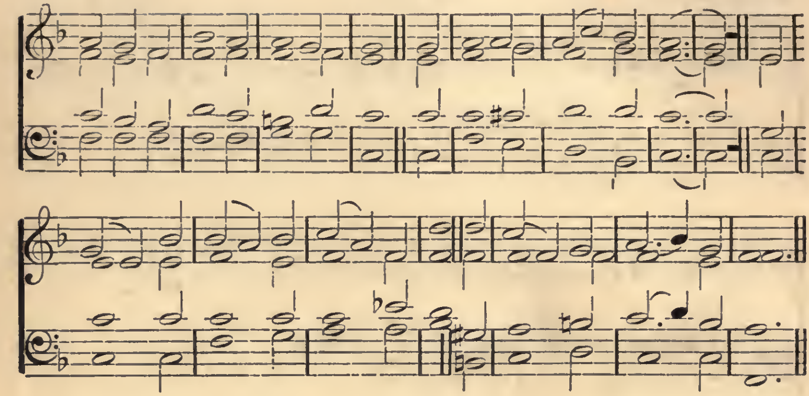
As the Prince of Peace He cometh,
The desire of the nations He;
As the Bridegroom He appeareth
At midnight; awake and see.

He cometh to spoil the spoiler,
To avenge and judge and reign;
He cometh to bind the strong one
In His eternal chain.

He came once in shame and weakness
As the bearer of human sin;
He cometh in royal splendour
His kingdom to begin.
He hath gone to receive His sceptre;
He returns as the crowned King;
Break forth, O creation, in triumph,
Lift up thy voice and sing!

N. B.—The verses being dissimilar in accent, it will be necessary to change the music accordingly; small notes have been given where practicable.—Eds.

7. CABRA. C.M. P. R. MACLAGAN, MUS. DOC.



Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
  Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
  Chase all our griefs away!

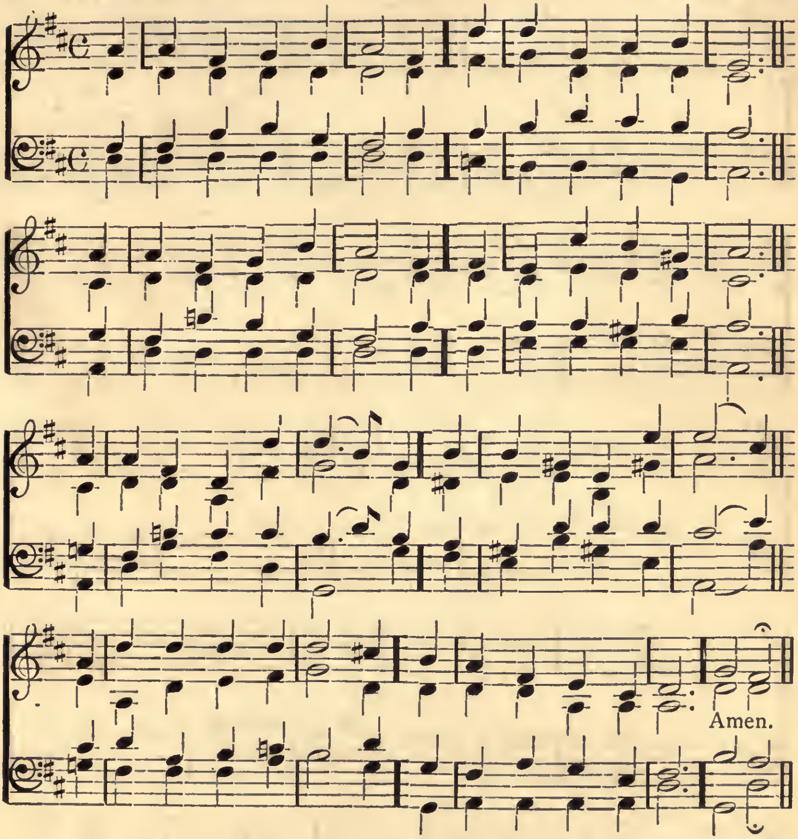
Come, blessed Lord! let every shore
  And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
  And own Thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
  To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapt'rous strains of joy
  In mem'ry of thy love.

Lord! Lord! Thy fair creation groans,—
  The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,—
  And calls aloud for Thee.

Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
  Of grace and peace divine:
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
  The palm of vict'ry Thine!

8. LANCASHIRE. 7.6.D. HENRY SMART.

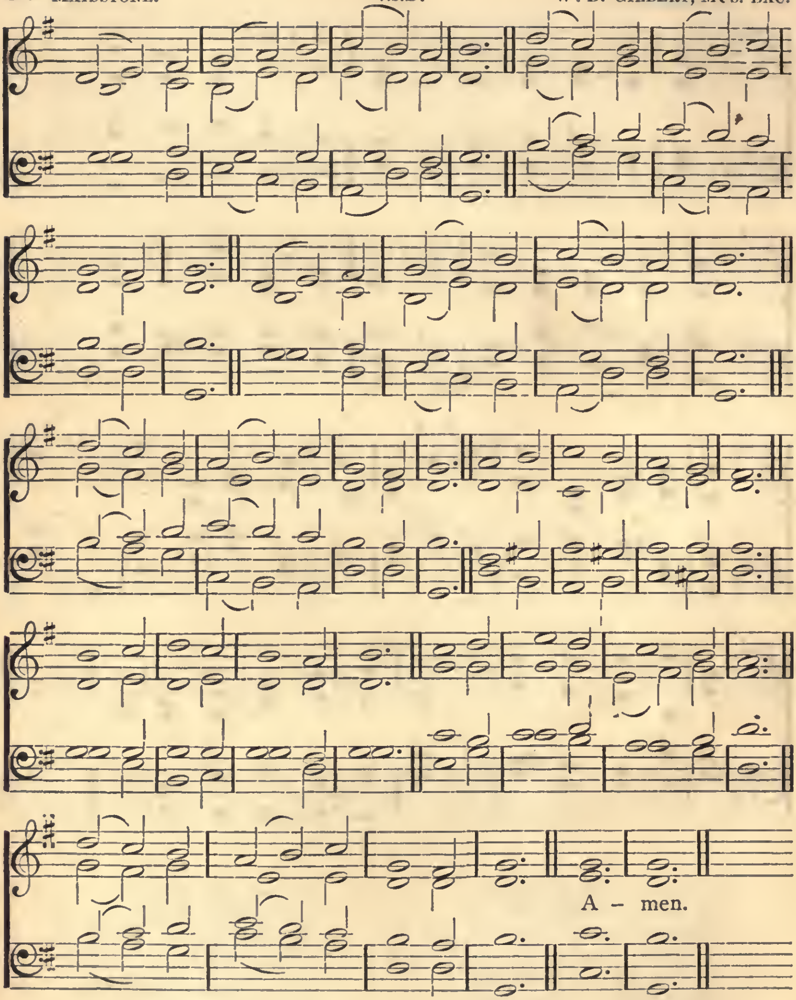


How long, O Lord, our Saviour,
Wilt Thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of Thy so long delay.
Oh, when shall come the moment
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of Thy glory
Shall on Thy people dawn?

How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt Thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That Thou dost absent stay!
The bridal train their vigil
And calling have forgot,
And seek for ease and slumber,
Where Thou, their Lord, art not.

Oh, wake Thy slumbering virgins,
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all the saints repeat it—
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy Thy face to see. Amen.

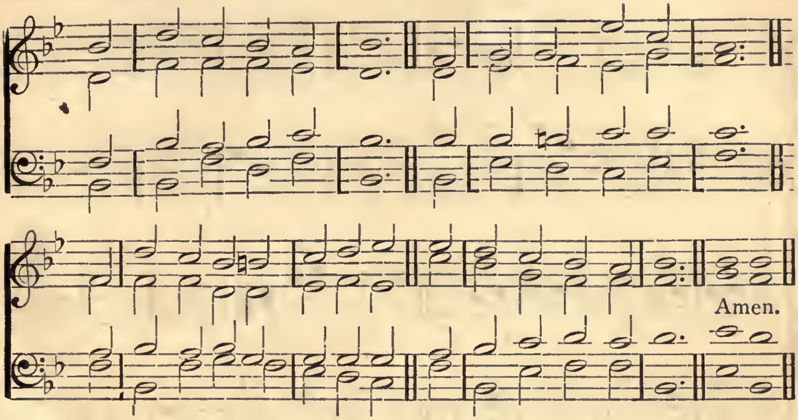
9. MAIDSTONE. 7.s.D. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. BAC.



SEE, the ransom'd millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand;
This before the Throne their strain;
" Hell is vanquish'd; death is slain;
Blessing, honor, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before Him fall;
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"

Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power;
Still Thy foes are unsubdued;
Nature sighs to be renew'd;
Time has nearly reach'd its sum,
All things with Thy Bride say, Come;
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign for evermore! Amen.

10. St. John. S.M. A. King.



Come, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long looked for day;
Oh ! why these years of waiting here
These ages of delay ?

Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

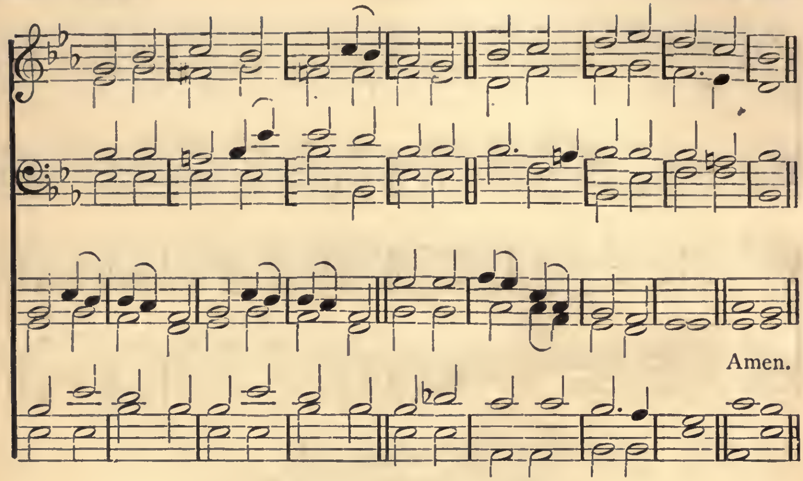
Come, for Thy Israel pines
An exile from Thy fold;
Oh ! call to mind Thy faithful word,
And bless them as of old!

Come, for the corn is ripe;
Put in Thy sickle now,
Reap the great harvest of the earth,—
Sower and Reaper Thou!

Come, in Thy glorious might,
Come, with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most Mighty Son of God.

Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness. Amen.

11. VERMONT. 8.7.8.7. WEBER.



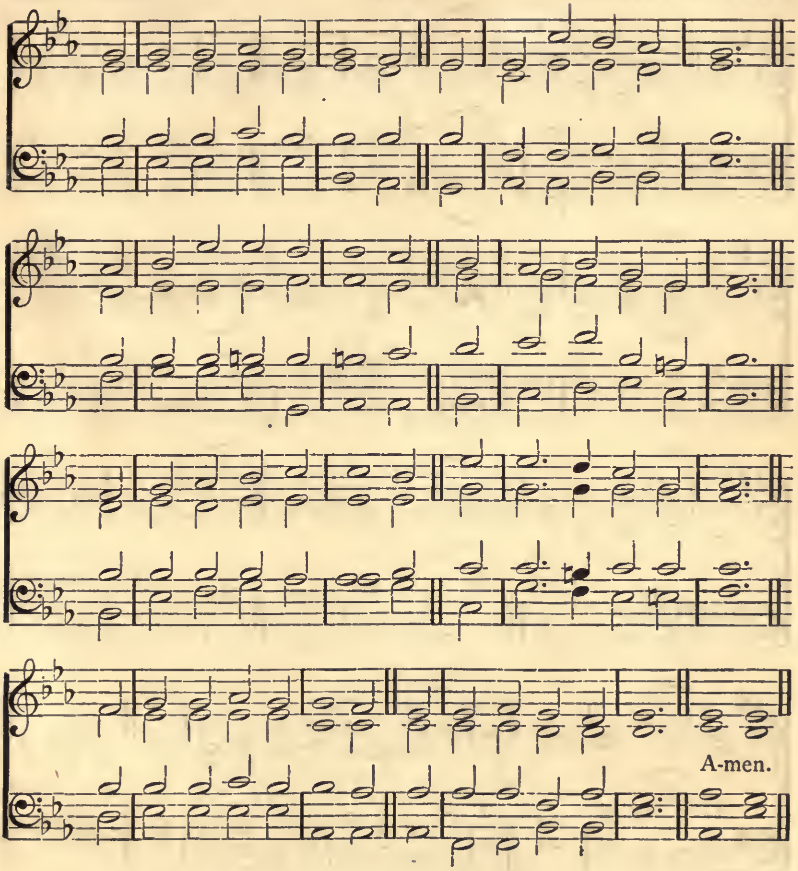
LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
  Borders on the shades of death,
Jesus, now Thy love revealing,
  Scatter every cloud beneath.

Still we wait for Thine appearing,
  For the joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
  Every meek and contrite heart.

Show Thy power in every nation,
  O Thou Prince of Peace and love;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
  Fix our hearts on things above.

By Thine all-sufficient merit,
  Every burden'd soul release;
By the presence of Thy Spirit
  Guide us into perfect peace. Amen.

12. AURELIA. 7.6.7.6.(D) WESLEY.



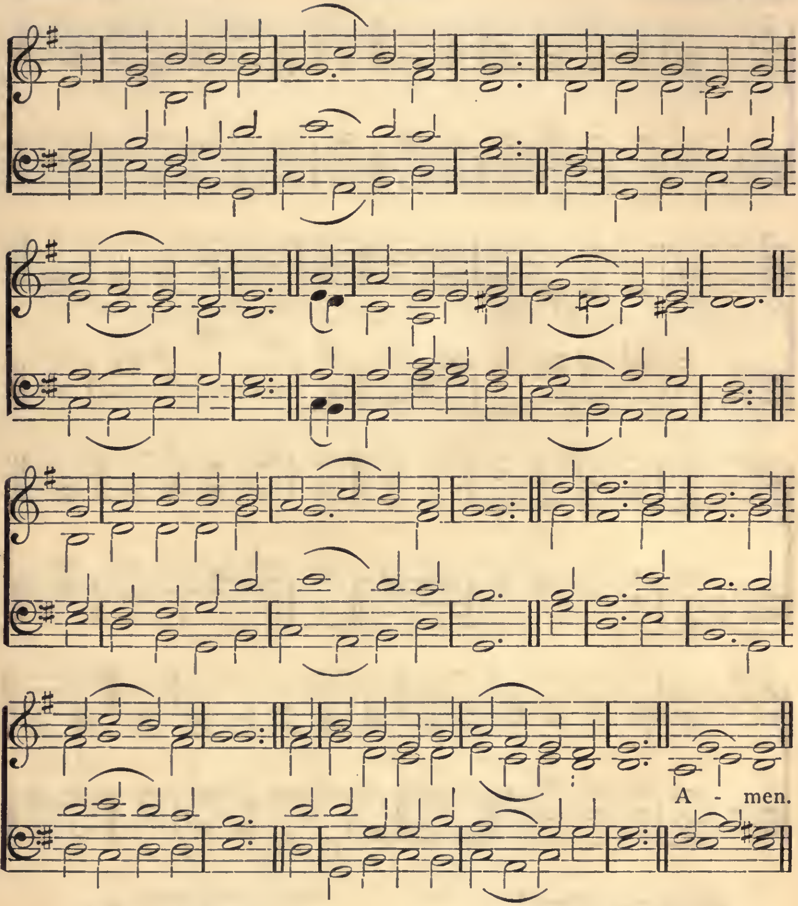
REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
  And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
  And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
  And soon He will draw nigh;
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle?
  At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning,
  Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
  The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
  Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
  With hallelujahs clear.

O wise and holy virgins,
  Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in your jubilations
  Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
  The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
  The Bridegroom is at hand.

Our hope and expectation,
  O Jesus now appear:
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
  O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
  We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
  And ever be with Thee! Amen.

13. VENI EMMANUEL. 8.8.8.8.8.8. ANCIENT MELODY.



O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

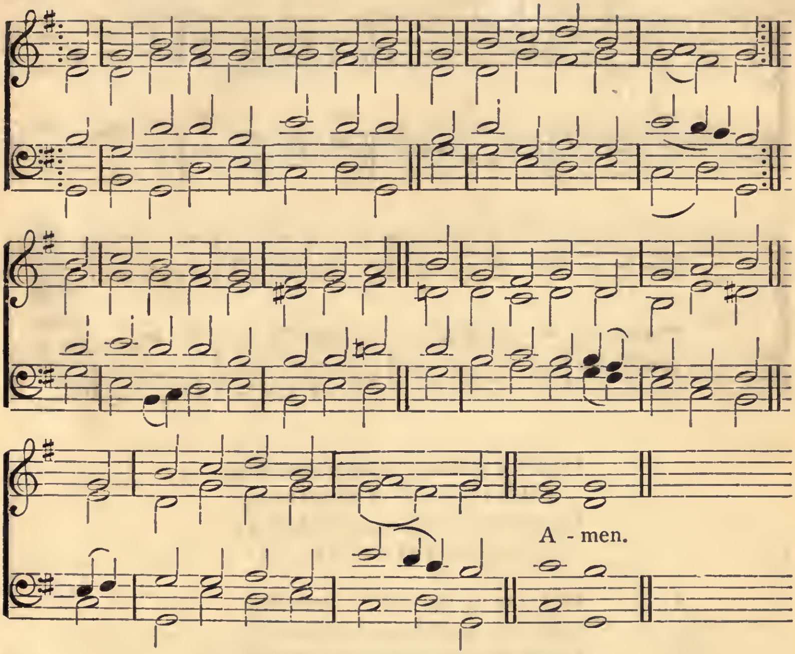
O come, Thou rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel! Amen.

14. LUTHER'S HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.8.8.7. LUTHER.

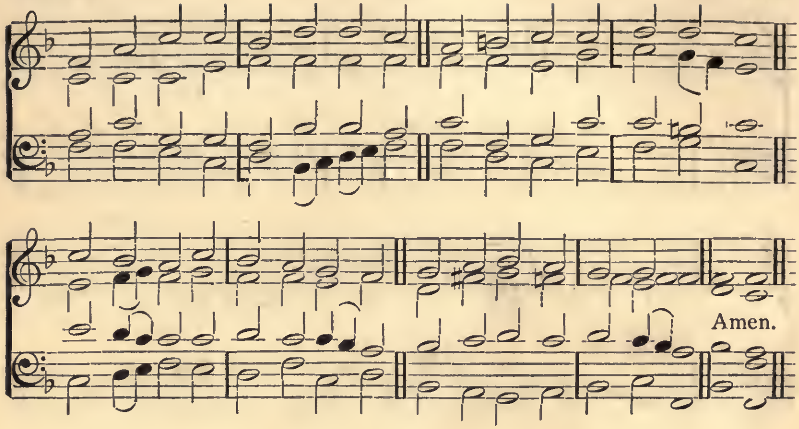


THE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
  Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
  Outstretch'd in fear and wonder.
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
  The rocks were rent asunder.

The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
  A meek and suffering Stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye
  In nature's hour of danger;
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
  And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of Love, the Lord of might,
  The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right
  On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
  O'er death and hell defeated. Amen.

15. MERTON. 8.7.8.7. MONK.



Hark ! a thrilling voice is sounding ;
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say ;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day !"

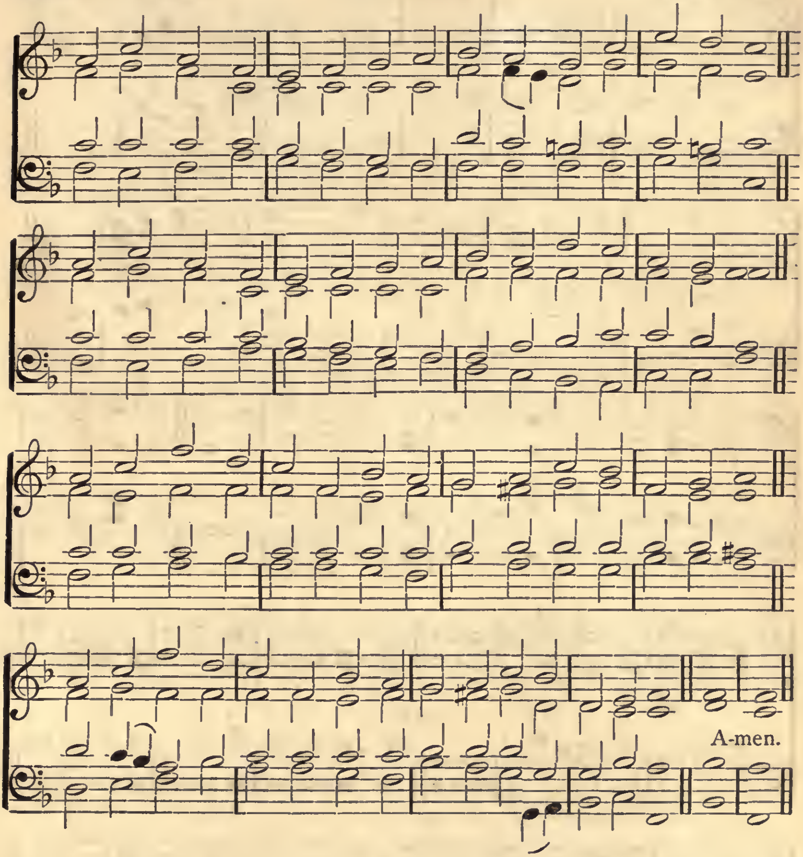
Waken'd by the solemn warning
Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
Christ, her Sun, all ill dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo ! the Lamb so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven ;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven ;

That when next He comes with glory,
And the world is wrapp'd in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

Honor, glory, might, and blessing,
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

16. HOLY VOICES. 8.7.8.7. DOUBLE. JAMES LANGRAN.



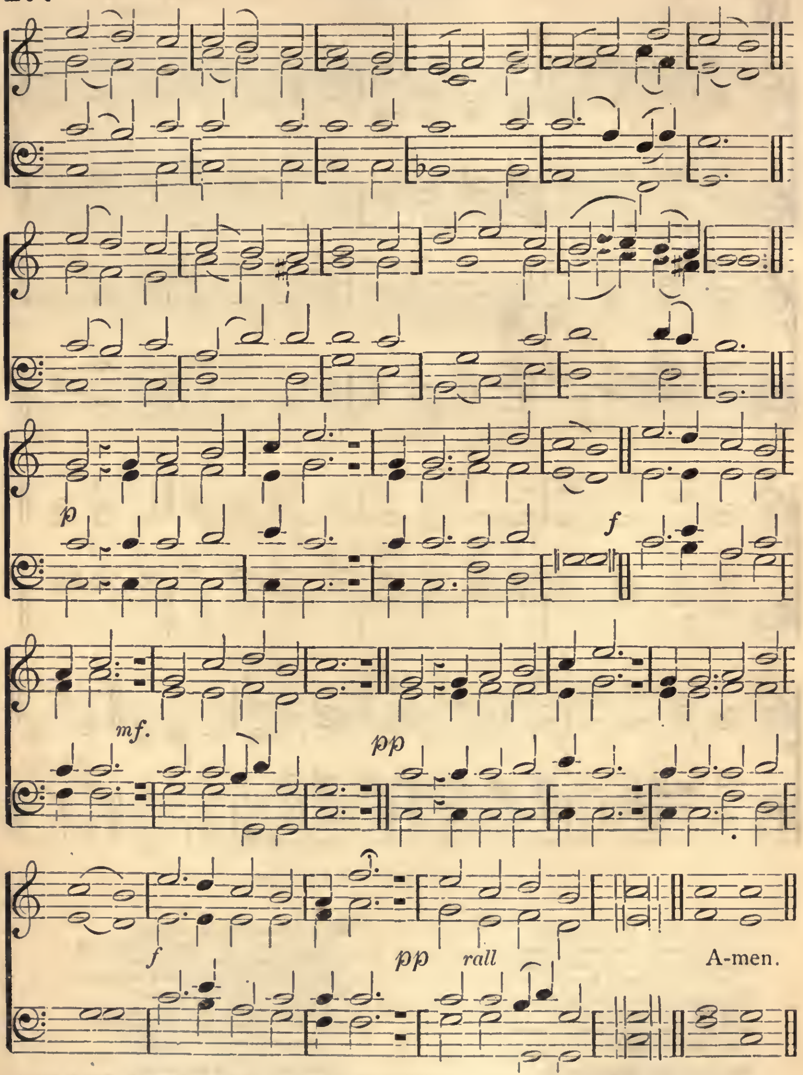
HE is coming, He is coming,
  Not as once He came before,
Wailing infant, born in weakness
  On a lowly stable floor;
But upon His cloud of glory,
  In the crimson-tinted sky,
Where we see the golden sunrise
  In the rosy distance lie.

He is coming, He is coming,
  Not in pain, and shame, and woe,
With the thorn-crown on His forehead,
  And the blood-drops trickling slow;
But with diadem upon Him,
  And the sceptre in His hand,
And the dead all ranged before Him,
  Raised from death, hell, sea, and land.

He is coming, He is coming,
  Not as once He wander'd through
All the hostile land of Judah,
  With His followers poor and few;
But with all the holy angels
  Waiting round His judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve Apostles
  Sitting crowned at His feet.

He is coming, He is coming;
  Let His lowly first estate,
And His tender love, so teach us
  That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
  Our redemption draweth near;
And we see the sign in heaven
  Of our Judge and Saviour dear. Amen.

17. SOUNDS SYMPHONIOUS. C.M. DR. J. SMITH.

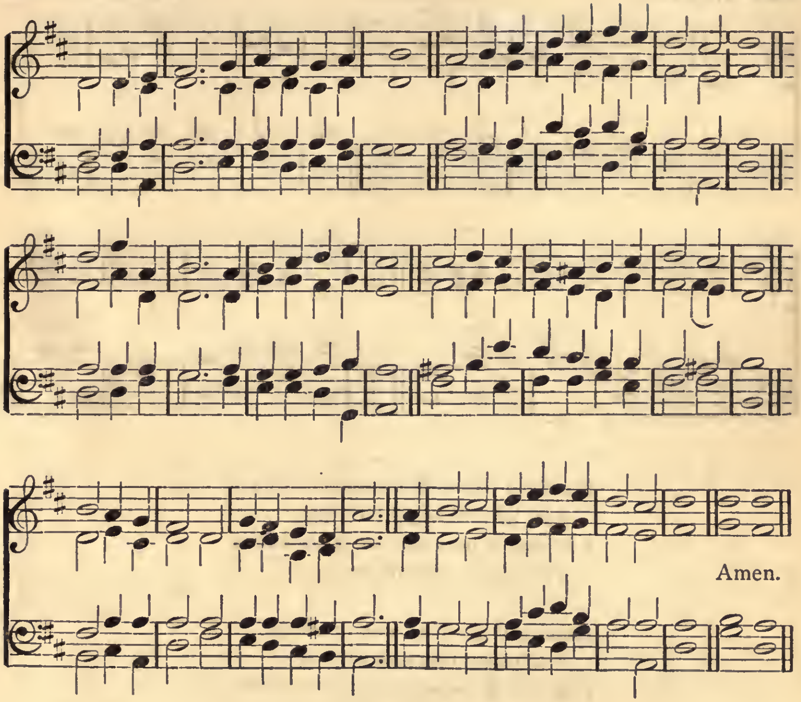


WHENCE those sounds symphonious,
Solemn, sweet, and rare;
Music most harmonious
Filling all the air?
Hark! 'tis angels singing,
Singing here on earth;
Joyful tidings bringing
Of the Saviour's birth.
Hark! etc.

In that region yonder,
Where the angels sing,
Bursts of joy and wonder
Make the air to ring.
Praise and adoration
Be to God above;
And to man salvation,
Object of His love.
Hark! etc.

Now ye heavens, sing ye;
Earth, break forth and cry,
O ye mountains, ring ye
With the sound of joy.
For the Lord has done it,
His the victory;
His own arm hath won it,
Israel shall be free.
Hark! etc. Amen.

18. YORKSHIRE. 10.10.10.10.10.10. WAINWRIGHT.



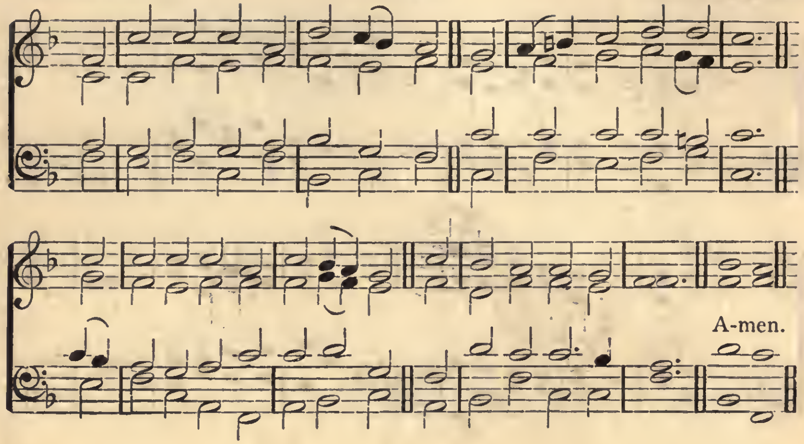
CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
Sing the glad tidings first with them begun,
Of God made man, the blessed Virgin's Son.

The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will;
This day hath God fulfilled His promis'd word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord!

Oh, may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe who hath retriev'd our loss
From His poor manger to his His bitter cross:
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till changed like Him, we see Him face to face.

Then may we hope th' angelic thrones among,
To sing redeem'd a glad triumphal song:
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Sav'd by His love, unceasing we shall sing
Eternal praise to God our heavenly King.
Amen.

19. **St. George.** C.M. **Hermann.**



High let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng,
For angels no such love have known
To wake a cheerful song.

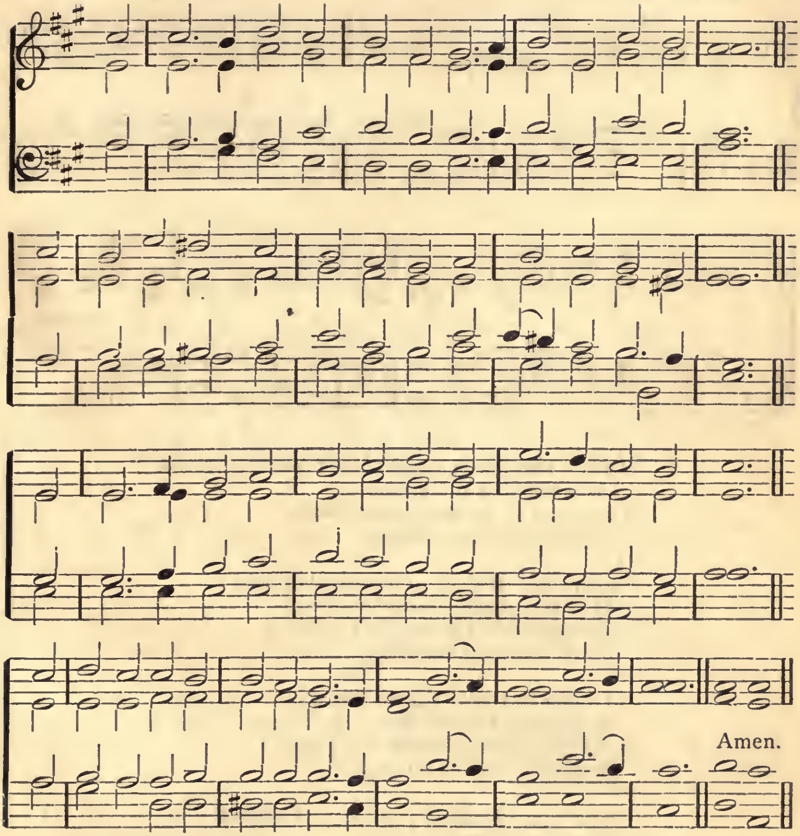
Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For, lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With grace and truth from heaven.

Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
To us a child is born!

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains? Amen.

20. STUYVESANT. D.C.M. W. J. GILBERT.



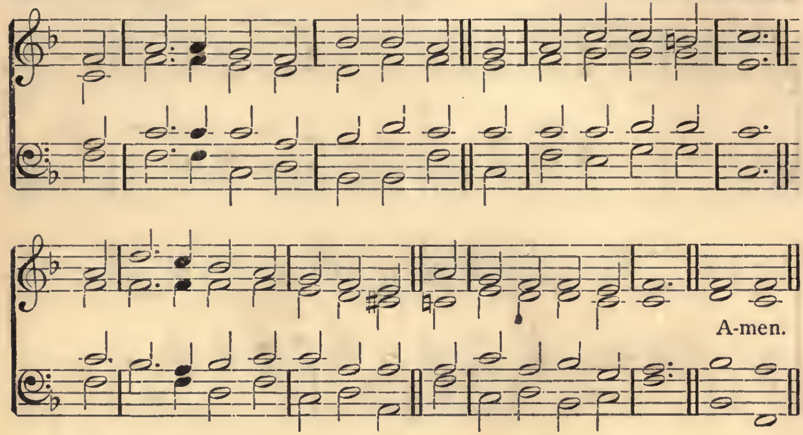
It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
" Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From Heaven's all gracious king : "
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd ;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heav'nly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffer'd long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hast'ning on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. Amen.

21. WINCHESTER (OLD). C.M. ESTE'S PSALTER.



WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

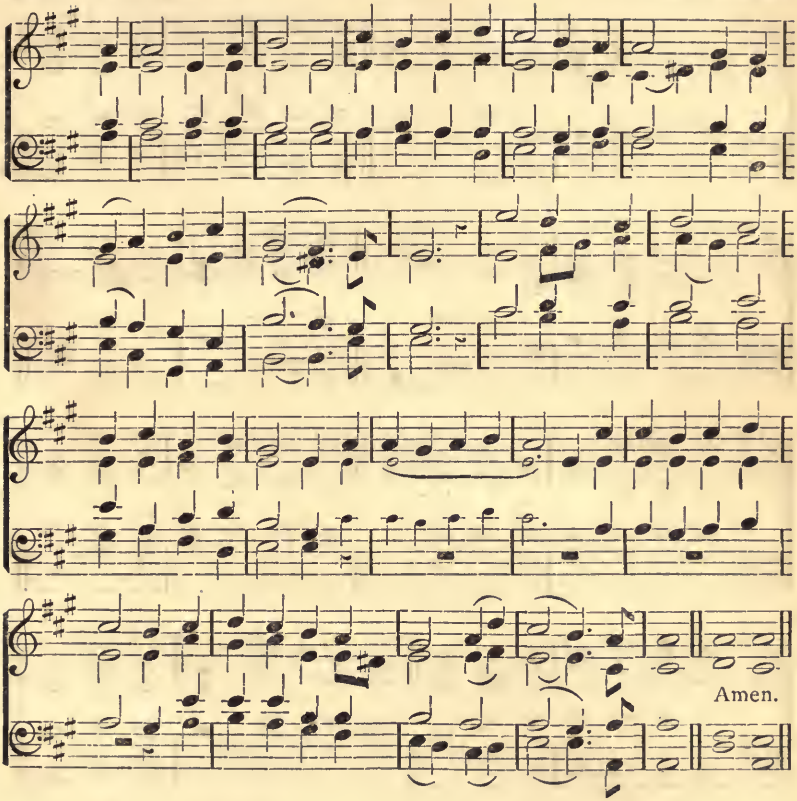
"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And in the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
Begin and never cease." Amen.

22. ADESTE FIDELES. IRREGULAR. JOHN READING.



O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant;
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem!
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

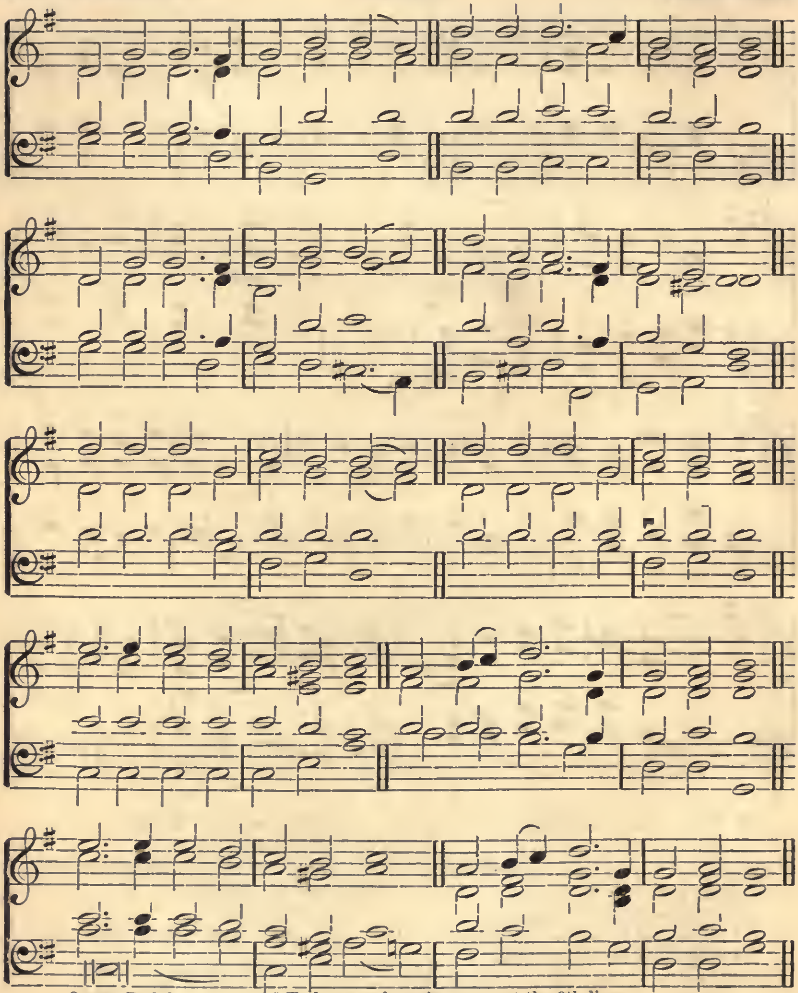
God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore him, etc.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord. Amen.

CHRISTMAS.

23. Festgesang.* 7.7.7.7.(D). Mendelssohn.



Organ Pedal.

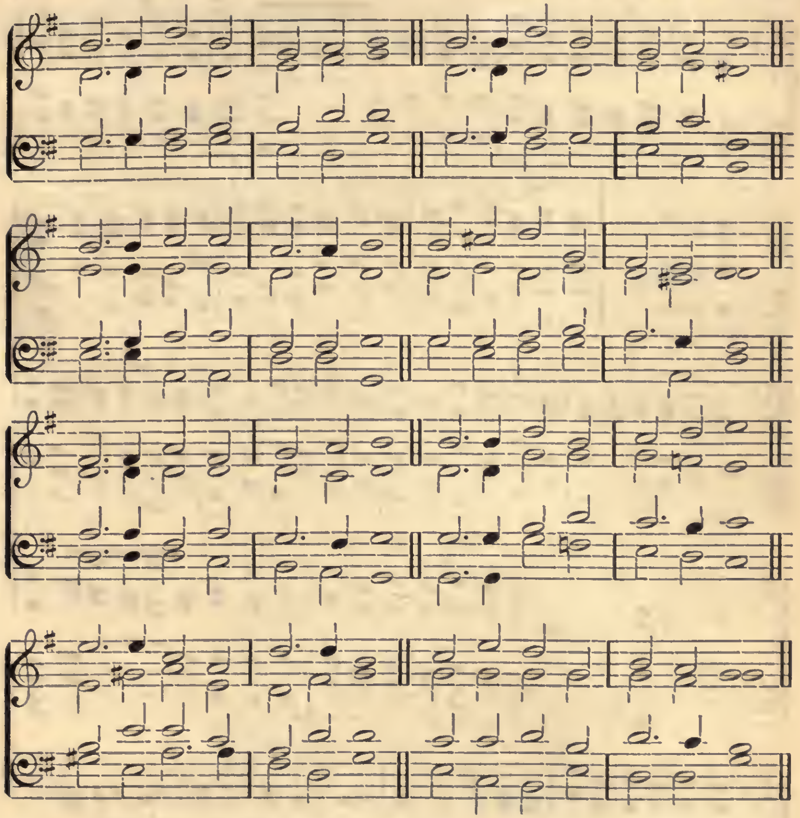
* To be sung in unison except the 9th line.

Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the trumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark, etc.

Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord:
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity;
Man He deigns with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark, etc.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace;
Hail the Sun of Righteousness;
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark, etc.

24. St. George. 7.7.7.7.(D.) Sir George Elvey, Mus. Doc.



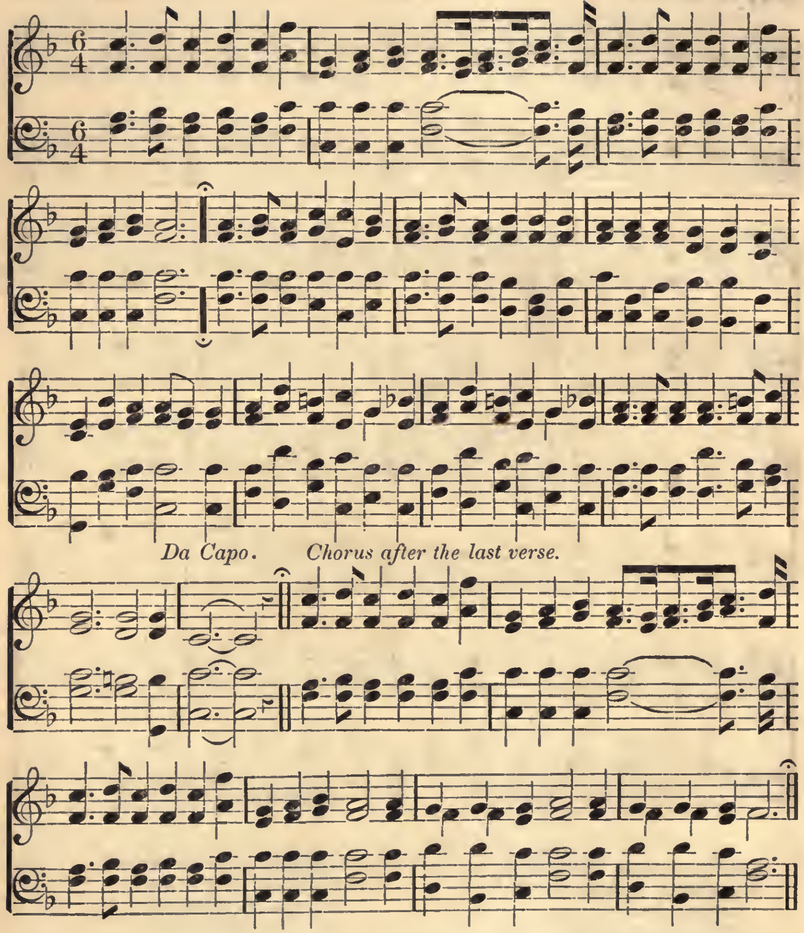
Mercy triumphs, Christ is born,
Seraphs hail this happy morn;
Echo loud their solemn cry,
Glory be to God on high!
Praise to God and peace on earth,
Such the tidings of His birth;
Him we worship, Him we bless,
Prince of Peace and Righteousness.

Promis'd branch of Jesse's stem,
Christ is born at Bethlehem.
We have pardon, we have peace;
Darkness, guilt, and terror cease,
Light and mercy cheer the tomb;
Hallelujah! Christ is come!
Let all earth's redeem'd cry,
Glory be to God on high!

Son of man, He murmur'd not,
Bore with us, and shar'd our lot
Son of God, we know Him well
By each sign the prophets tell.
His the love to feel our woe,
His the might to quell our foe:
Unto Him in earth and heav'n
Be all praise and honor given.

CHRISTMAS.

25. AVISON. P.M. OLD MELODY.



CHORUS.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

Sion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth ;
The brightest Archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.

CHORUS.

Tell how He cometh ; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crown'd ;

CHORUS.

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome Hosanna arise ;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing ;
The chorus resound through the earth and the [skies.

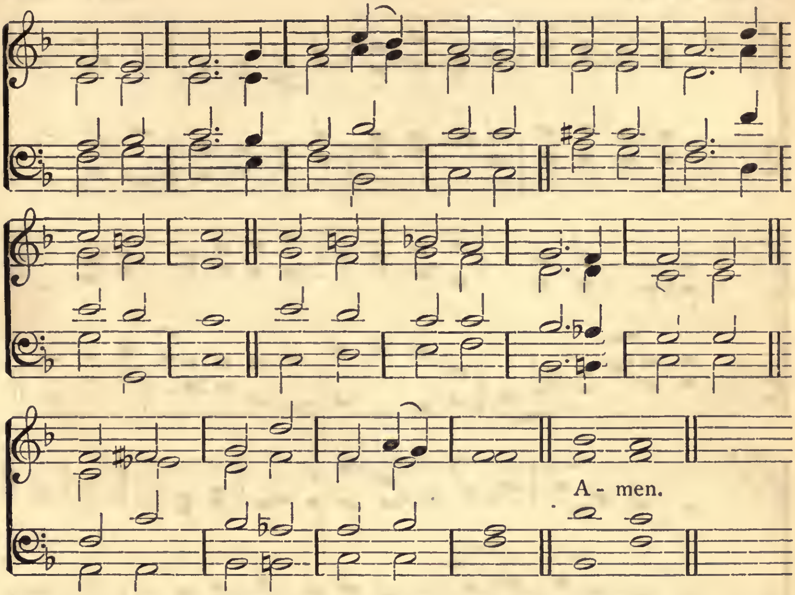
CHORUS.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

26. SARDIS.

8.7.8.7.

FROM BEETHOVEN.



HARK, what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding, through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

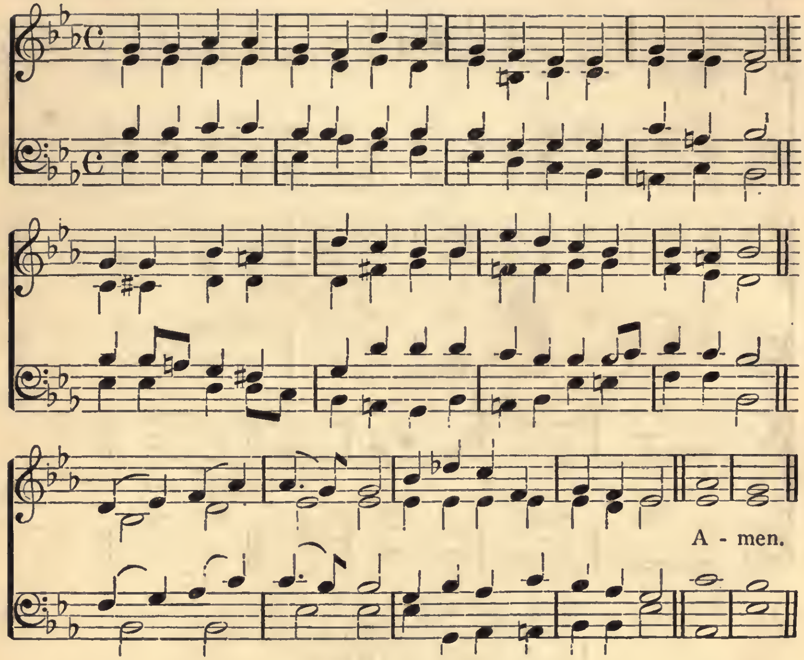
Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God Most High!

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd and sins forgiv'n,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

"Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King!

"Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn His name to magnify,
Till in heav'n ye sing before him,
Glory be to God Most High!" Amen.

27. Realms of Glory. 8.7.8.7.4.7. John Naylor.



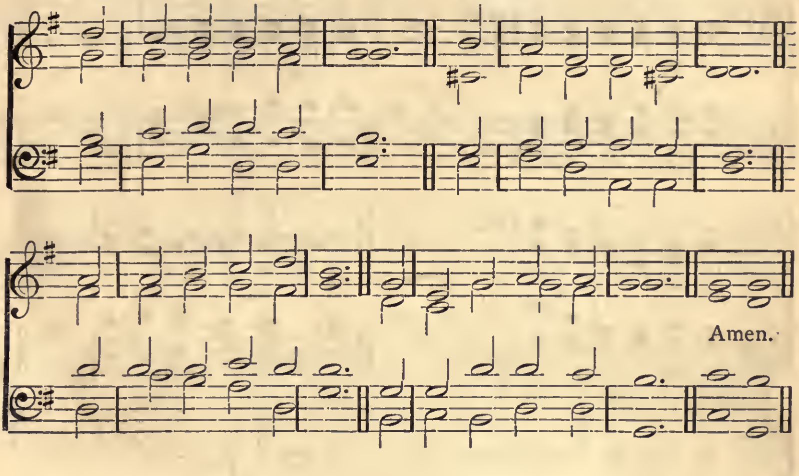
Angels, from the realms of glory,
  Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
  Now proclaim Messiah's birth!
    Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
  Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
  Yonder shines the heav'nly Light.
    Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

Saints before the altar bending,
  Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
  In his temple shall appear.
    Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

Saints and angels join in praising
  Thee, the Father, Spirit, Son;
Evermore their voices raising
  To the Eternal Three in One.
    Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King!
Amen

28. St. Cecilia. 6.6.6.6. Rev. L. G. Haynes, Mus. Doc.



God from on high hath heard!
Let sighs and sorrows cease;
The skies unfold, and lo!
Descends the gift of peace!

Hark! on the midnight air
Celestial voices swell;
The hosts of Heaven proclaim
"God comes on earth to dwell!"

Haste with the shepherds; see
The mystery of grace:
A manger-bed, a child,
Is all the eye can trace.

Is this indeed the Christ?
Is this the Eternal Son?
Who, ere the worlds began,
Was with the Father One?

Yes, faith can pierce the cloud
Which shrouds His glory now;
And hails Him God, and Lord,
To whom all creatures bow.

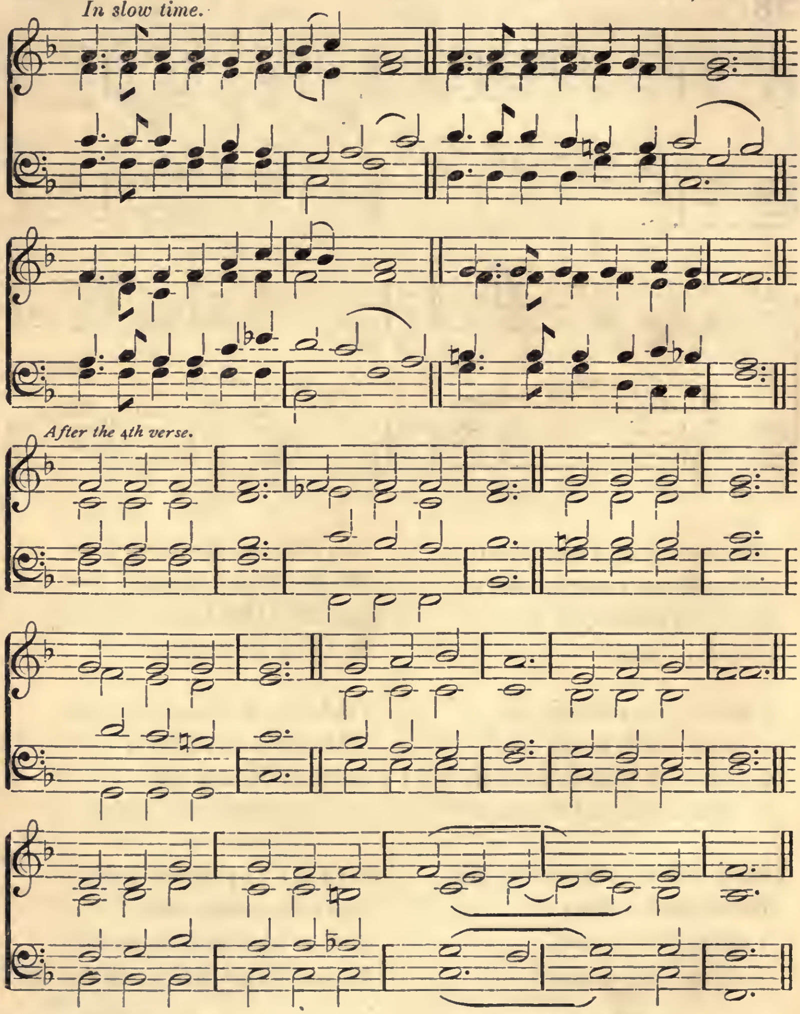
Faith sees the sapphire throne
Where angels, evermore
Adoring, tremble still,
And, trembling still, adore.

O Child! Thy silence speaks,
And bids us not refuse
To bear what flesh would shun,
To spurn what flesh would choose

Fill us with holy love,
Heal Thou our earthly pride;
Be born within our hearts,
And ever there abide. Amen.

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

29. St. Sylvester. P.M. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

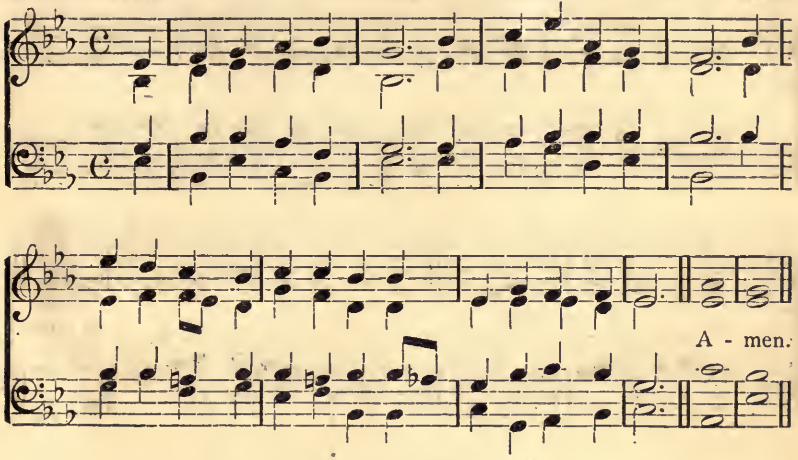
Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight:
Able now by grace to save them,
O, that while we can, we might!

Jesus infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came;

Whence we came, and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

As the tree falls, so must it lie;
As the man lives, so will he die;
As the man dies, such must he be,
All through the days of Eternity,

30. Durham. S.M. German.



To-morrow, Lord, is Thine,
  Lodg'd in Thy sov'reign hand,
And, if its sun arise and shine,
  It shines by Thy command.

The present moment flies,
  And bears our life away:
O make Thy servants truly wise,
  That they may live to-day.

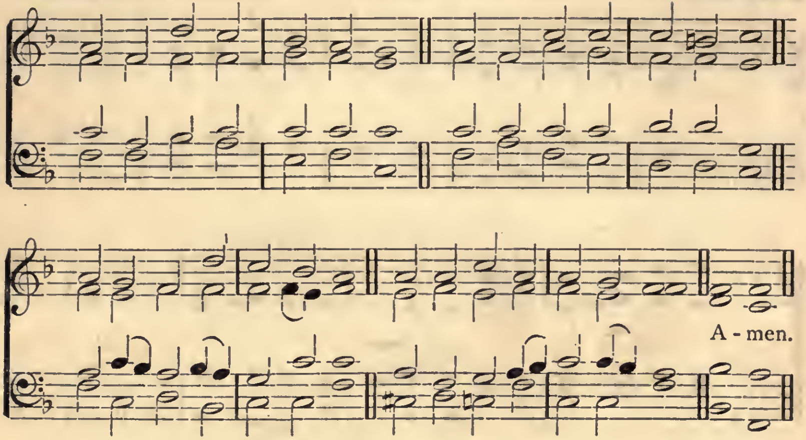
Since on this winged hour
  Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thy Almighty power
  The aged and the young!

One thing demands our care:
  O! be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
  Should never be renew'd!

To Jesus may we fly
  Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
  In sudden endless night! Amen.

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

31. University College. 7.7.7.7. Gauntlett.



For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
  Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankful praise,
  Father and Redeemer, hear.

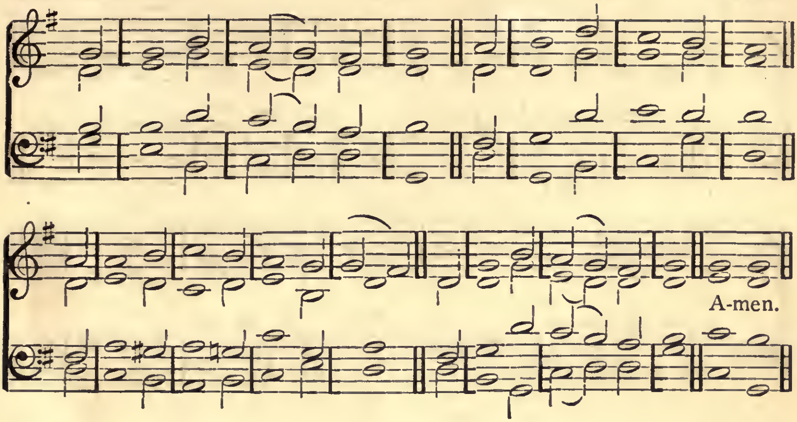
In our weakness and distress,
  Rock of strength, be Thou our stay:
In the pathless wilderness
  Be our true and living way.

Which of us death's awful road
  In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
  Comfort Thou his dying bed.

Make us faithful, make us pure:
  Keep us evermore Thine own:
Help Thy servants to endure:
  Fit us for the promis'd crown.

So within Thy palace gate
  We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
  Lord of lords, and King of kings. Amen.

32. DEDICATION. S.M. ANON.



My times are in Thy hand,
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

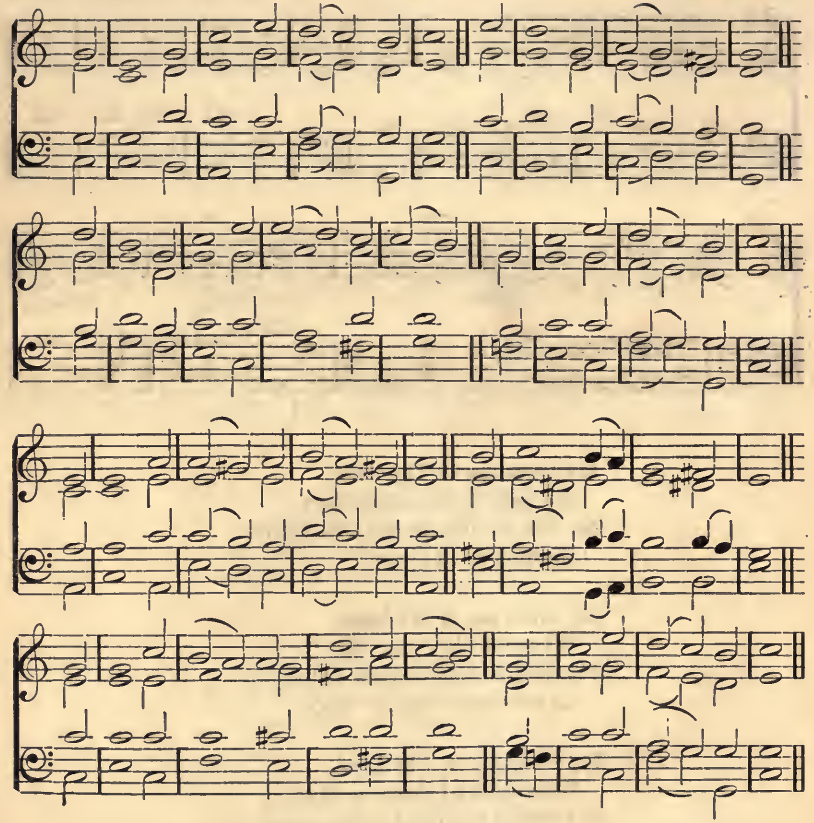
My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

My times are in Thy hand,
Why should I doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the crucified;
The hand my cruel sins once pierc'd
Is now my guard and guide.

My times are in Thy hand;
I'll always trust in Thee,
And after death, at Thy right hand
I shall forever be. Amen.

33. St. Matthew. D.C.M. Dr. Croft.



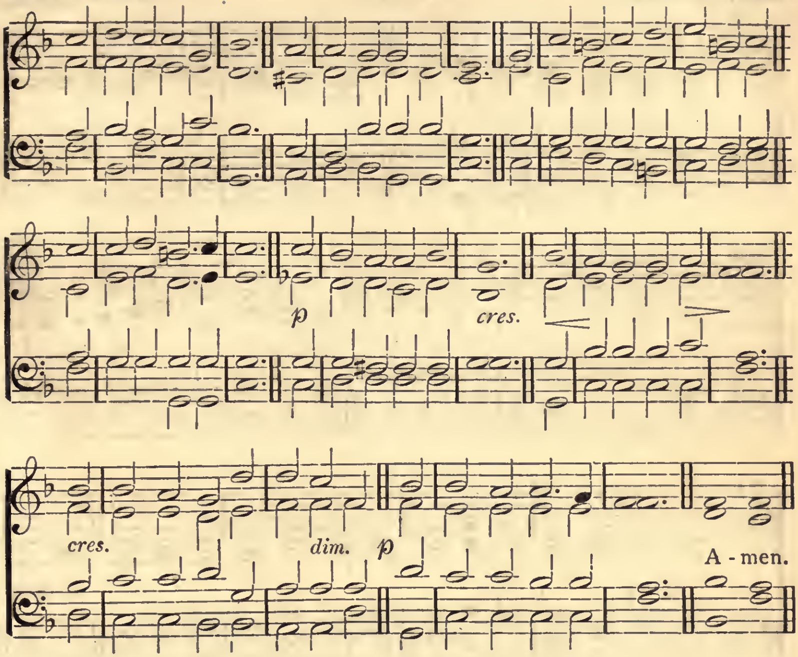
The year is gone beyond recall,
  With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
  With all its mournful tears;
Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,
  For countless gifts receiv'd,
And pray for grace to keep the faith
  Which saints of old believ'd.

To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,
  The new-born year to bless;
Defend our land from pestilence,
  Give peace and plenteousness;
Forgive this nation's many sins,
  The growth of vice restrain,
And help us all with sin to strive,
  And crowns of life to gain.

From evil deeds that stain the past
  We now desire to flee,
And pray that future years may all
  Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.
O Father, let Thy watchful eye
  Still look on us in love,
That we may praise Thee, year by year,
  As angels praise above.

✓

34. CHALVEY. D.S.M. REV. C. G. HAYNE.



A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

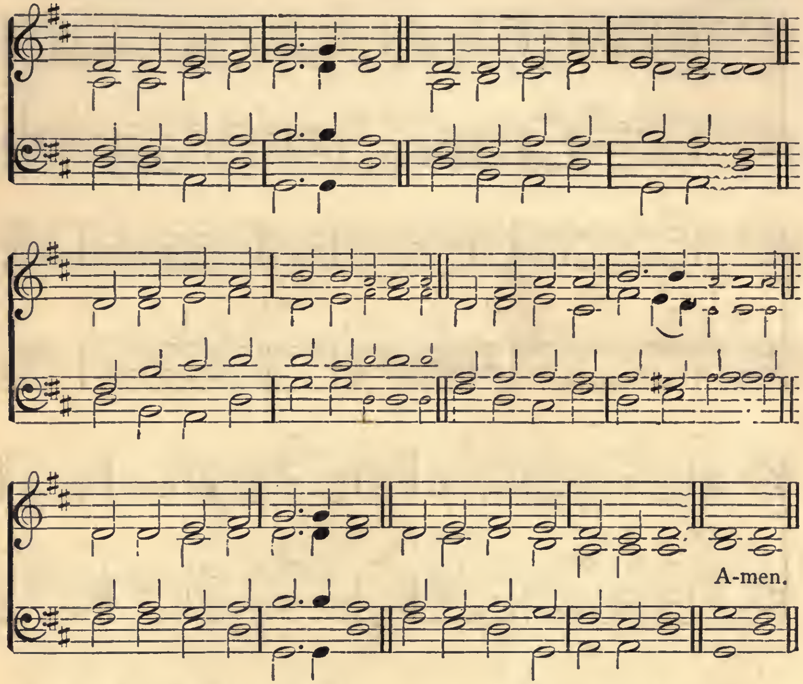
A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day:
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er;
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our road;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The Sabbath of our God.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

35. REDHEAD. 7.7.7.7.7.7. REDHEAD.



WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finish'd story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe!

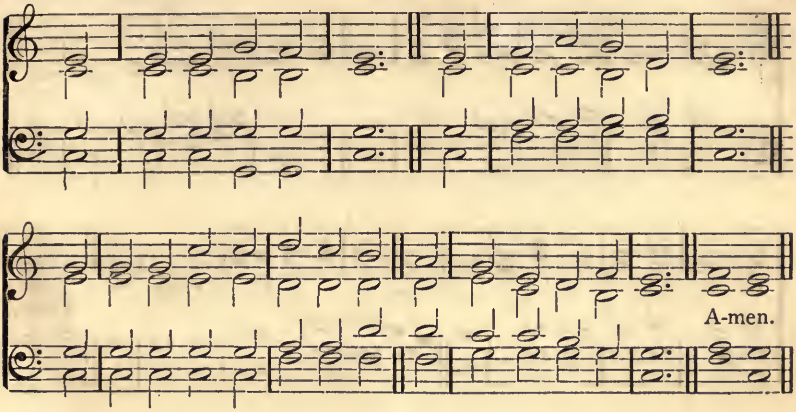
When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink,
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe!

When I stand before Thy throne,
Dress'd in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe!

Chosen not for good in me,
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show
By my love, how much I owe!

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud,
But when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light.
Blessed Jesus, bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe!
Amen.

36. ANDERSON. S.M. A. ANDERSON.



ONE sweetly solemn thought
  Comes to me o'er and o'er,
Nearer my parting hour am I
  Than e'er I was before.

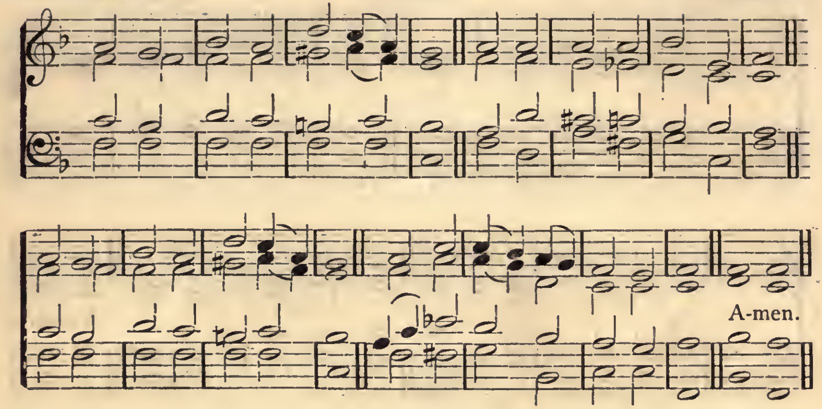
Nearer my Father's house,
  Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,—
  Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer my going home,
  Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
  Wearing my starry crown;

Nearer that hidden stream,
  Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
  Me and the world of light.

Jesus! to Thee I cling:
  Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
  Press through the stream of death. Amen.

37. WEBER. 7.7.7.7. WEBER.



Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

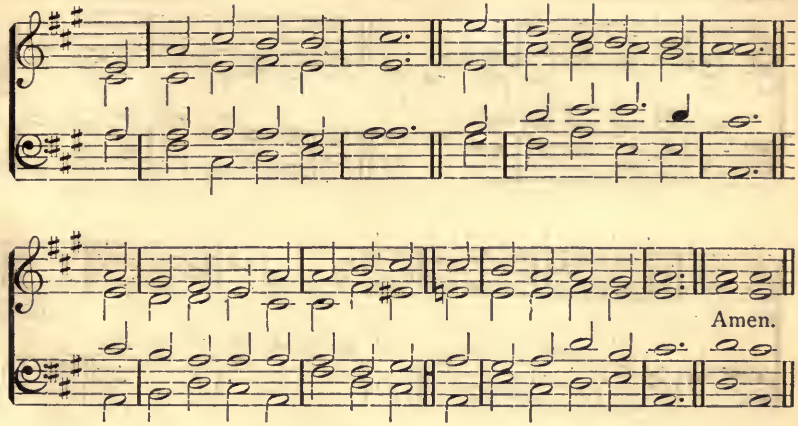
Jesus! Name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy child,
When the cup of human woe
First he tasted here below.

Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

Jesus! Name of wondrous love
Human Name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee. Amen.

38. St. Michael. S.M. Anon



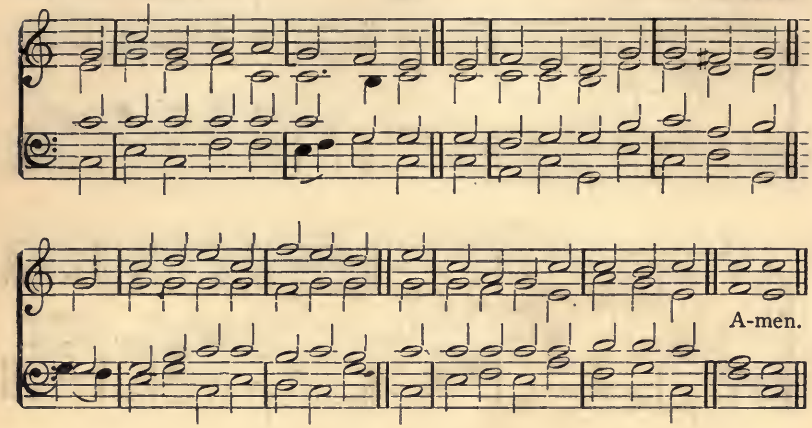
The ancient Law departs,
  And all its terrors cease ;
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
  A covenant of peace.

The Light of Light divine,
  True brightness undefil'd,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
  A holy spotless Child.

To-day the name is Thine,
  At which we bend the knee ;
They call Thee Jesus, Child divine,
  Our Jesus deign to be.

All praise, eternal Son,
  For Thy redeeming love,
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
  In glorious might above. Amen.

39. WINCHESTER (NEW). L.M. CRASSELIUS.



WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
More beauteous than the noon-day light?
It shines to herald forth the King,
And Gentiles to His cradle bring.

See now fulfill'd what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed;"
And Eastern sages with amaze
Upon the wondrous vision gaze.

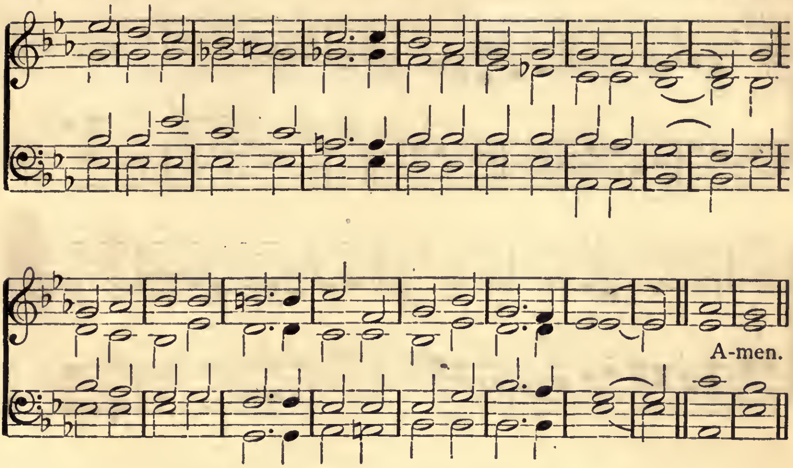
The guiding star above is bright,
Within them shines a clearer light,
Which leads them on with pow'r benign
To seek the Giver of the sign.

True love can brook no dull delay;
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way:
Home, kindred, father-land, and all
They leave at their Creator's call.

O Jesus! while the star of grace
Allures us now to seek Thy face,
Let not our slothful hearts refuse
The guidance of that light to use.

All glory, Jesus, be to Thee
For this Thy glad Epiphany:
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

40. HOLY TRINITY. C.M. BARNBY.



THE people that in darkness sat
A glorious Light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

For Thou their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

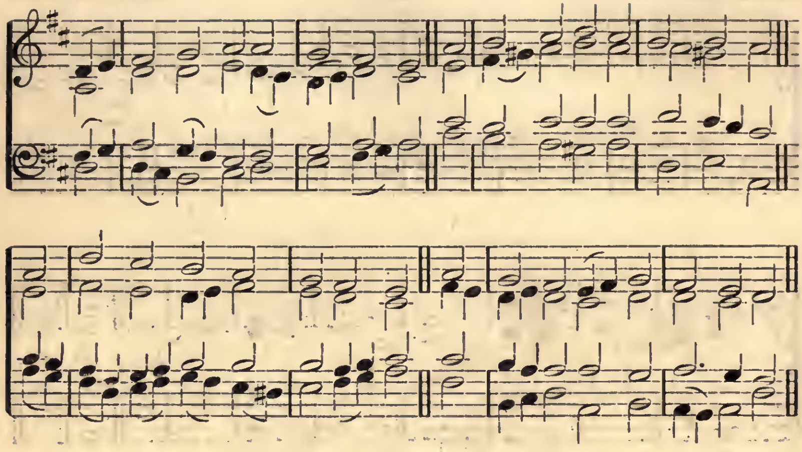
For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray,
And make us Thine alone,
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit One. Amen.

41. EISENACH. L.M. OLD MELODY.



O LOVE, how deep, how broad, how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

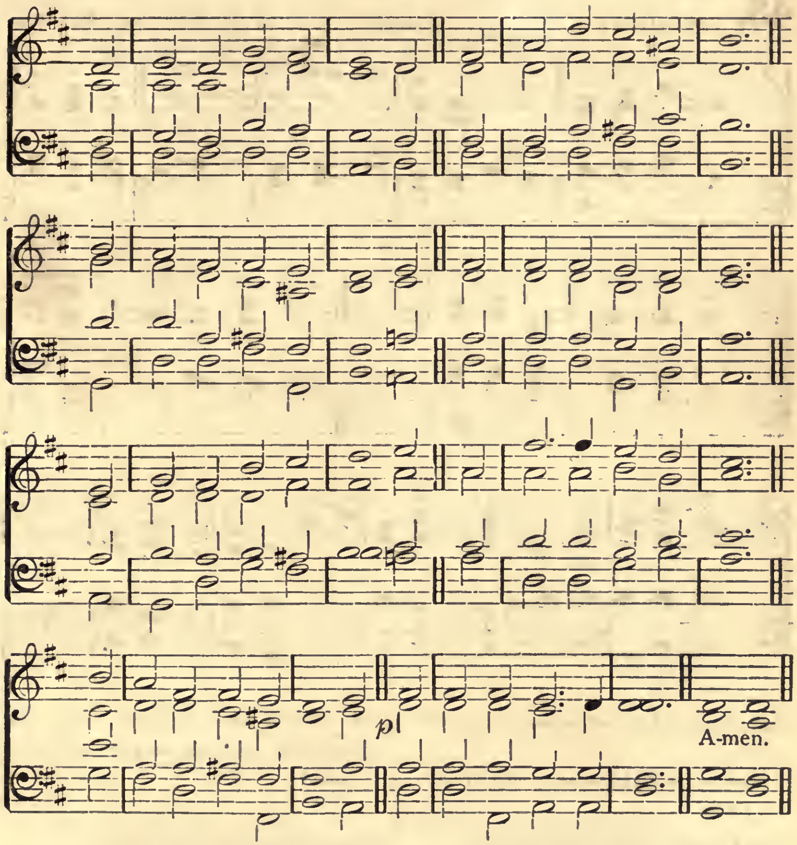
For us He was baptiz'd, and bore
His holy fast, and hunger'd sore;
For us temptation sharp He knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.

For us He pray'd, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us.

For us to wicked men betray'd
Scourged, mock'd in purple robe array'd
He bore the shameful Cross and death;
For us at length gave up his breath.

For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

42. Ewing. D.7.6. Alex. Ewing.



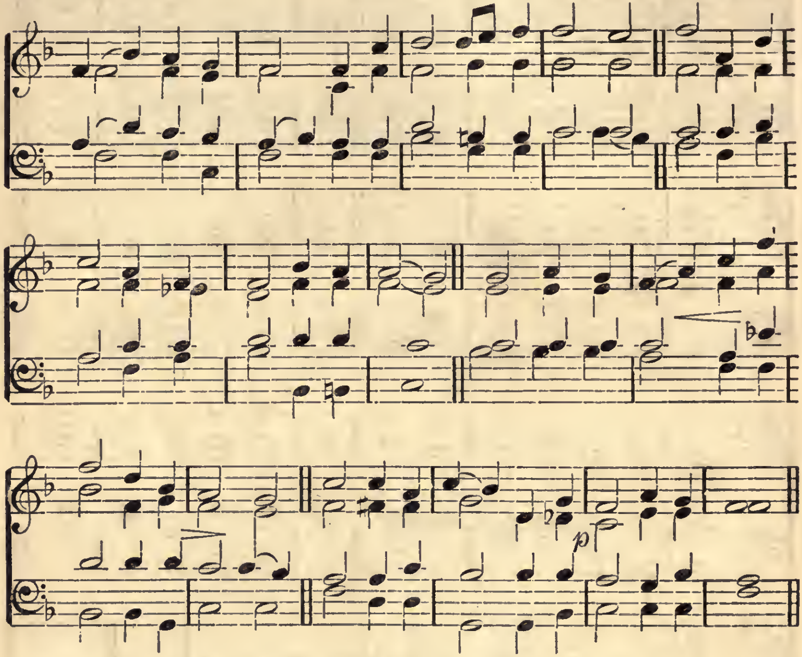
Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
  Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
  His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
  To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
  And rule in equity.

Kings shall bow down before Him,
  And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
  His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing—
  And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
  A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
  He on His Throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
  All-blessing and all-blessed:
The tide of time shall never
  His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
  His changeless Name of Love.
Amen.

FIRST TUNE.

43. ADORATION. 11.10.11.10. P. R. MACLAGAN, MUS. DOC.



BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

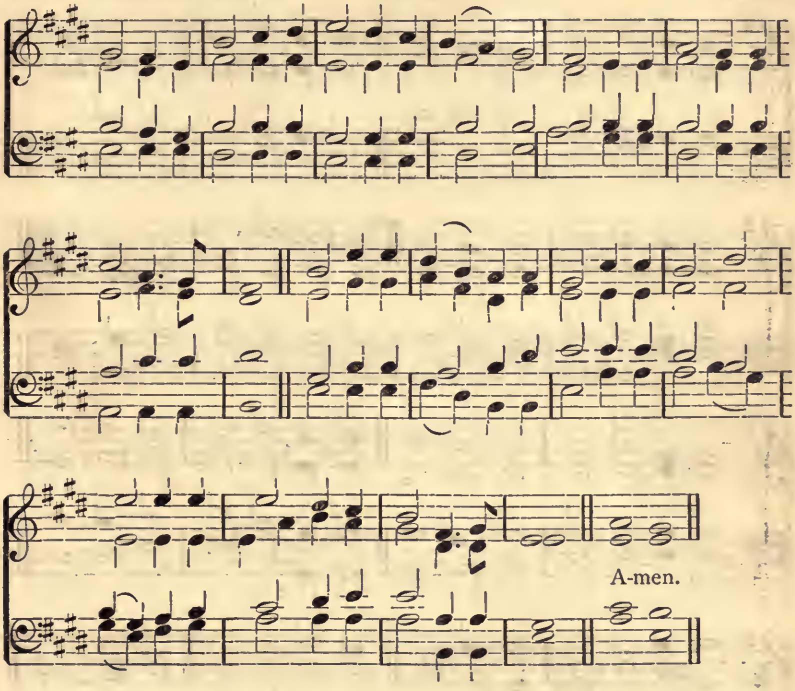
Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

EPIPHANY.

SECOND TUNE.

43. "Brightest and Best." 11.10.11.10. Thrupp.



Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

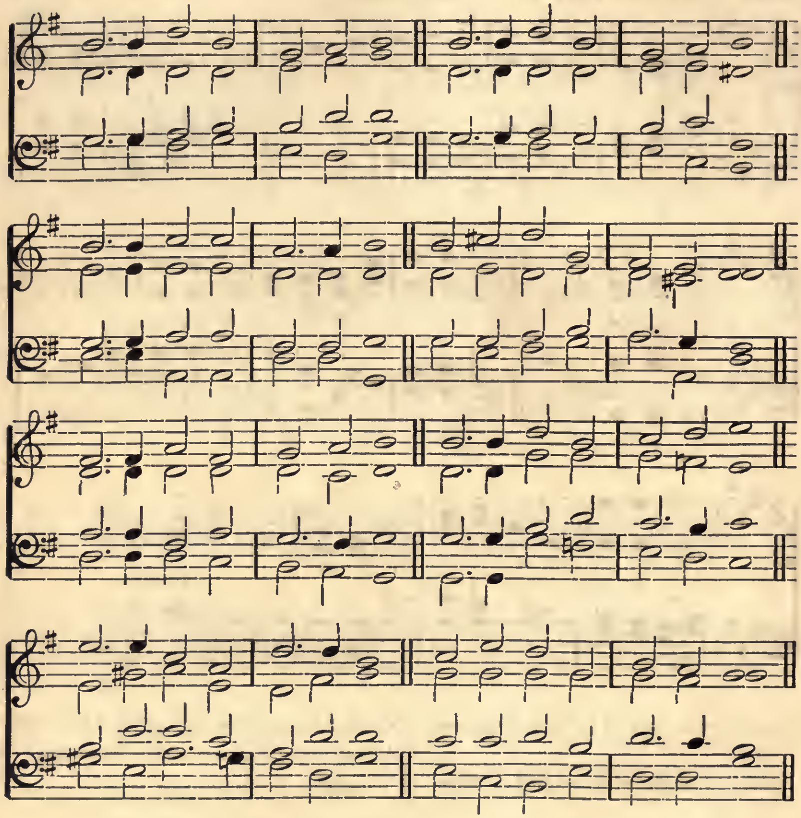
Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
Amen.

44. St. George. D.7's. Sir George Elvey, Mus. Doc.

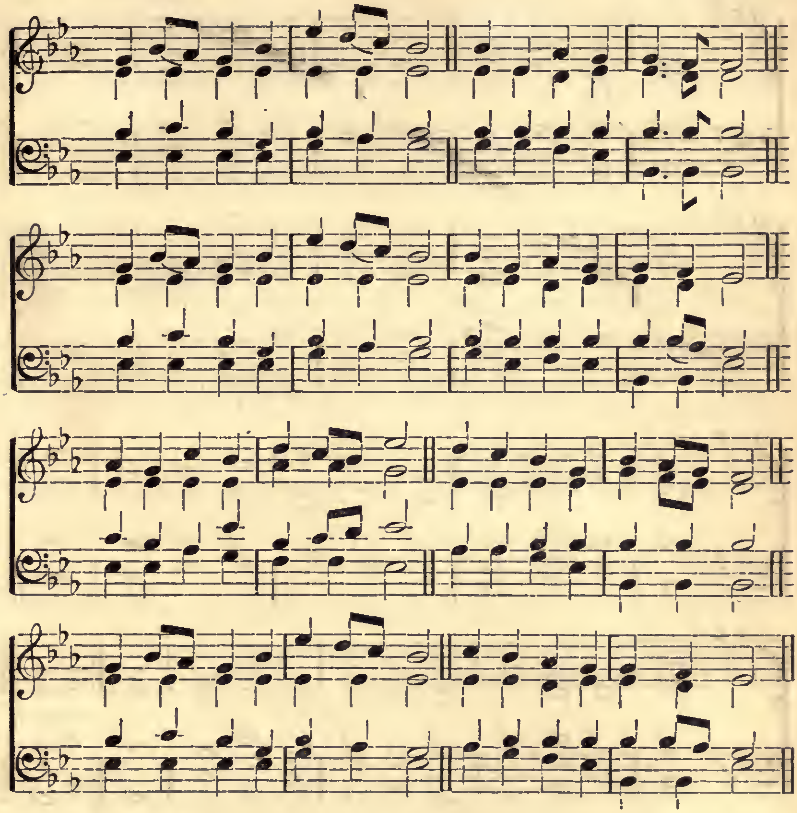


HARK, the song of Jubilee,
  Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
  When it breaks upon the shore;
Hallelujah! for the Lord
  God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
  Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah!—hark, the sound,
  From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
  All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled,
  Sheath'd His sword; He speaks, 'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
  Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
  With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
  Yonder heavens have pass'd away;
Then the end;—beneath His rod
  Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
  God in Christ is all in all.

45. TICHFIELD. D. 7's OLD MELODY.



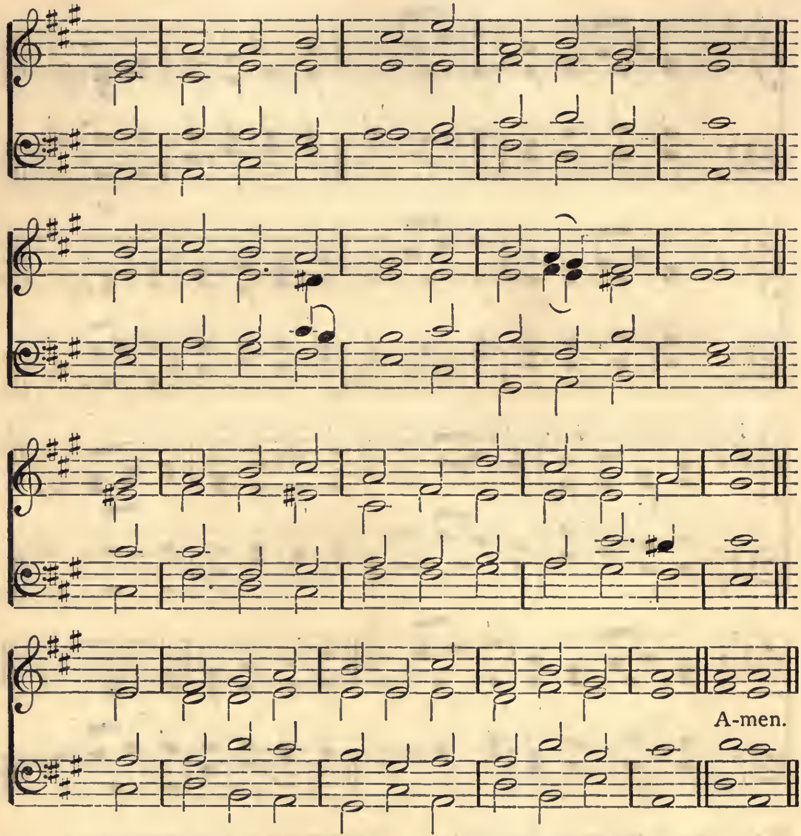
WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ller ! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell ?
Trav'ller ! yes ; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman ! tell us of the night
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ller ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Trav'ller ! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman ! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman ! let thy wand'rings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
Lo ! the Son of God is come.

46. HANOVER. P.M. DR. CROFT.



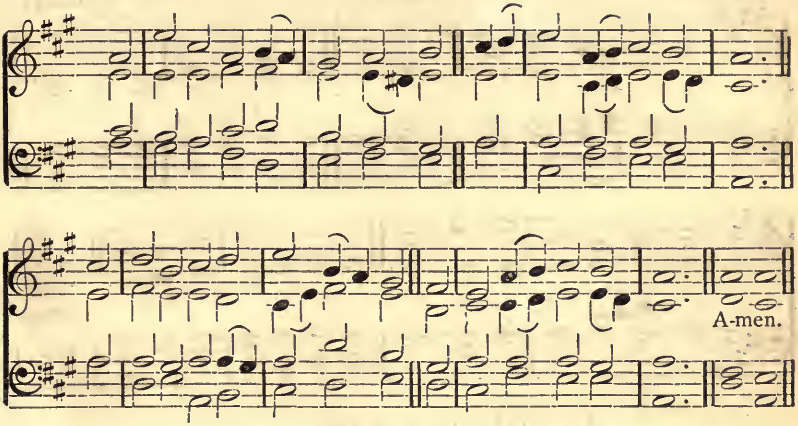
Ye nations, exult;
  Salvation is nigh,
The star in the east
  Illumines the sky;
The time is arrived by
  Jehovah's decree,
When dwellers in darkness
  His glory shall see.

No longer in types
  And shadows conceal'd,
In light and in truth
  The Christ is reveal'd;
No longer to nation
  Or region confin'd,
The promise of God is
  Addressed to mankind.

Ye Gentiles, rejoice,
  Re-echo the strain;
Break forth into praise,
  Ye isles of the main.
The winds to your far shores
  Glad tidings shall bring;
Rejoice in your Saviour,
  Rejoice in your King.

Be glory to God
  The Father above,
Who sent to our world
  The Son of His love;
And His, too, be glory,
  Who came from on high
To save and to suffer,
  To triumph and die. Amen.

47. St. Stephen. C.M. Old Melody



In stature grows the Heavenly Child,
With death before his eyes;
A Lamb unblemish'd, meek and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.

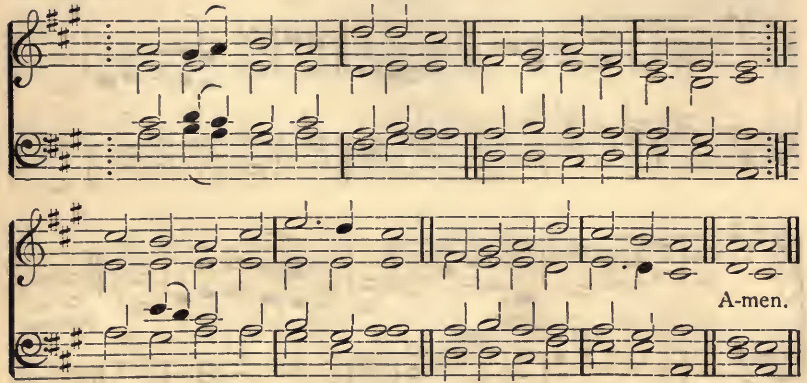
The Son of God His glory hides
With parents mean and poor,
And He who made the heavens abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

Those mighty Hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
The Maker of the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.

He whom the hosts of Angels praise,
At whose command they fly,
His earthly parents now obeys,
And lays His glory by.

For this Thy lowliness revealed,
We, Jesus, Thee adore,
And praise to God the Father yield
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

48. Dix. 7.7.7.7.7.7. German.



As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offer'd gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our Heavenly King.

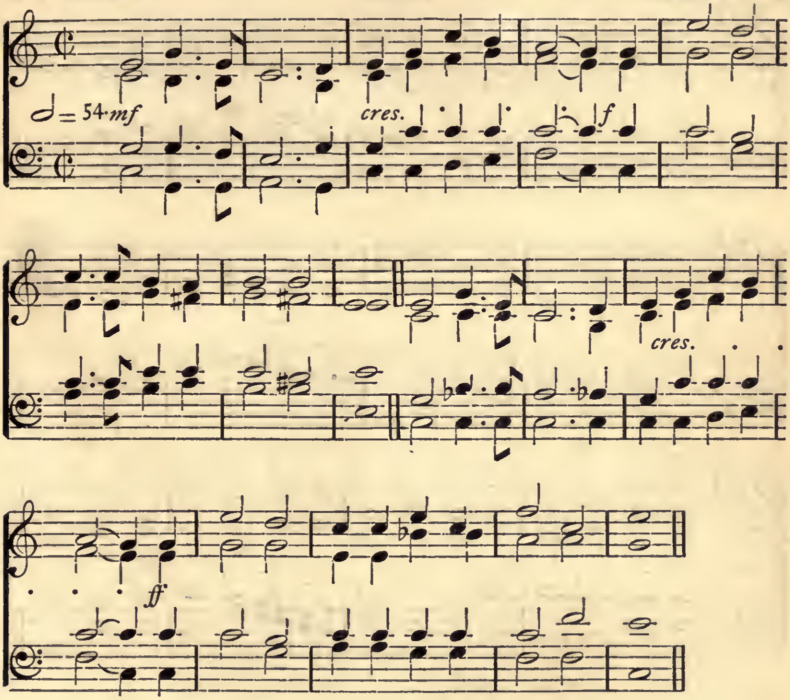
Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou, its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

49. SALEM

P.M.

JOHN STAINER, MUS. DOC.



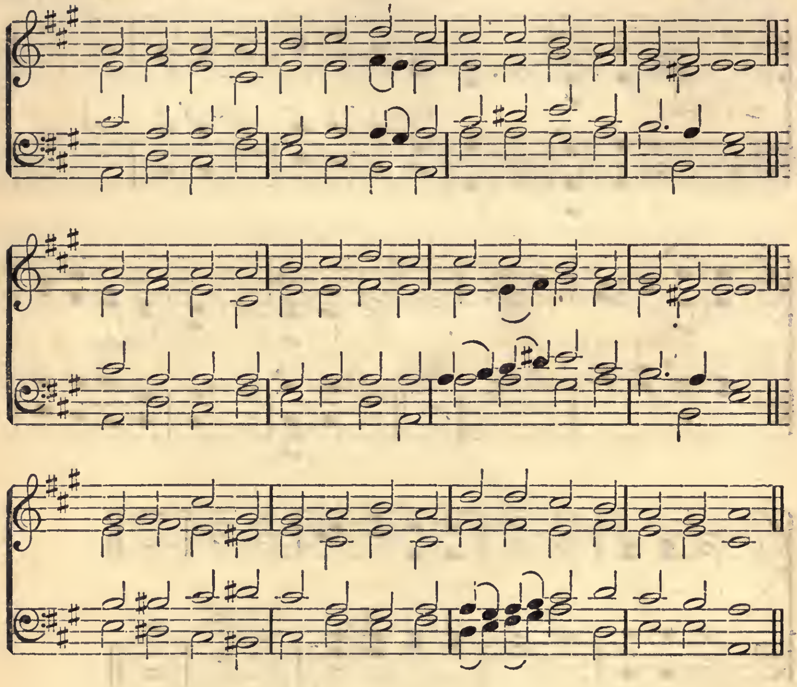
RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise ;
Exalt Thy towering head, and lift Thine eyes :
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon Thee in a flood of day.

See a long race Thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barbarous nations at Thy gates attend,
Walk in Thy light, and in Thy temple bend:
See Thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains ;
Thy realms shall last, Thy own Messiah reigns.

50. ORIEL. 8.7.8.7.8.7. W. H. MONK.



ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God abiding,
Thus they sing eternally.

Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

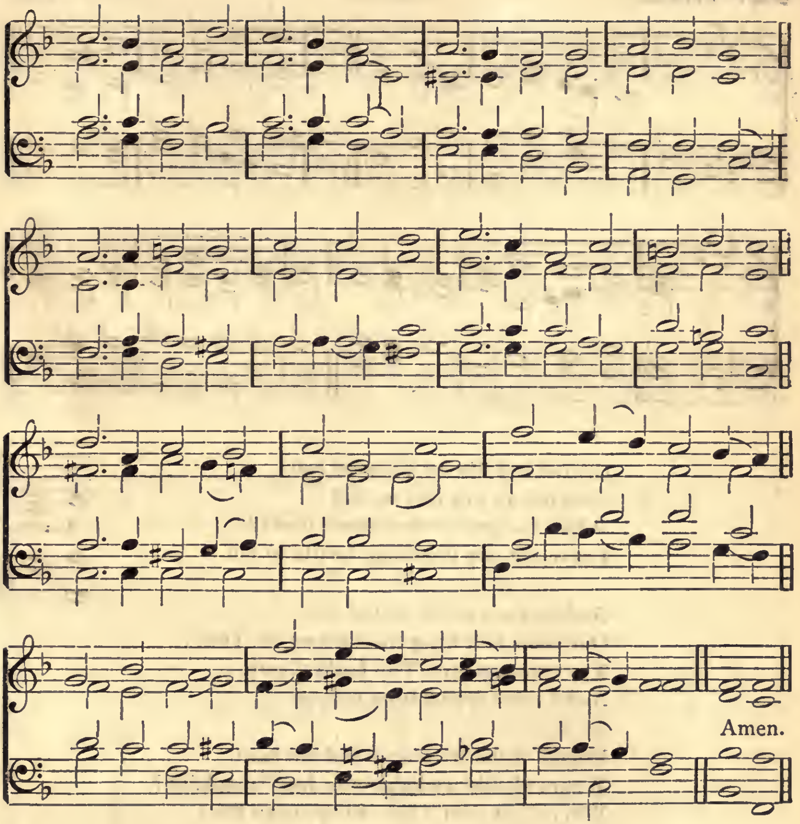
Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us, blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully.

51.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

HENRY LESLIE.



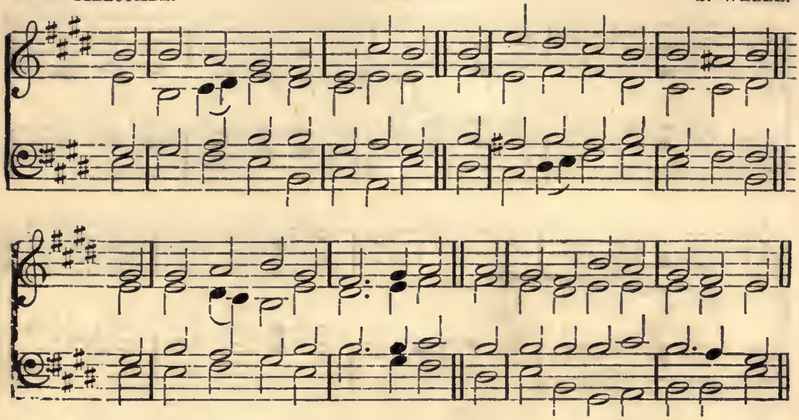
SON of God, to Thee I cry;
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

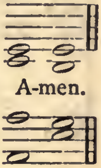
Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Prince of life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Lord of glory, God Most High,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.
Amen.

52. Melcombe. L.M. S. Webbe.





God of our life, to Thee we call;
Afflicted at Thy feet we fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

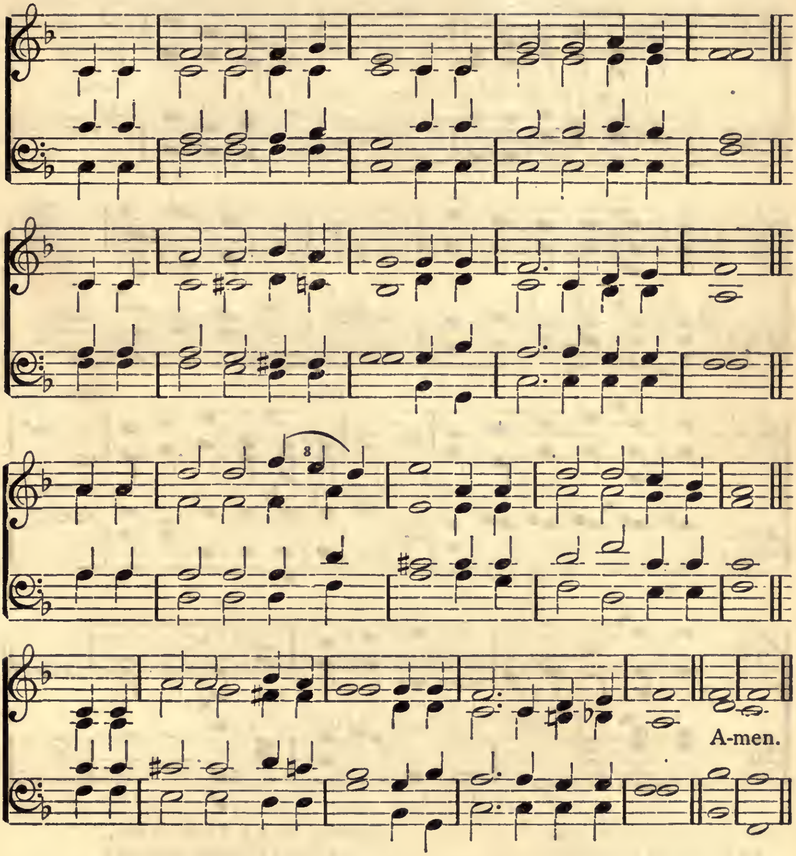
Amidst the roaring of the sea
Our souls still hang their hopes on Thee,
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Alone can save us from despair.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should we lodge our deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse the mourner's plea?
Doth not the word still fix'd remain
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

Then hear, O Lord, our humble cry,
And bend on us Thy pitying eye,
To Thee their prayer Thy people make;
Hear us for our Redeemer's sake. Amen.

53. St. Agnes. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. Revd. A. Whishaw.



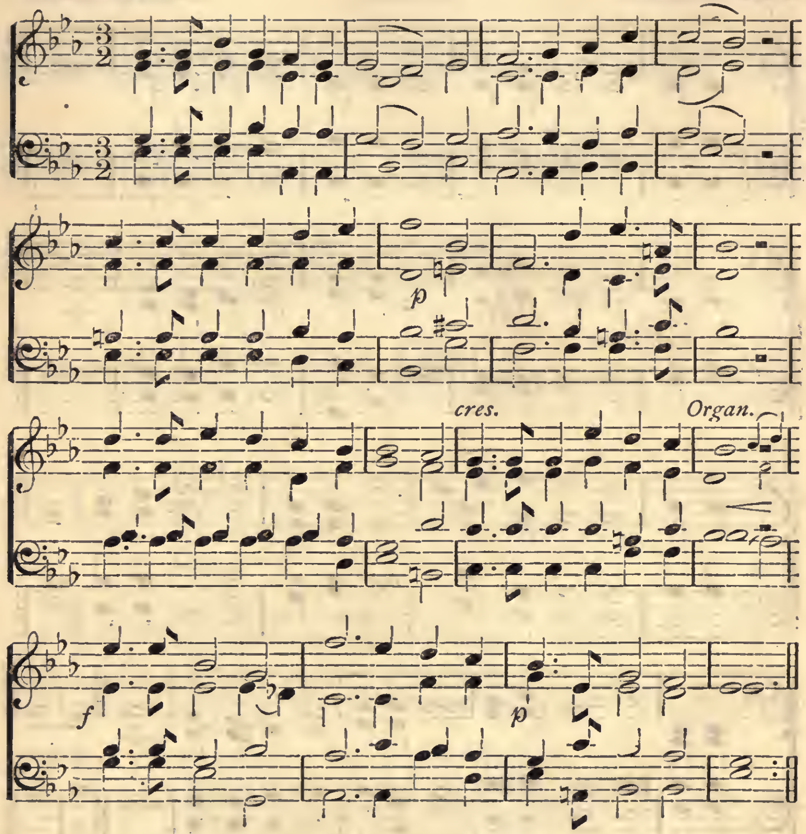
Saviour, when in dust to Thee,
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh! by all the pains and woe
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, oh! turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh! from earth to heav'n restor'd,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen, to the cry
Of our solemn Litany! Amen.

54. SUPPLICATION. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6. P. R. MACLAGAN, MUS. DOC.



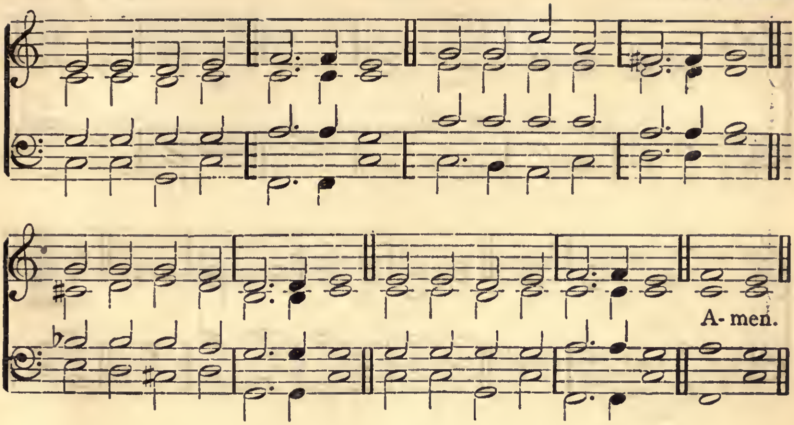
GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to Thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners! spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.

Standing now as newly slain,
To Thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh;
Now as yesterday the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be;
Friend of sinners! spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can Thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, Thou know'st am poor:
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery;
Friend of sinners! spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.

Saviour! from Thy wounded side
I never will depart;
Here will I my spirit hide
When I am pure in heart;
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,
Friend of sinners! spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.

55. REDHEAD. 7.7.7.7. REDHEAD.



WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
"Jesus, born of woman," hear.

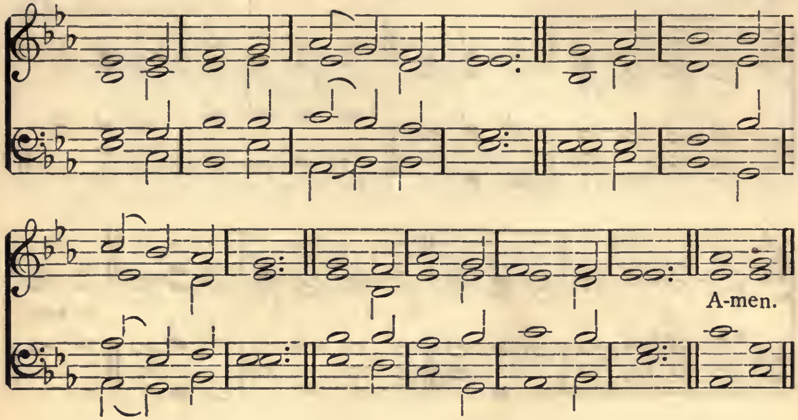
Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
"Jesus, born of woman," hear.

Thou hast bow'd the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier;
"Jesus, born of woman," hear.

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin:
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
"Jesus, born of woman," hear.

Thou, the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear:
"Jesus, born of woman," hear. Amen.

56. St. Philip. 7.7.7. Monk.



LORD, in this Thy mercy's day
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere that awful doom appears.

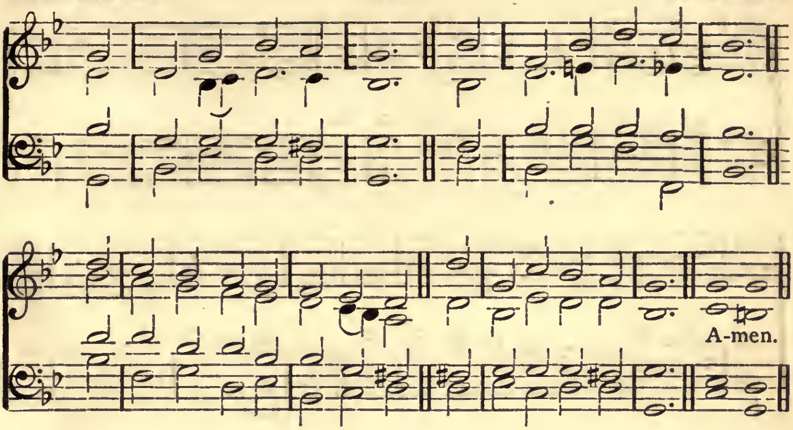
Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face. Amen.

57. St. Bride. S.M. **Dr. Howard.**



Have mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

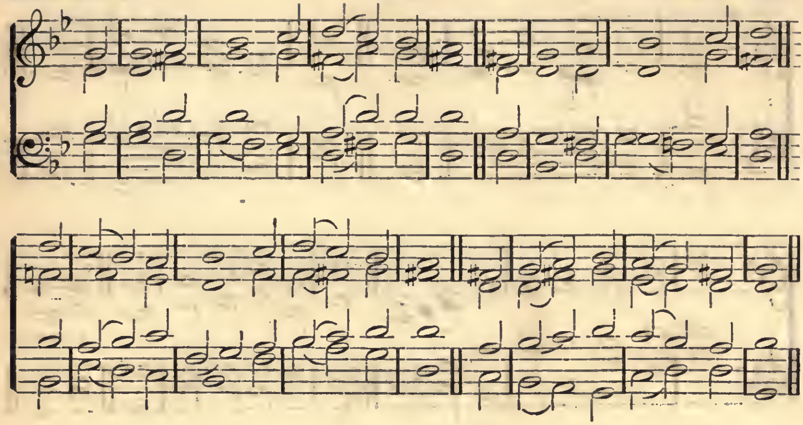
Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice;
That so my broken contrite heart
May with fresh strength rejoice.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As was, and is, and shall be so,
To all eternity. Amen.

58. BURFORD. C.M. OLD MELODY.



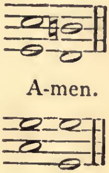
O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

When on my aching burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
In love remember me.

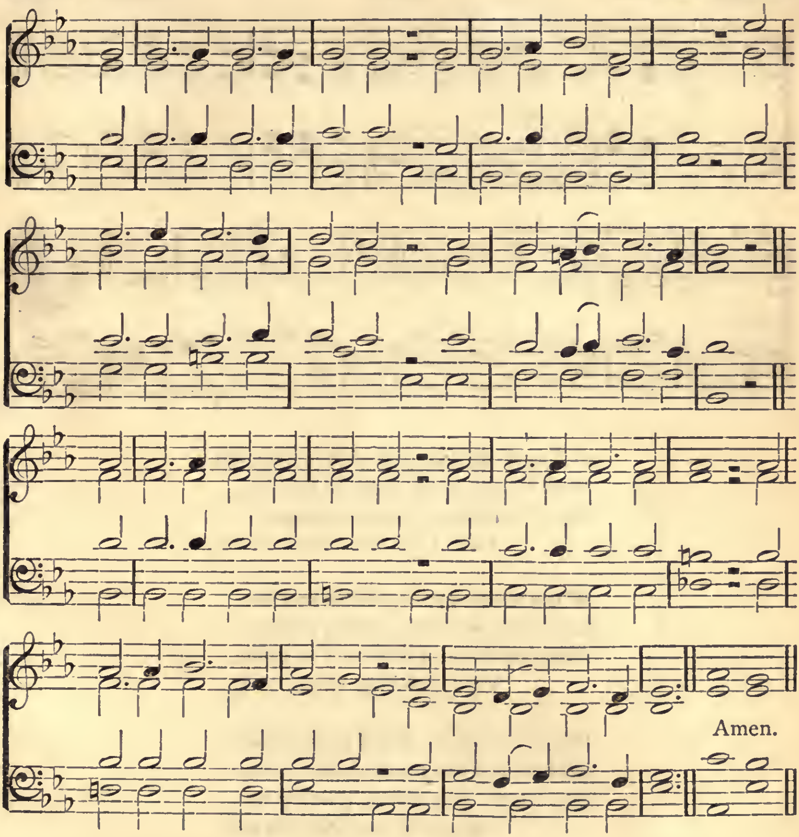
When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day:
For good remember me.

If on my face for Thy dear name
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

And oh, when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me. Amen.



59. SCHUBERT. 7.6.(D). ARR. FROM SCHUBERT.



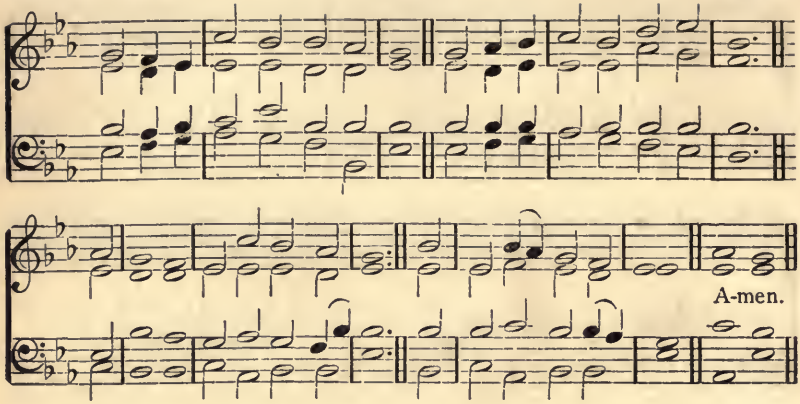
O JESUS, our salvation,
Low at Thy Cross we lie;
Lord in Thy great compassion,
Hear our bewailing cry.
We come to Thee with mourning,
We come to Thee in woe;
With contrite hearts returning,
And tears that overflow.

O gracious Intercessor,
O Priest within the veil,
Plead, for each lost transgressor,
The Blood that cannot fail.
We spread our sins before Thee,
We tell them one by one;
O for Thy Name's great glory,
Forgive all we have done.

O by Thy Cross and Passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary;
By all that untold suffering
Endur'd by Thee alone;
O Priest, O Spotless Offering,
Plead for us, and atone.

And in these hearts now broken
Re-enter Thou and reign;
And say, by that dear token,
We are absolv'd again.
And build us up, and guide us,
And guard us day by day;
And in Thy presence hide us,
And take our sins away. Amen.

60. BALFOUR. 8.8.8.6. BALFOUR.



O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

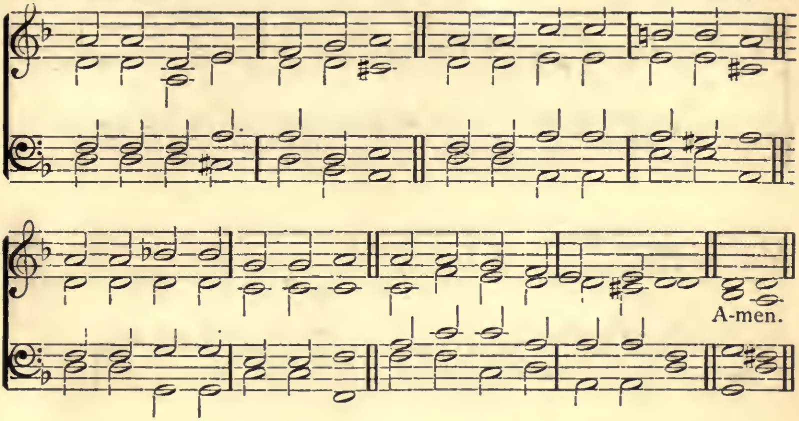
When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

When I have err'd and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimm'ring, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh! plead for me.

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darken'd with conflict, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me. Amen.

61. Hernlein. 7.7.7.7. German.



Forty days and forty nights
  Thou wast fasting in the wild
Forty days and forty nights
  Tempted, and yet undefil'd.

Sunbeams scorching all the day;
  Chilly dew-drops nightly shed,
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
  Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

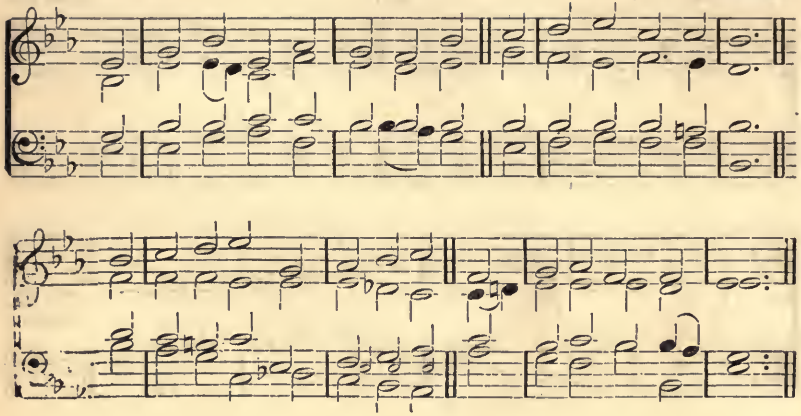
Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
  And from earthly joys abstain,
With Thee watching unto prayer,
  With Thee strong to suffer pain?

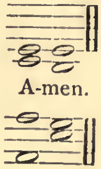
Then, if Satan shall assail,
  Flesh or spirit vexing sore,
May we in Thy strength prevail,
  Who didst vanquish him before.

So shall we have peace divine,
  Chasten'd gladness ours shall be;
Round us too, shall angels shine,
  Such as minister'd to Thee.

Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
  Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
  At the eternal Easter-tide. Amen.

62. Putney Hill. C.M. Rev. F. A. J. Hervey.





Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

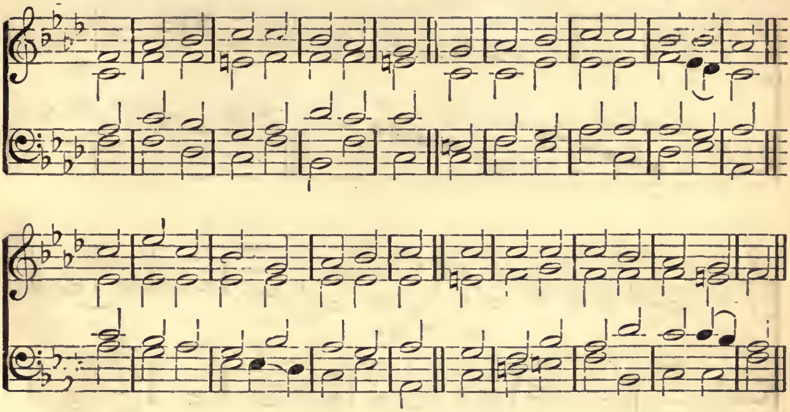
Our broken spirit pitying see:
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope on every heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

May faith each weak petition fill
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

63. BABYLON STREAMS. L.M. THOS. CAMPIERO, M. D.



WITH broken heart and contrite sigh
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me.

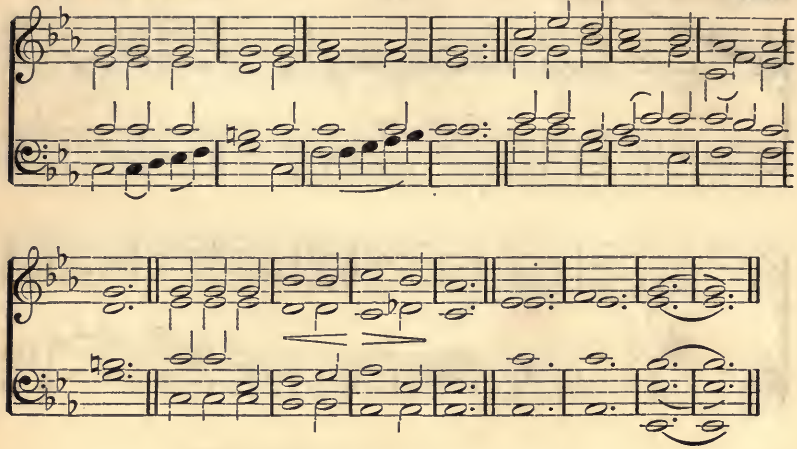
I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppress'd;
Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.

Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

Nor alms, nor deeds, that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

And when, redeem'd from sin and hell,
With all the ransom'd throng I dwell,
My raptur'd song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

64. St. Aëlred. 8.8.8.3. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc



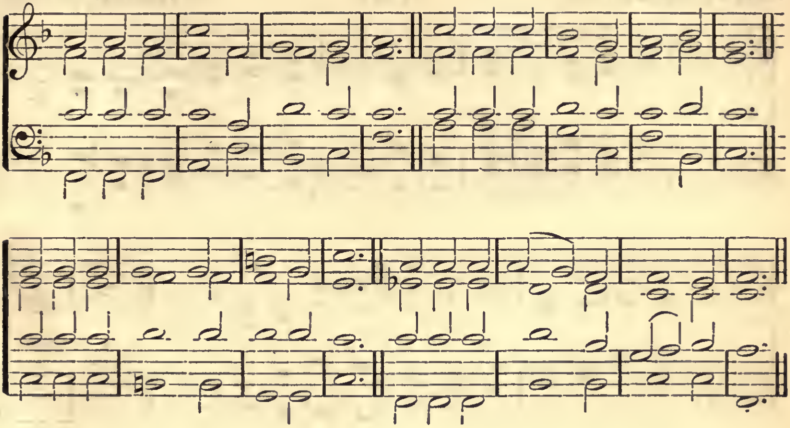
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapp'd in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

"Save, Lord, we perish!" was their cry;
"Oh! save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high:
"Peace! be still!"

The wild-winds hush'd, the angry deep
Sank like a little child to sleep,
The sullen billows ceas'd to leap
At Thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us on the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace! be still!"

65. Dismission. L.M. St. Alban's Tune Book.



When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

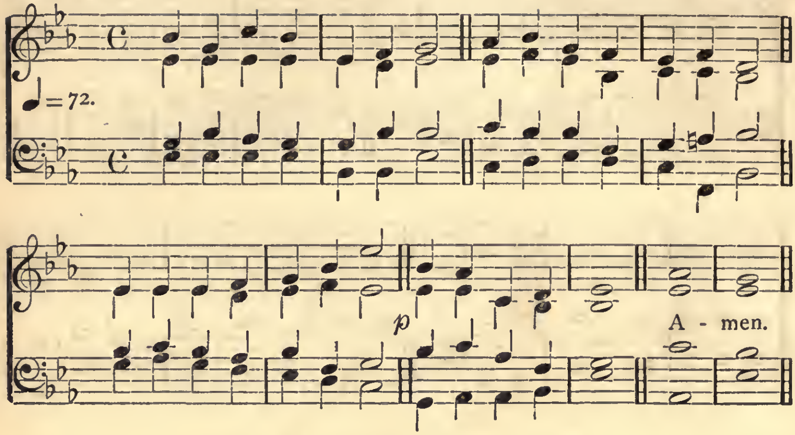
Think, Lord, how I am still Thy own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

O think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace Divine:
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shorten'd be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succour me!

66. Mercy. 7.7.7.5. C. Steggall, Mus. Doc.



God of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place:
Hear, forgive and save.

When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at Thy mercy-seat;
Look from heaven, and save!

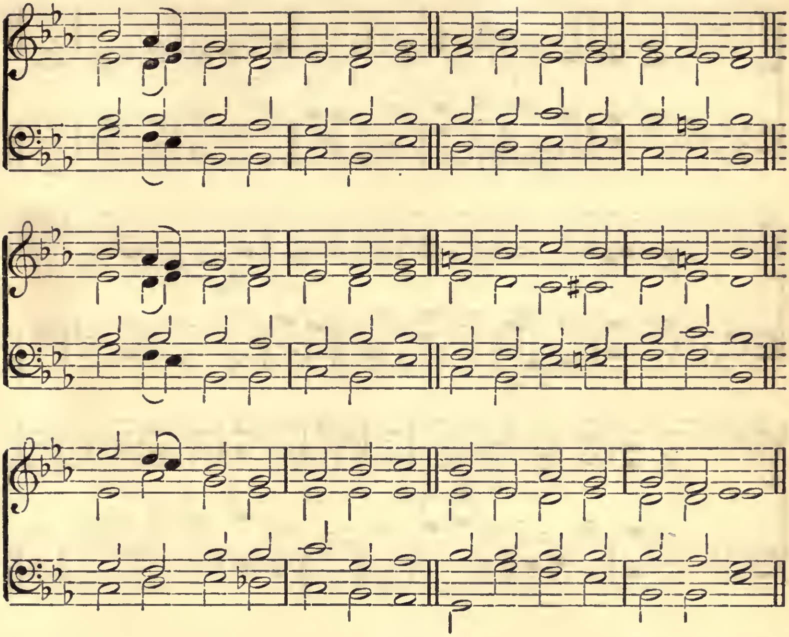
When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
When we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
Lord, accept, and save!

Should we wander from Thy fold,
Should our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save!

Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly cares or want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess!
Jesus, hear and save!

Whatsoe'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free;
Jesus, hear and save! Amen.

67. Bread of Heaven. 7.7.7.7.7.7. Rev. W. D. Maclagan.



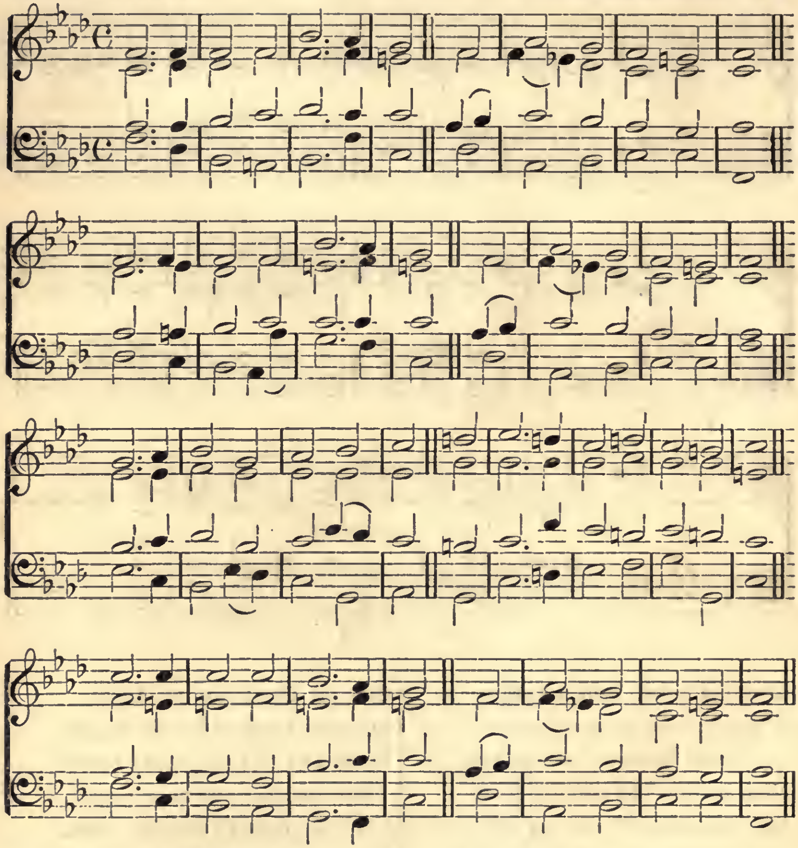
God, my father, hear me pray;
Wash my crimson guilt away;
Wretched, helpless, lost, undone,
Hear me for Thy blessed Son;
Lord, unnumber'd sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

God, my Saviour, look on me;
All my guilt I cast on Thee!
Give my troubled spirit peace;
Bid my fears and sorrows cease.
Lord, unnumber'd sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

God, my Comforter, my Light,
Strengthen me with holy might,
Make Thy dwelling in my heart;
Faith, and joy, and hope impart.
Lord, unnumber'd sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

Blessed, glorious Trinity!
Holy, everlasting Three!
Hear, O hear, my earnest prayer,
And my soul for heaven prepare.
Lord, unnumber'd sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

68. Atonement. P.M. Bohemian Brothers' Hymn Book



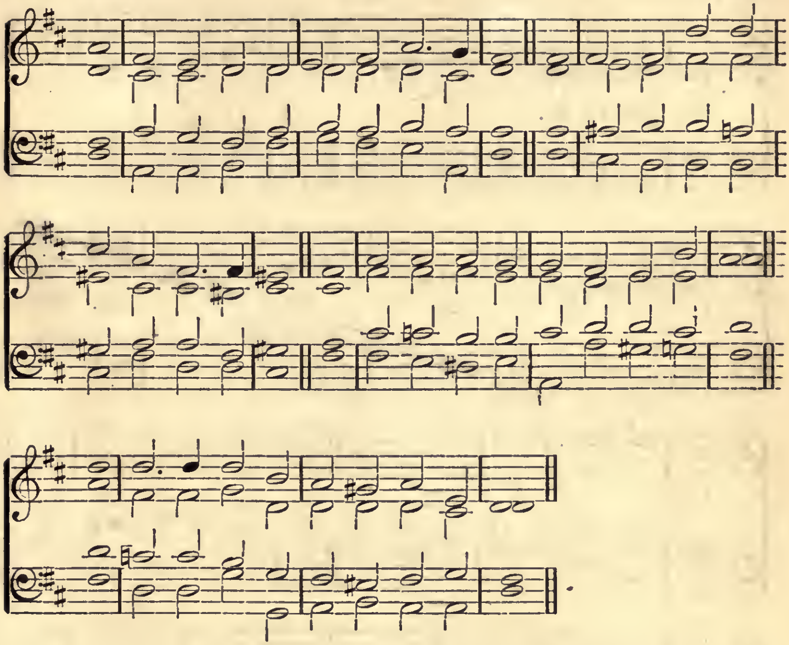
Lamb of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on Thee;
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Lord, we would not hence depart
Till Thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all Thine image give.
Still our souls shall cry to Thee,
Till perfected in holiness
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

69 **Dalkeith.** 10.10.10.10. **T. Hewlett.**



Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

So vile I am how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land!
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

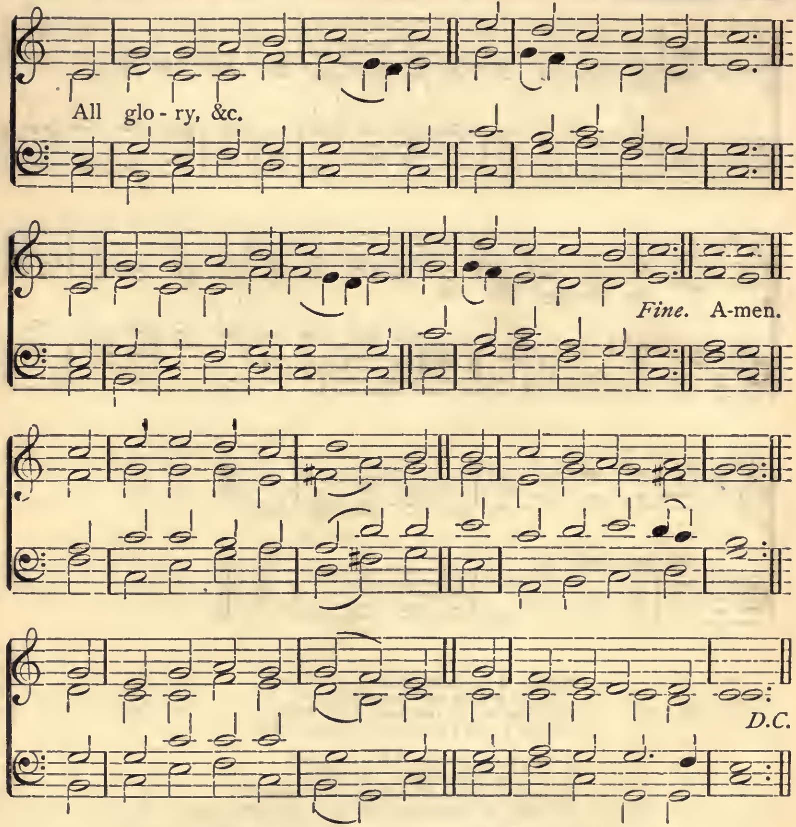
The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me, day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, believe, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon and will give.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

70. St. Theodulph. D.7.6. Melchior Teschner.



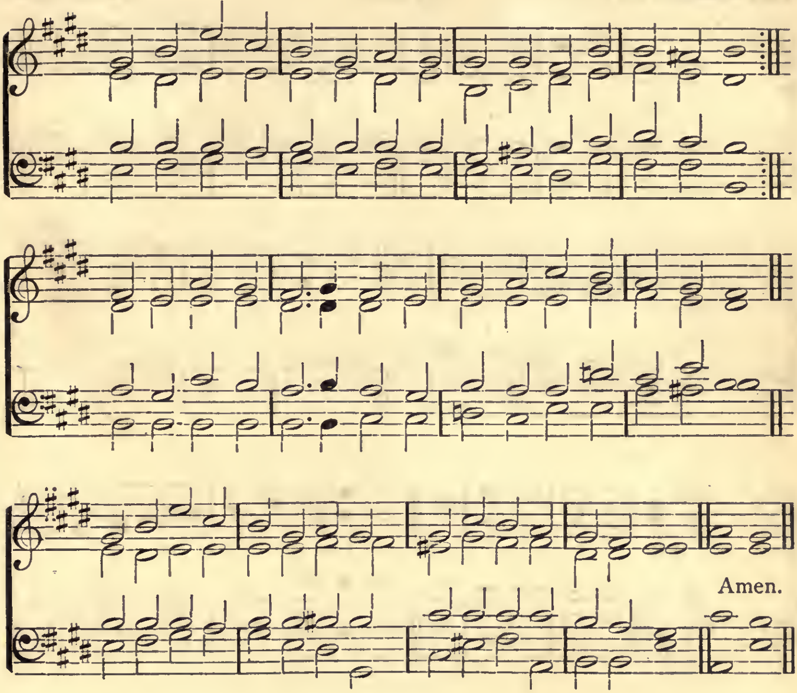
All glory, laud and honour
  To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
  Made sweet Hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
  Thou, David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
  The King and Blessed One.
    All glory, etc.

The company of Angels
  Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
  Created make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
  With palms before Thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems
  Before Thee we present.
    All glory, etc.

To Thee before Thy Passion,
  They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee now high exalted,
  Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
  Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
  Thou good and gracious King.
    All glory, etc. Amen

71. Rachel. 8.7.8.7.(D). C. C. Scholfield.



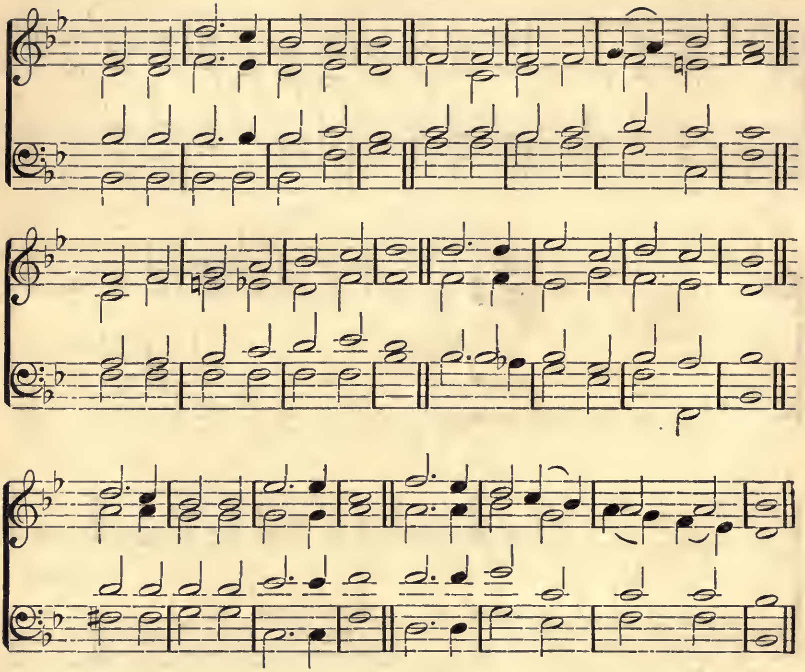
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus,
  Hail, thou Galilean king!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
  Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
  Bearer of our sin and shame;
By Thy merits we find favour;
  Life is giv'n through Thy Name!

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
  All our sins were on Thee laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
  Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
  Through the virtue of Thy Blood;
Open'd is the gate of Heav'n;
  Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
  There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
  Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
  There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
  Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honour, power and blessing.
  Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
  Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
  Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
  Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

72. PETER'S HILL. 7's. (6 LINES.) R. A. FIRTH.



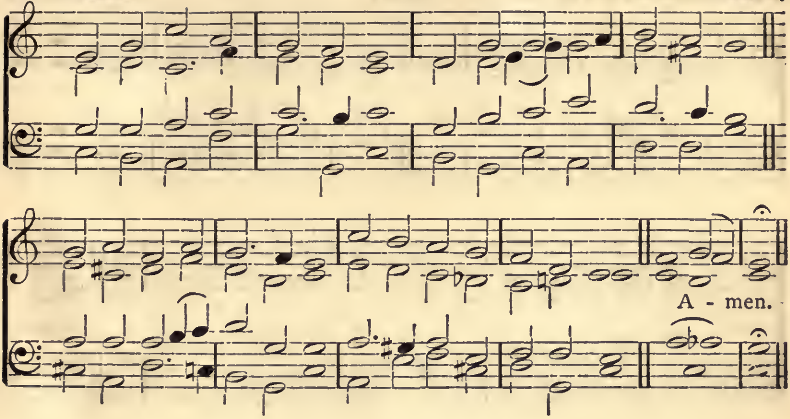
SION'S daughter, weep no more,
Though thy troubled heart be sore;
He of whom the Psalmist sung,
He who woke the Prophet's tongue,
Christ, the Mediator blest,
Brings thee everlasting rest.

In a garden man became
Heir of sin, and death, and shame;
Jesus in a garden wins
Life, and pardon for our sins;
Through His hour of agony
Praying in Gethsemane.

There for us He intercedes;
There with God the Father pleads;
Willing there for us to drain
To the dregs the cup of pain,
That in everlasting day
He may wipe our tears away.

Therefore to His name be given
Glory both in earth and heaven;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honor, praise, and glory be,
Now and through eternity. Amen.

73. Pruen. 7.7.7.7. Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley.



See the destined day arise!
See, a willing Sacrifice,
Jesus, to redeem our loss!
Hangs upon the shameful Cross!

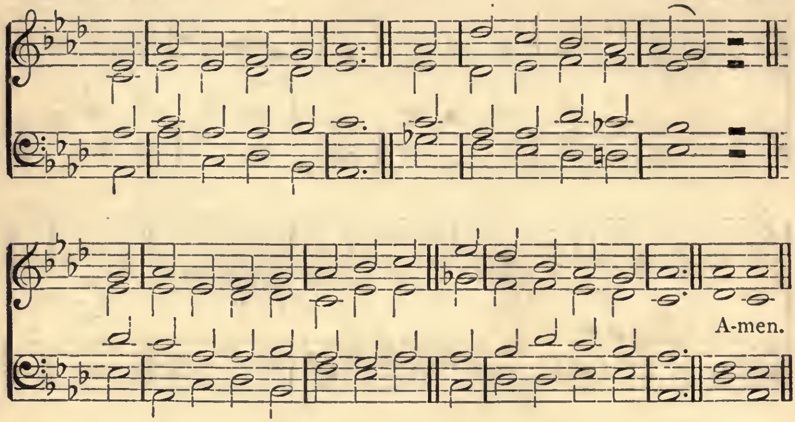
Jesus, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

Who but Thou had dared to drain
Steep'd in gall the cup of pain,
And with tender body bear
Thorns and nails, and piercing spear?

Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished Sacrifice.

Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renew'd,
Pardon'd sin, and promised good. Amen.

74. SCHUMANN. S.M. R. SCHUMANN



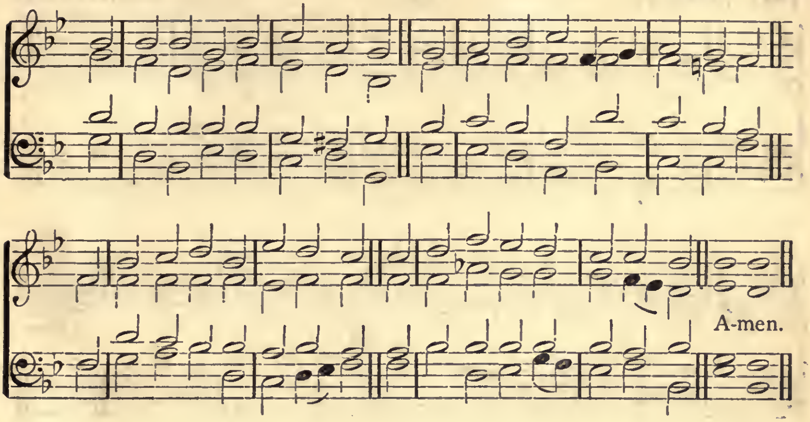
NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And trusts her guilt was there. Amen.

75. BRESLAU. L.M. OLD GERMAN AIR.



WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

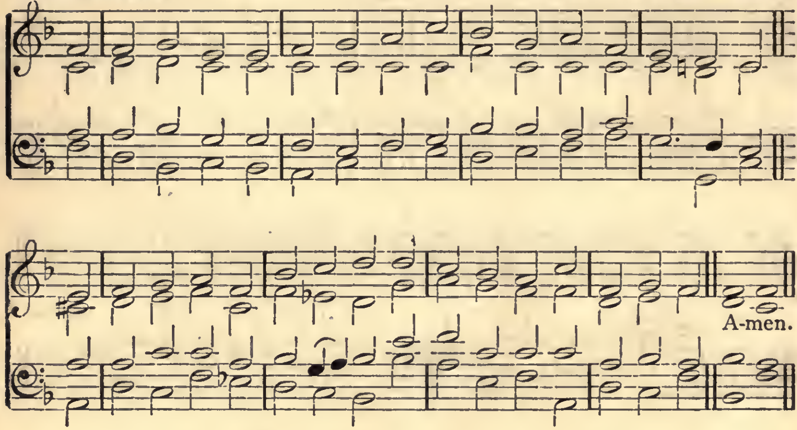
Inscribed upon the Cross we see,
In shining letters, God is love;
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above. Amen.

76. **Woolmer's.** L.M. **Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ousely.**



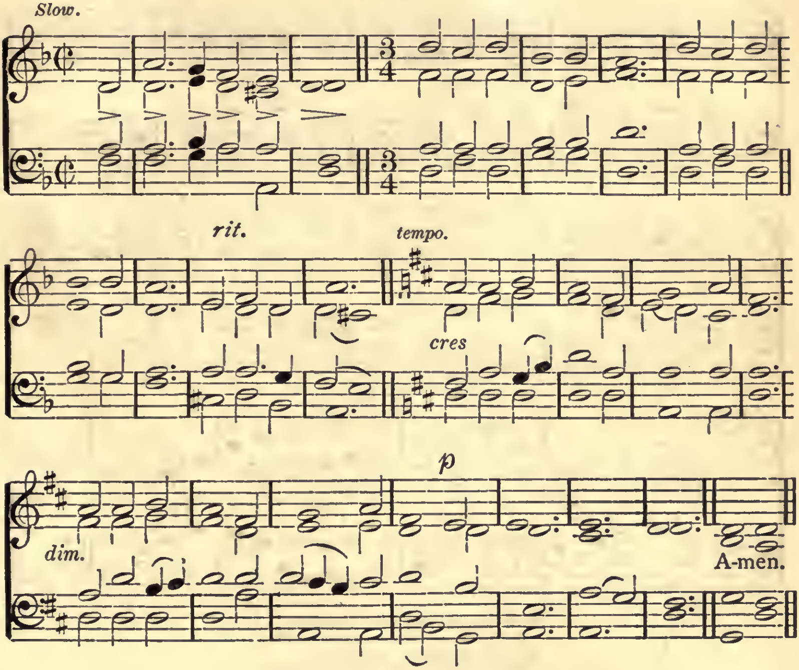
'Tis midnight,—and, on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'Tis midnight,—in the garden now
The suff'ring saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight, —and, from all remov'd,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears:
E'en the disciple that He lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight—and, for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood:
Yet He that has in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

'Tis midnight—and from heav'nly plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe. Amen.

77. Ecce Agnus. 6.6.6.4.8.8.4.



Behold the Lamb of God!
O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died:
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
My only refuge let me make
Thy pierced side.

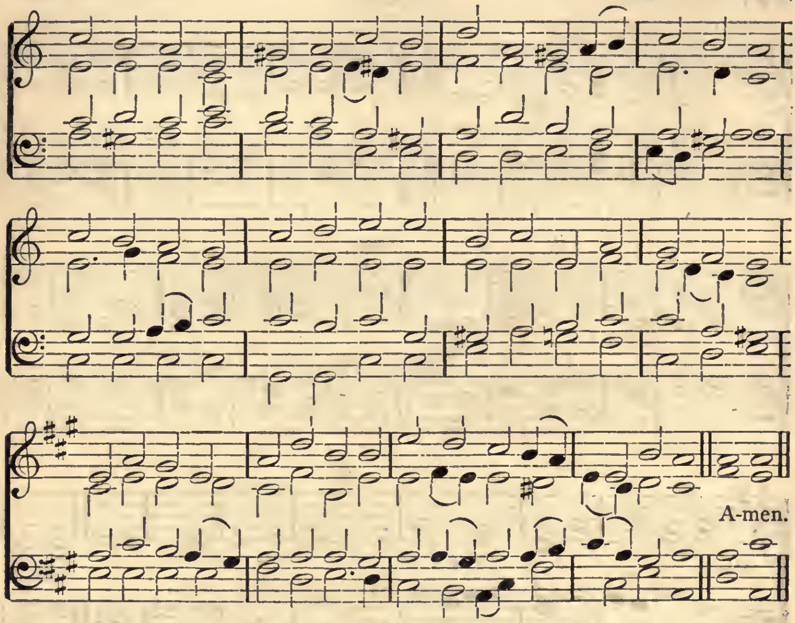
Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
O Saviour blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
And grant us with Thy blessed saints
Eternal rest.

Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is he alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All light and love. Amen.

78.

8.7.8.7.8.7. **Rev. J. B. Dykes.**



Now my soul, thy voice upraising.
  Tell in sweet and mournful strain
How the Crucified, enduring
  Grief, and wounds, and dying pain
Freely of His love was offered,
  Sinless was for sinners slain.

Scourg'd with unrelenting fury
  For the sins which we deplore,
By His livid Stripes He heals us,
  Raising us to fall no more ;
All our bruises gently soothing,
  Binding up the bleeding sore.

See ! His Hands and Feet are fastened;
  Thus He makes His people free ;
Not a wound whence blood is flowing
  But a fount of grace shall be ;
Yea the very nails which nail Him
  Nail us also to the Tree.

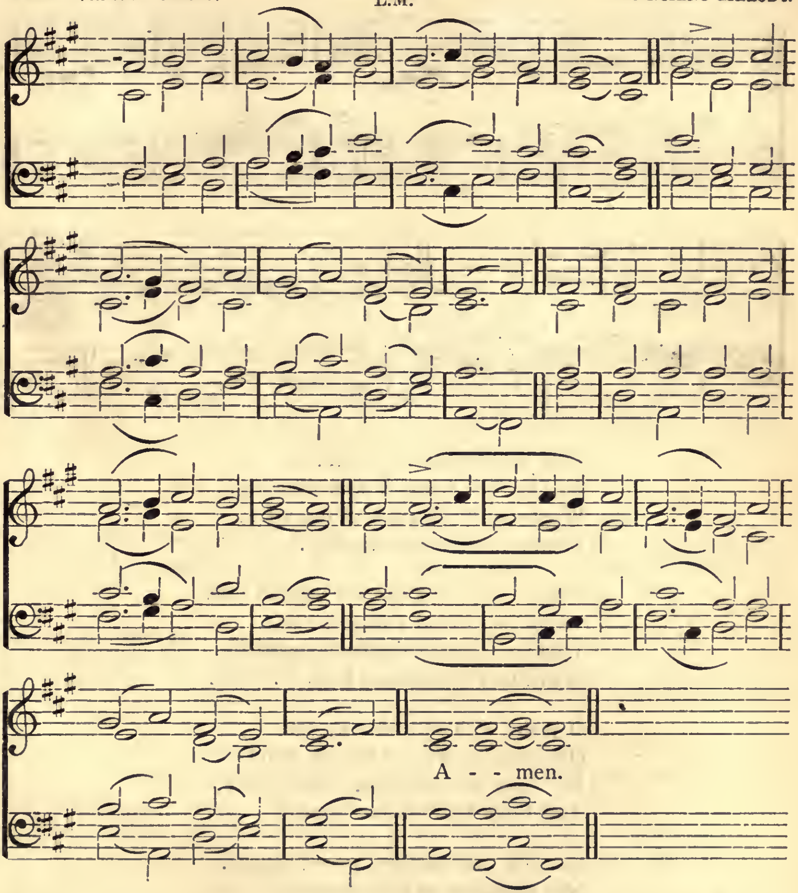
Through His Heart the spear is piercing,
  Though His foes have seen Him die ;
Blood and Water thence are streaming
  In a tide of mystery,
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
  Blood to win us crowns on high.

Jesus, may these precious fountains
  Drink to thirsting souls afford :
Let them be our cup and healing,
  And at length our full reward ;
So a ransomed world shall ever
  Praise Thee, its redeeming Lord. **Amen.**

79. VEXILLA REGIS.

FIRST TUNE.
L.M.

ANCIENT MELODY.



THE Royal banner is unfurl'd
And lo! the Cross is rear'd on high,
Whereon the Saviour of the world
Is stretch'd in mortal agony.

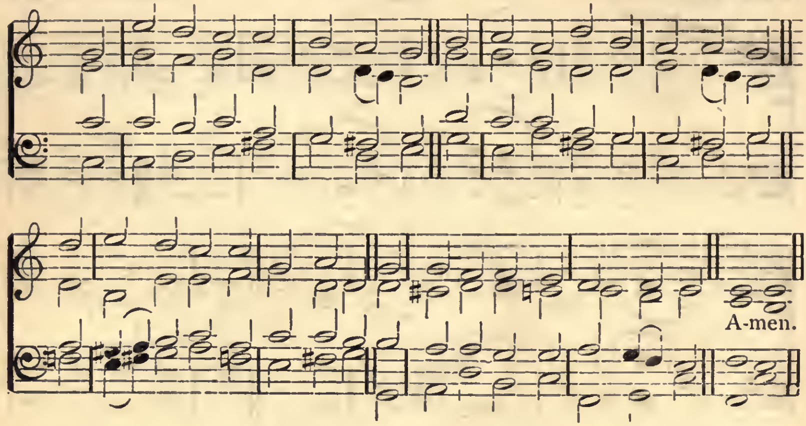
Pierced by the spear He yielded forth
Water and blood a mingled tide,
That so a fount of priceless worth
Might flow for sinners from His side.

O Jesus, in Thy Cross we see
Once more a tree of life for men!
Lo! from the curse the earth is free,
And Eden may be ours again!

No more doth flaming sword appear,
Nor cherubim to keep the way:
The fallen race may now draw near,
And eat Thy fruit, and live for aye.

O holy Jesus, unto Thee
From ev'ry ransom'd soul be praise!
Thy Cross our tree of life shall be.
Our song of joy thro' endless days!
Amen.

79. St. Cecilia. SECOND TUNE. L.M. Rev. John Hampton.



The Royal banner is unfurl'd
And lo! the Cross is rear'd on high,
Whereon the Saviour of the world
Is stretch'd in mortal agony.

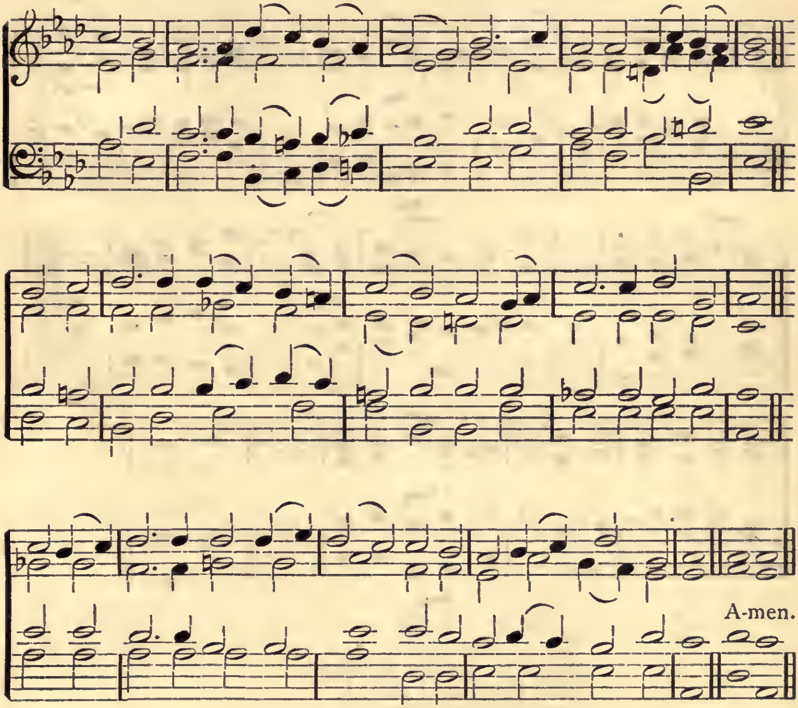
Pierced by the spear He yielded forth
Water and blood a mingled tide,
That so a fount of priceless worth
Might flow for sinners from His side.

O Jesus, in Thy Cross we see
Once more a tree of life for men!
Lo! from the curse the earth is free,
And Eden may be ours again!

No more doth flaming sword appear,
Nor cherubim to keep the way:
The fallen race may now draw near,
And eat Thy fruit, and live for aye.

O holy Jesus, unto Thee
From ev'ry ransom'd soul be praise!
Thy Cross our tree of life shall be,
Our song of joy thro' endless days!
Amen.

80. REQUIEM. 7.7.7.7.7.7. W. SCHULTES.



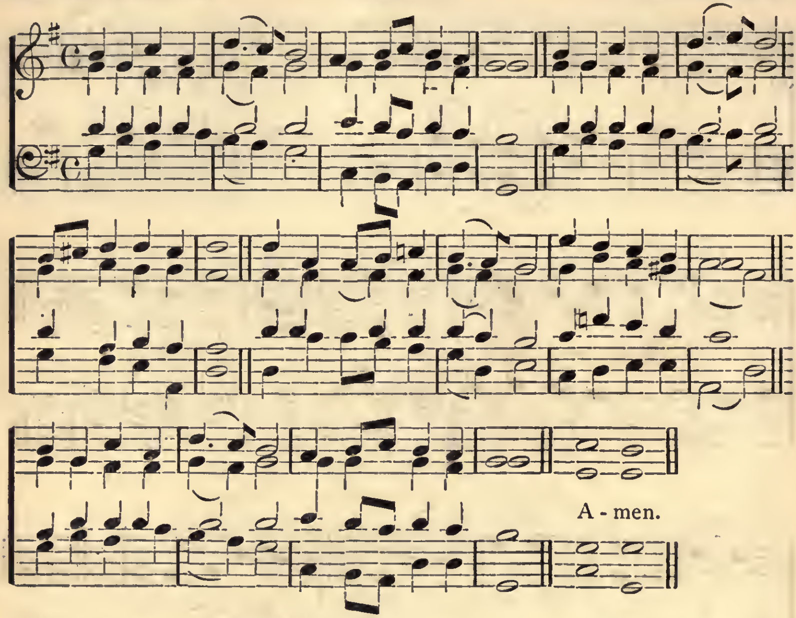
Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour.
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn from Him to watch and pray.

See Him at the judgment hall,
Beaten, bound, revil'd, arraign'd:
See Him meekly bearing all!
Love to man His soul sustain'd!
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss!
Learn of Christ to bear the Cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain view;
There the Lord of glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on the accursed tree:
" It is finish'd!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus how to die.

Early to the tomb repair,
Where His lifeless body lay;
Angels keep their virgils there:
Who hath taken Him away?
"Christ is risen!" He seeks the skies.
Saviour, teach us so to rise. Amen.

81. PRINCETHORPE. 6.5.6.5. D. WILLIAM PITTS

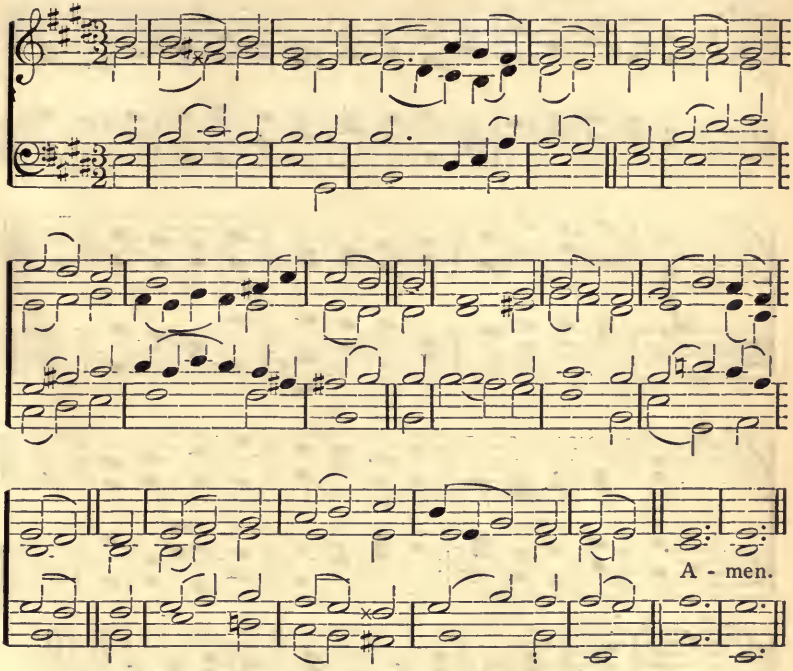


GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Pour'd for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins!
Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find.
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind!

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious blood. Amen.

82. ST. VINCENT. L. M. ADAPTED BY C. E. WILLING.



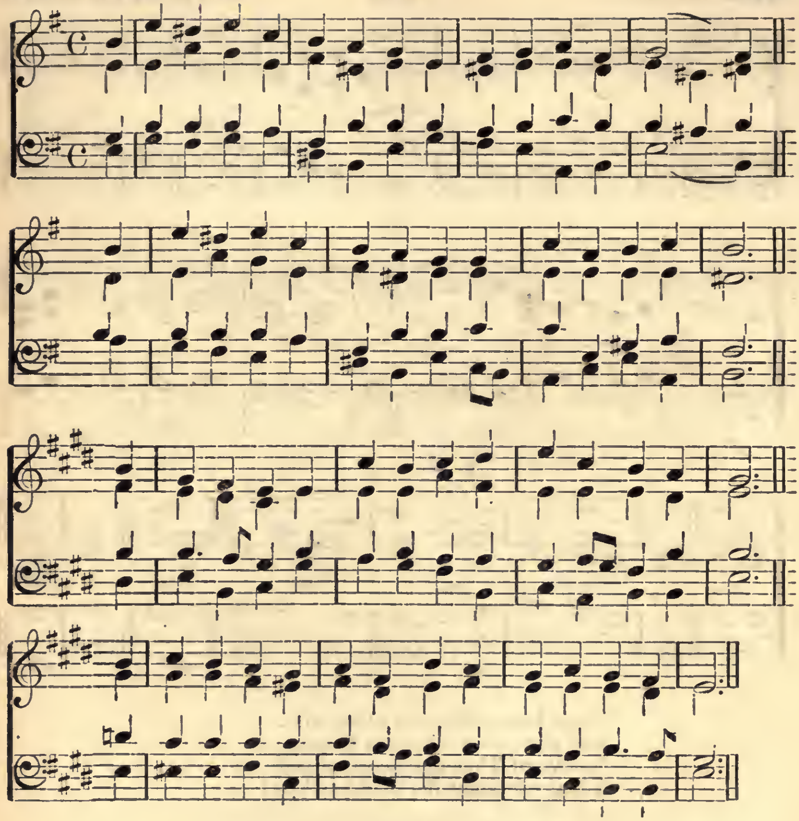
LORD Jesus, when we stand afar,
And gaze upon Thy holy Cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss!

When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretch'd Arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;—

Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy Death
Draw us and all men unto Thee. Amen.

83. Chemnitz. D.C.M. German



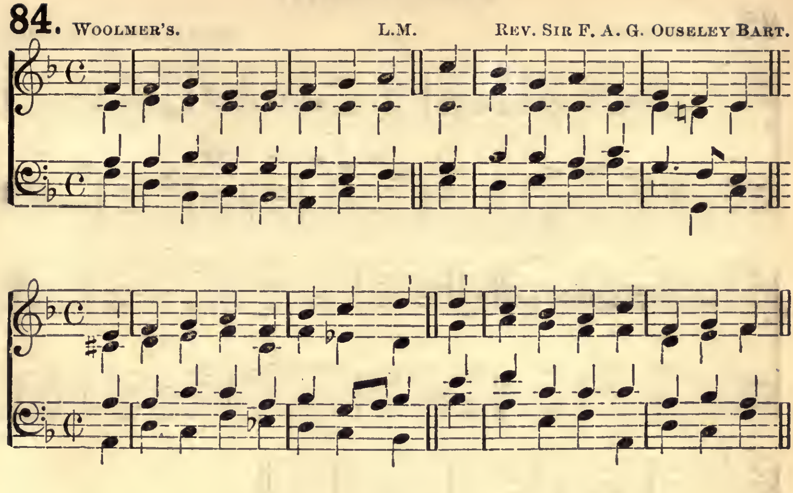
I see the crowd in Pilate's hall,
Their furious cries I hear;
Their shouts of "Crucify" appal,
Their curses fill mine ear.
And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one,
And in that din of voices rude
I recognize my own.

I see the scourgers rend the flesh
Of God's beloved Son,
And as they smite I feel afresh
That I of them am one.

Around yon Cross the throng I see
That mock the Sufferer's groan,
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mock'd alone.

'T was I that shed the sacred Blood
I nail'd Him to the tree,
I crucified the Christ of God,
I join'd the mockery.
Yet not the less that Blood avails
To cleanse away my sin,
And not the less that Cross prevails
To give me peace within.

84. WOOLMER'S. L.M. REV. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY BART.



" 'T is finish'd ! " so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head, and died:
" 'T is finished ! "—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

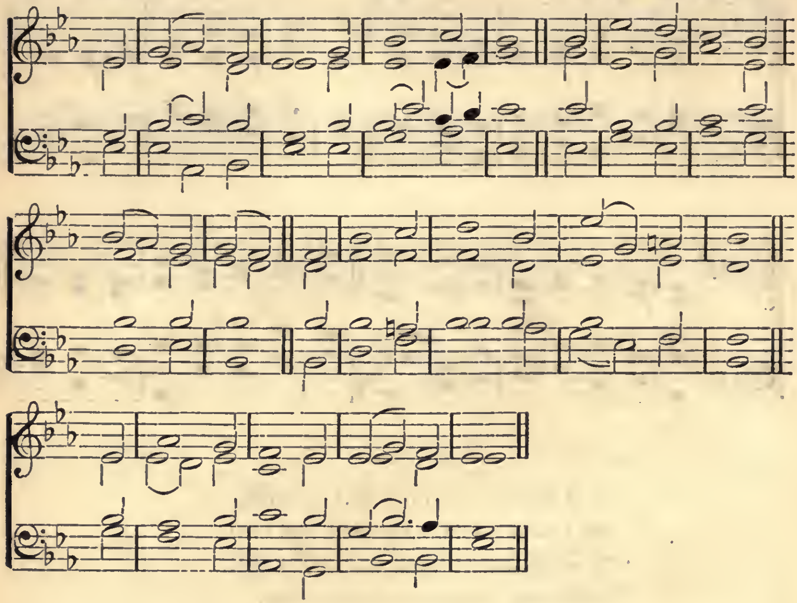
" 'T is finish'd ! "—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are open'd to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.

'T is finish'd ! "—Son of God, Thy power
Hath triumph'd in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to Thee.

" 'T is finished ! "—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
" 'T is finish'd ! "—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

85.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M. EDWARD MILLER, MUS. DOC.



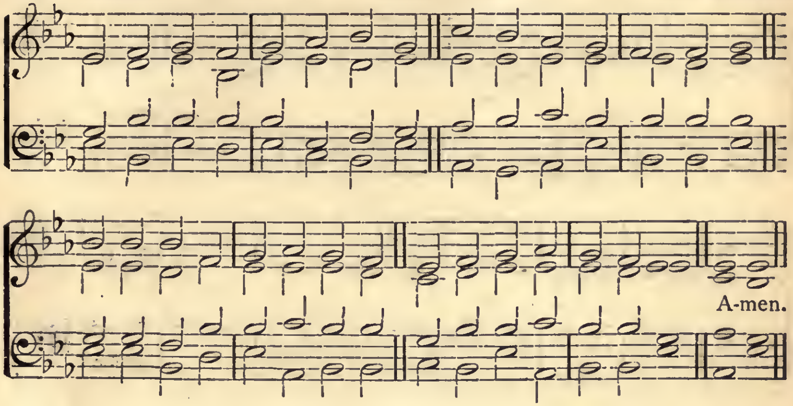
WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
  On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
  And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
  Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
  I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
  Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
  Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
  That were a tribute far to small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
  Demands my soul, my life, my all.

86. Batty. 8.7.8.7. German.



Sweet the moments, rich in blessing
Which before the Cross we spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
Through the sinner's dying Friend.

Here we'll rest, forever viewing
Mercy pour'd in streams of blood;
Precious drops, our souls bedewing,
Make and plead our peace with God.

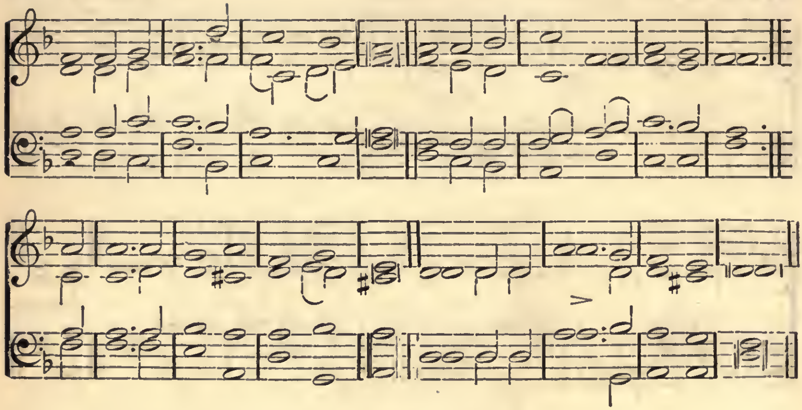
Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion
Beaming in His closing eye.

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,
Till we taste Thy whole salvation.
And Thine unveil'd glories see.

For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
In our hearts thy love increase.

Unto Thee the world's Salvation,
Father, Spirit, unto Thee,
Low we bow in adoration,
Ever blessed One and Three. Amen.

87. **St. Cross.** L.M. **Rev. J. B. Dykes Mus. Doc.**



O come and mourn with me awhile,
  O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
  Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
  While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs;
  Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

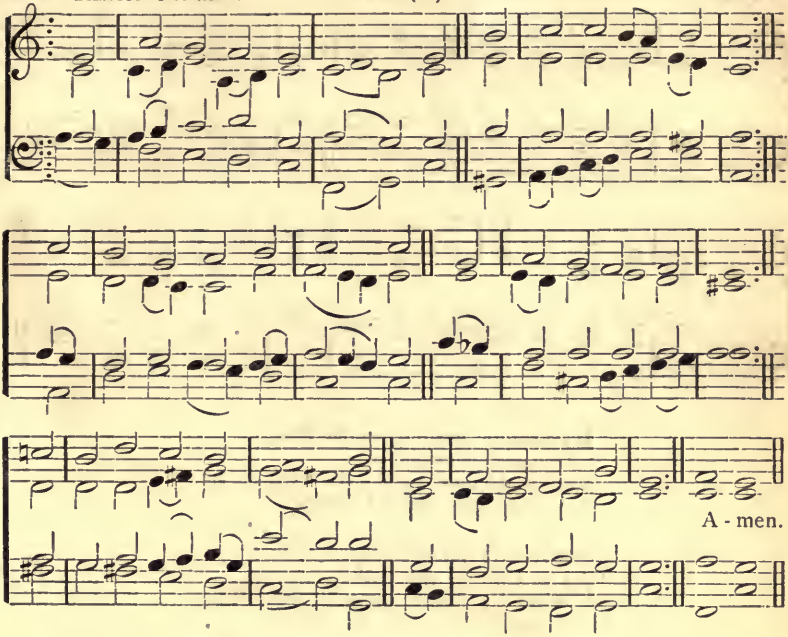
How fast His hands and feet are nail'd;
  His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimm'd with blood;
  Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love;
  And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
  Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears
  Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is;
  Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

O Love of God, O sin of man,
  In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
  For He our Lord is crucified.

88. PASSION CHORALE. 7.6.7.6. (D.) GERMAN.



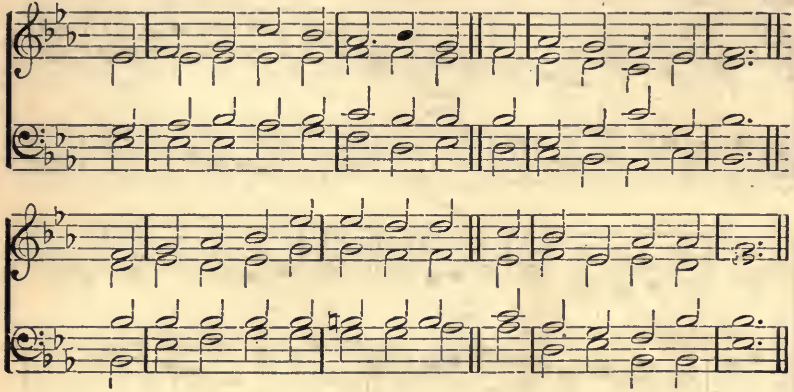
O LORD of life, now wounded,
With grief and shame bow'd down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns Thine only crown:
O loving Lord, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
Yes, though despised, and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression.
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy Body broken,
I thus with safety hide.
O Lord of life, desiring,
Thy glory now to see,
Beside Thy Cross expiring
I'd breathe my soul to Thee!

Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy Cross to me!
And to my succour flying
Come Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through Thy love! Amen.

89. ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER. C.M. JOHN STAINER, M. A., MUS. DOC.



MY Saviour hanging on the tree,
 In agonies and blood,
Methought once turn'd His eyes on me,
 As near His Cross I stood.

Sure, never till my latest breath
 Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with His death,
 Though not a word He spoke.

My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
 And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
 And helped to nail Him there.

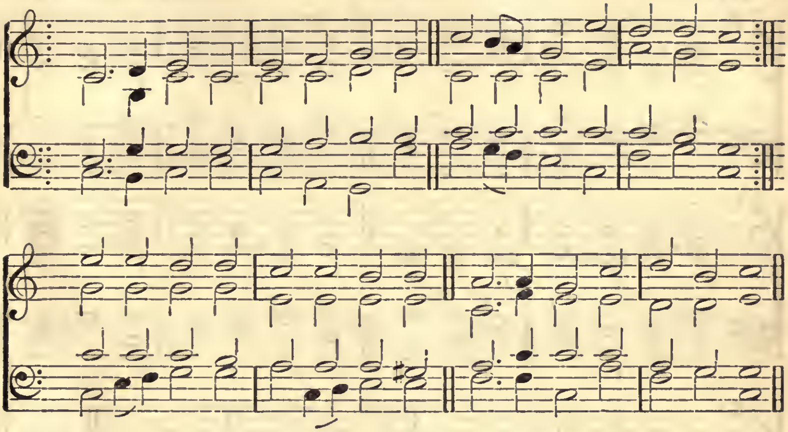
Alas! I knew not what I did;
 But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
 For I the Lord have slain.

A second look He gave which said.
 "I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
 I die that thou may'st live."

Thus, while His death my sin displays,
 In all its blackest hue—
Such is the mystery of grace—
 It seals my pardon too.

EASTER EVE.

90. UNSER HERSCHER. 8.7.8.7.8.7. GERMAN.



ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
  Human taunts and fiendish spite;
Death shall be despoil'd to-morrow
  Of the prey he grasps to night.
Yet once more, His own to save,
Christ must sleep within the grave.

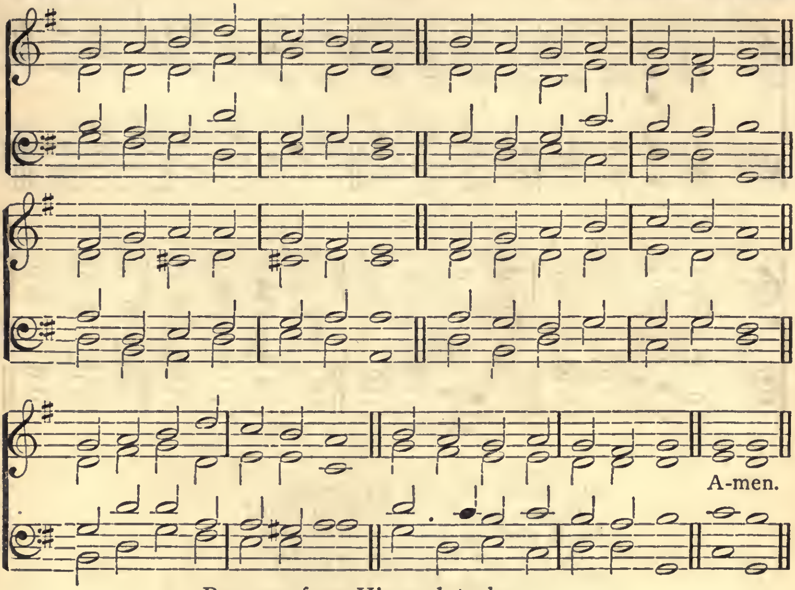
Fierce and deadly was the anguish
  On the bitter Cross He bore:
How did soul and body languish,
  Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruis'd and crushed the serpent's head.

Close and still the tomb that holds him
  While in brief repose he lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds him,
  Veil'd awhile from mortal eyes:
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

So this night, with voice of sadness,
  Chant the anthem soft and low;
Loftier strains of praise and gladness
  From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
Death and hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumph'd, Christ doth reign.

EASTER EVE.

91. Cassel. 7.7.7.7.7.7. German Melody



Resting from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet,
Shrouded in the winding sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

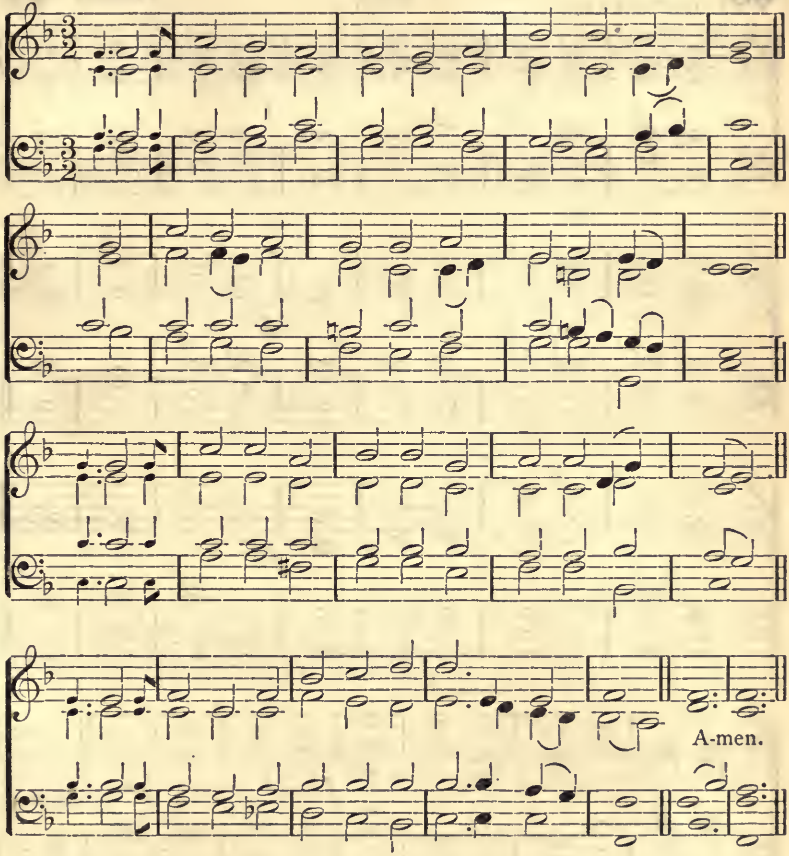
Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again. Amen.

EASTER EVE.

92. Bethany. 11.11.11.12. Dykes



I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies;

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

Amen.

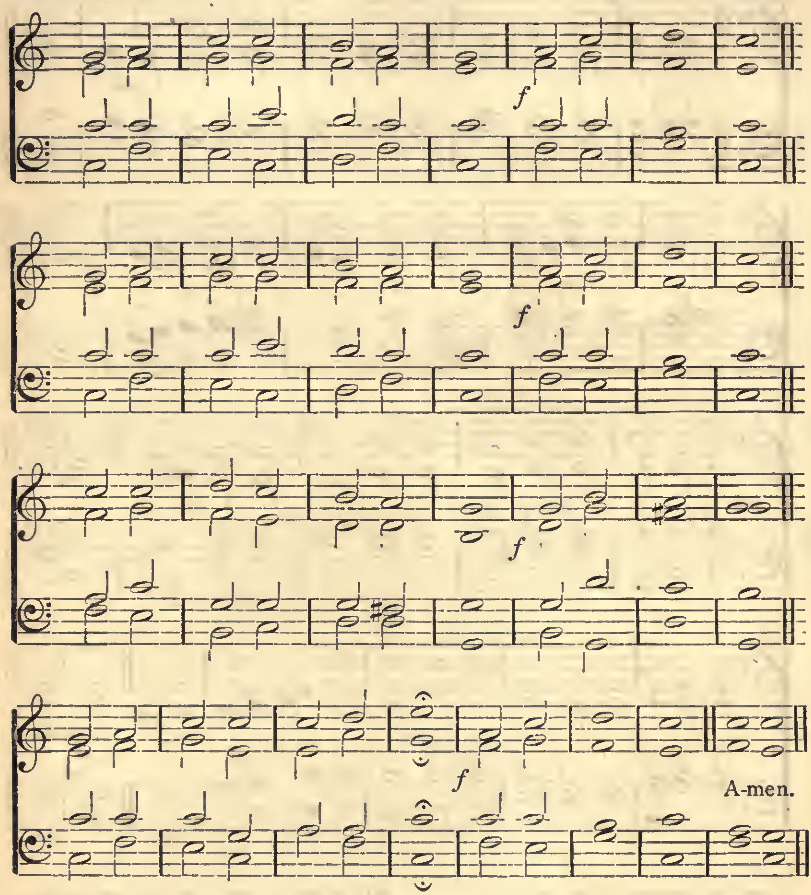
EASTER.

93. Easter Hymn.

FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.

Monk.



Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah!
Who did once upon the Cross Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss; Hallelujah!

Hymns of praise then let us sing Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heavenly King, Hallelujah!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save; Hallelujah!

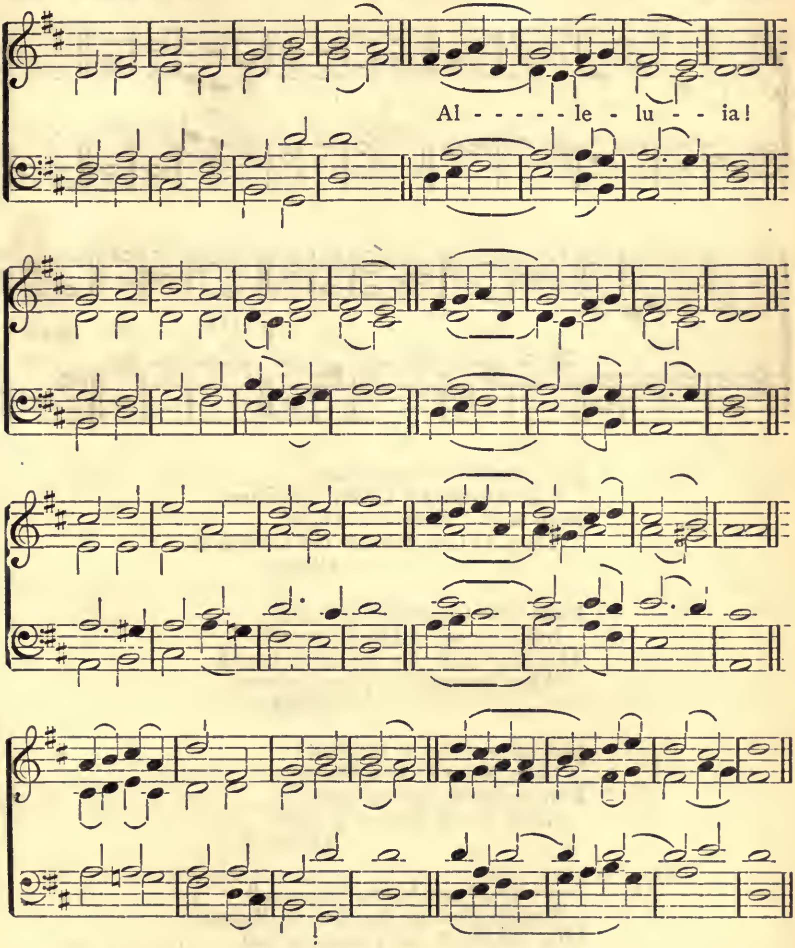
But the pain which He endured, Hallelujah!
Our salvation hath procured; Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's king, Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing Hallelujah!

Sing we to our God above Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love; Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host, Hallelujah!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; Hallelujah!

EASTER.

93. Easter Hymn.

SECOND TUNE.
7.7.7.7.
Worgan.



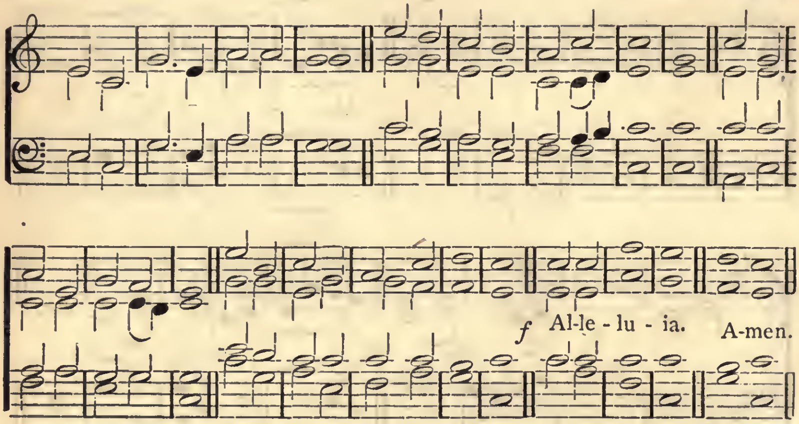
Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah!
Who did once upon the Cross Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss; Hallelujah!

Hymns of praise then let us sing Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heavenly King, Hallelujah!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save; Hallelujah!

But the pain which He endured, Hallelujah!
Our salvation hath procured; Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's king, Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing Hallelujah!

Sing we to our God above Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love; Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host, Hallelujah!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; Hallelujah!

94. St. Albinus. 7.8.7.8. Dr. Gauntlett.



Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

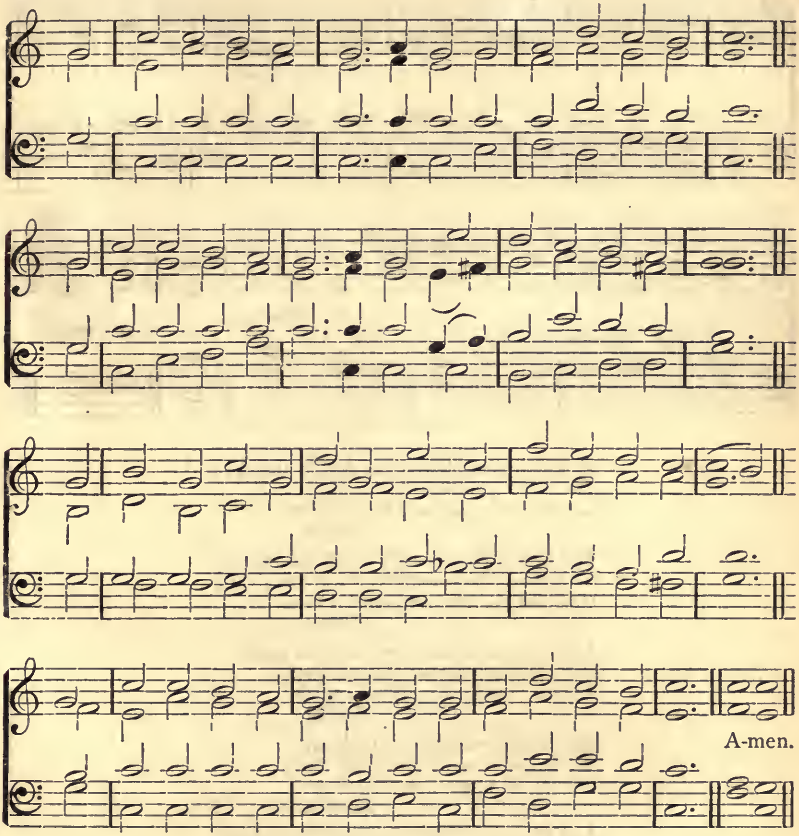
Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia.

Jesus lives! for us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

95. BETHLEHEM. D.C.M. ANON.



THE Son of God! the Lord of Life!
How wondrous are His ways!
O for a harp of thousand strings,
To sound abroad His praise!
How passing strange, to leave the seat
Of Heaven's eternal throne,
And hosts of glitt'ring Seraphim,
For guilty man alone!

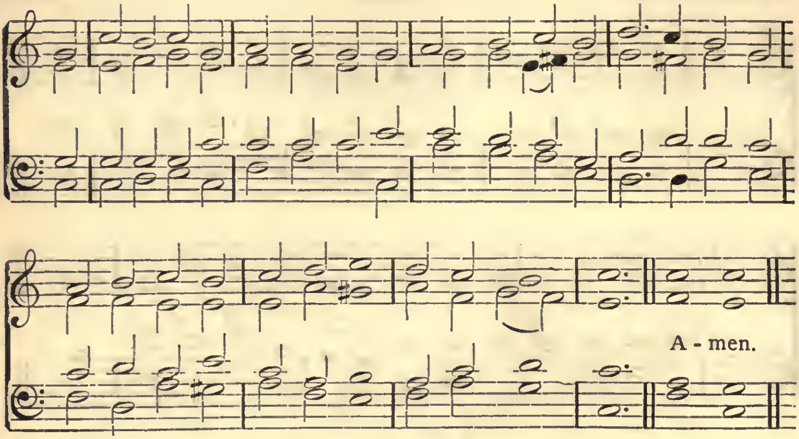
And did He bow His sacred head,
And die a death of shame?
Let men and angels magnify
And bless His holy name!

O let us live in peace and love,
And cast away our pride,
And crucify our sins afresh,
As He was crucified!

He rose again; then let us rise
From sin, and Christ adore,
And dwell in peace with all mankind,
And tempt the Lord no more:
The Son of God! the Lord of Life!
How wondrous are His ways!
O for a harp of thousand strings
To sound abroad His praise!
Amen.

96.

8.8.8.4. **E. J. Hopkins.**



Morn's roseate hues have deck'd the sky;
The Lord has risen with victory:
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry,
Alleluia.

The Prince of Life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth His Blood has given;
Has rent the veil, and open'd heaven:
Alleluia.

And he, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,
Has given a glorious harvest-birth:
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth,
Alleluia.

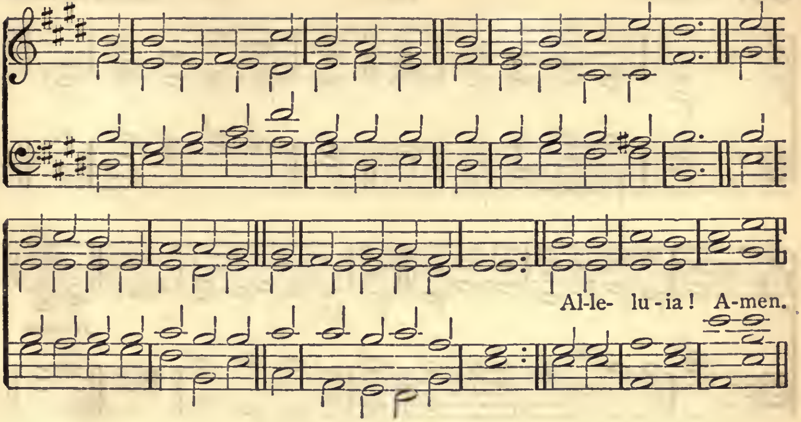
Our bodies, mouldering to decay,
Are sown to rise to heavenly day;
For He by rising burst the way:
Alleluia.

And He, dear Lord, that with Thee dies
And fleshly passion crucifies,
In body, like to Thine, shall rise:
Alleluia.

O grant us, then, with Thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky:
Alleluia.

Oh,praise the Father and the Son,
Who has for us the triumph won,
And Holy Ghost,—the Three in One:
Alleluia. Amen.

97. St. Fulbert. C.M. Dr. Gauntlett.



Ye choirs of new Jerusalem,
  Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
  In strains of holy joy.

How Judah's Lion burst His chains
  And bruised the serpent's head;
And cried aloud, through death's domains,
  To wake the imprison'd dead.

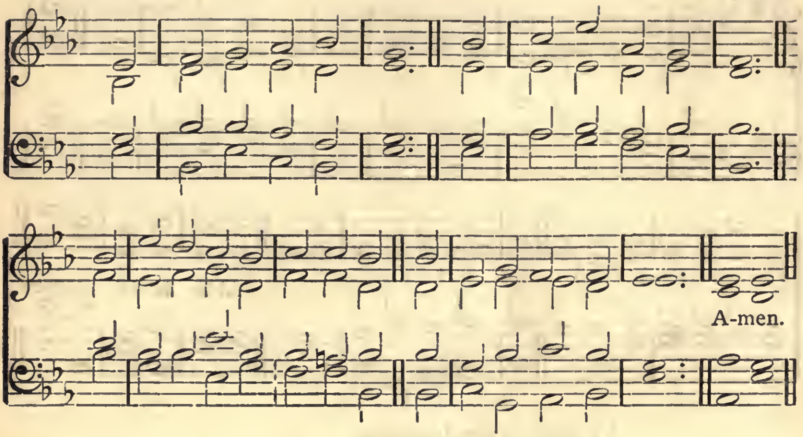
Devouring depths of hell their prey
  At His command restore;
His ransom'd hosts pursue their way
  Where Jesus goes before.

Right gloriously He triumphs now;
  To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
  All saints in earth and heaven.

And we, as these His deeds we sing,
  His soldiers, Him implore,
Within His palace bright to bring
  And keep us evermore.

All glory to the Father be;
  All glory to the Son;
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee;
While endless ages run. Amen.

98. FRANCONIA. S.M. GERMAN MELODY.



" THE Lord is risen indeed ! "
Then is His work perform'd;
The mighty captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarm'd.

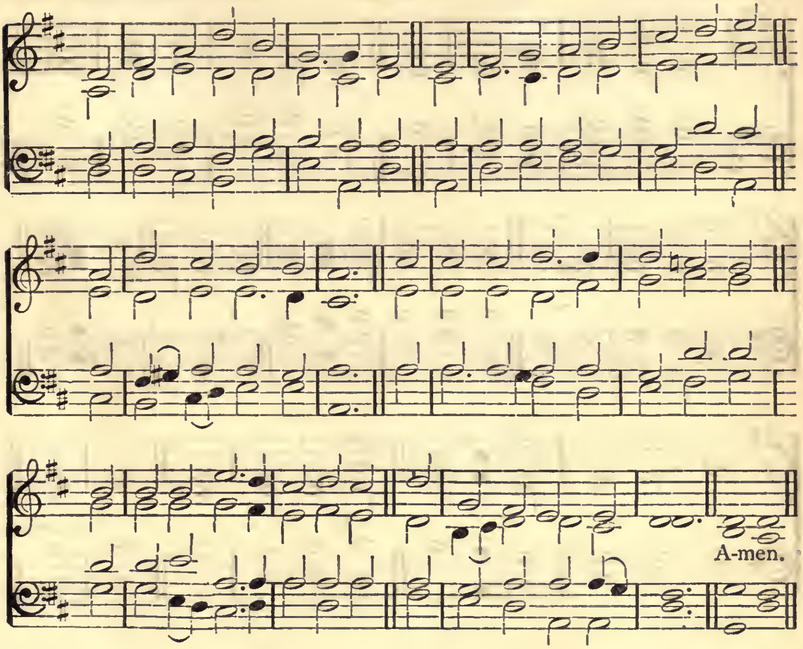
The Lord is risen indeed ! "
He lives to die no more ;
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

" The Lord is risen indeed ! "
Then hell has lost His prey;
With Him is risen the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day,

" The Lord is risen indeed!"
Attending angels hear ;
Up to the course of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful cord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord. Amen.

99. MAGDALEN COLLEGE. 8.8.6. (D.) DR. HAYES.



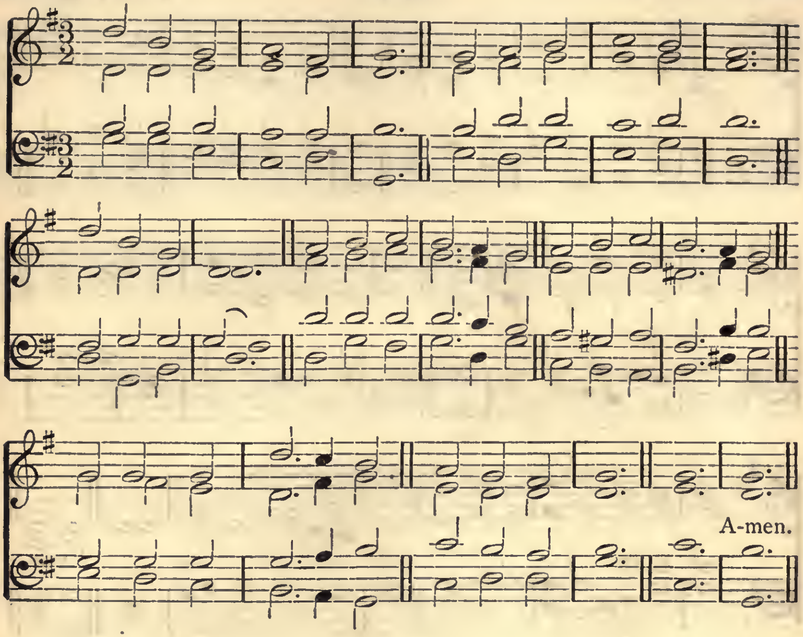
COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
"He lives, who once was slain:
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again."

O joyful sound, O glorious hour,
When by His own almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumb'ring dust.
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransom'd souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust. Amen.

100. Moscow. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.



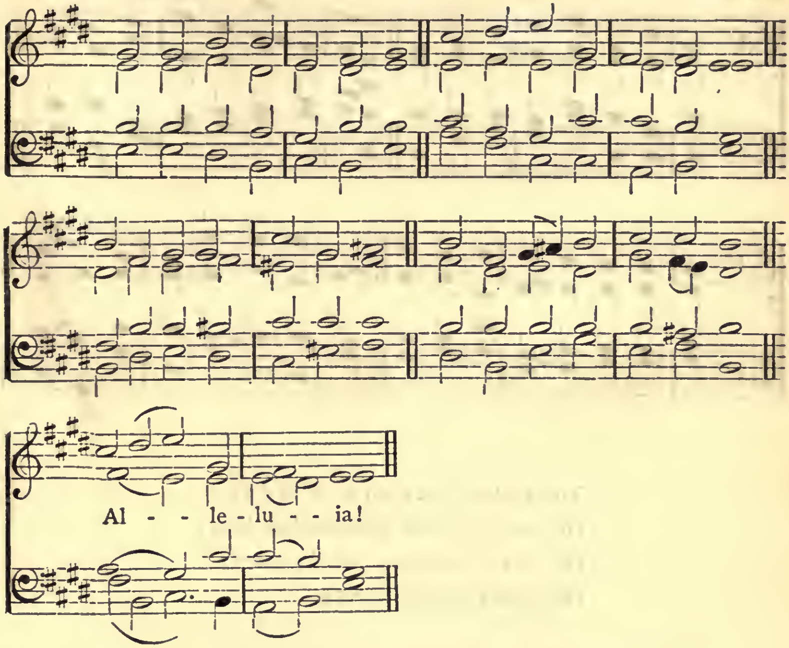
Jesus, our risen King,
Glory to Thee we sing,
Praising Thy Name,
Thy love and grace adore,
Which all our sorrows bore,
Crying for evermore
"Worthy the Lamb."

O haste, ye ransom'd race,
For all His gifts of grace
To praise His Name:
He wondrous things hath done,
Triumph o'er death hath won,
Heaven's gate open thrown:
"Worthy the Lamb."

Come, all ye hosts above,
Mingle one song of love,
Praising His name:
To Him ascribed be
Honour and majesty
Through all eternity:
"Worthy the Lamb."

Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Praised be Thy Name.
Father, Thy love we bless;
Spirit of Holiness,
Thee we praise; and confess
"Worthy the Lamb." Amen.

101. WIRTEMBURG. 7.7.7.4. GERMAN.



"CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your songs of triumph high,
Shout ye heavens and earth reply.
Alleluia!

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.
Alleluia!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ hath open'd paradise.
Alleluia!

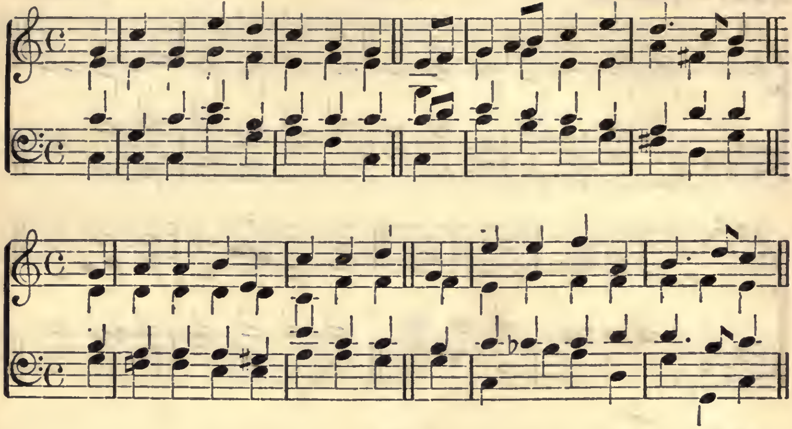
Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O Grave?
Alleluia!

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Alleluia!

What though once we perish'd all
Partners of our parents' fall?
Second life we now receive,
When in Jesus we believe.
Alleluia!

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail the Resurrection Thou! Alleluia

102. CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. L.M. J. W. ELLIOTT

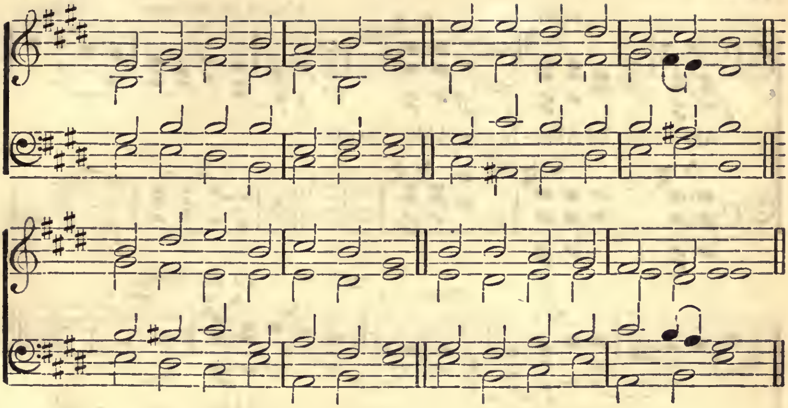


THE Saviour lives, no more to die;
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives, eternally to save.

He lives, to still His people's fears;
He lives, to wipe away their tears;
He lives, their mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring them safely there.

Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Dismiss your gloomy, groundless fears;
And let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.

103. CULBACH. 7.7.7.7. GERMAN.



EASTER Day is here, and we
To our Saviour bow the knee ;
Easter Day with joy has come
To the tenants of the tomb.

Jesus lives, He lives for aye,
Death's dark shadows melt away;
Hell hath tried the Lord to hold ;
Hell defeated we behold.

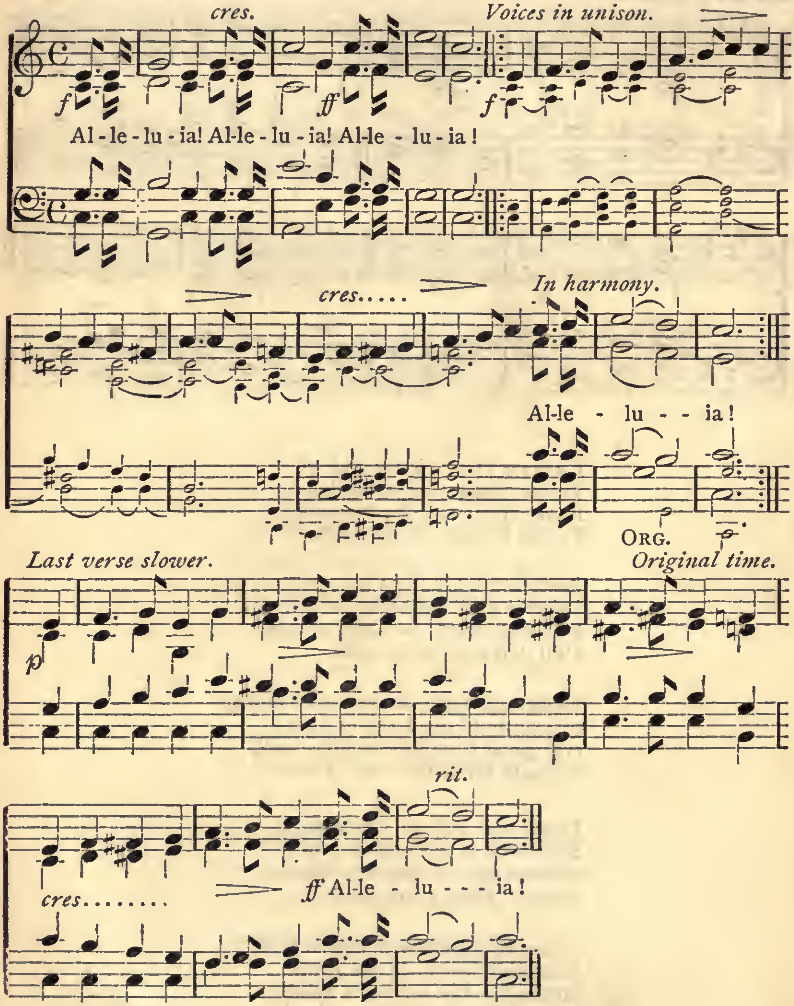
Death and hell and shades of night,
Cannot hold the Lord of light;
Our great Captain triumphs well,
He hath burst the bars of hell.

Death and hell are desolate ;
Shattered is the brazen gate ;
Broken are the bonds of death,
For our Jesus triumpheth.

Come, ye saints, with one accord,
Join the triumph of the Lord ;
Bruised is the serpent's head ;
Jesus lives, and death is dead.

Death is dead, for Jesus lives ;
Light of life to all He gives ;
Jesus died that death might die ;
Jesus wins the victory.

104. CHRISTENDOM. P.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.



ALLELUIA! Alleluia! Alleluia!
The strife is o'er, the battle done!
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun, Alleluia!

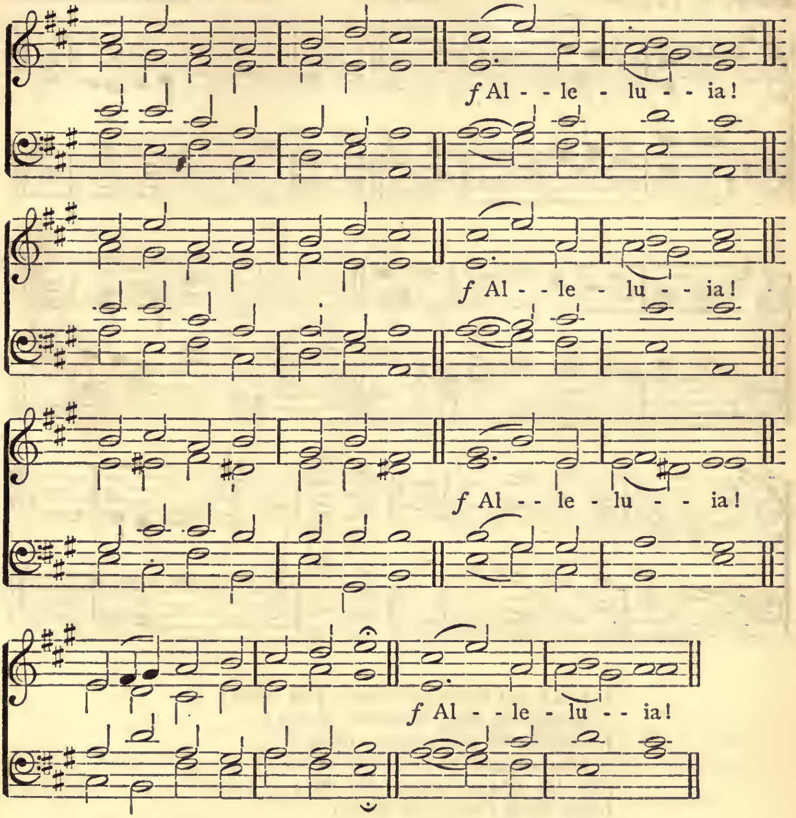
The powers of death have done their worst;
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst, Alleluia!

The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head! Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell:
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell! Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee, Alleluia!

105. ASCENSION. P.M. W. H. MONK.



HAIL the day that sees Him rise, Alleluia!
To His Throne above the skies; Alleluia!
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given, Alleluia!
Enters now the highest heaven. Alleluia!

There for Him high triumph waits; Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates; Alleluia!
He hath conquer'd death and sin, Alleluia!
Take the King of Glory in. Alleluia!

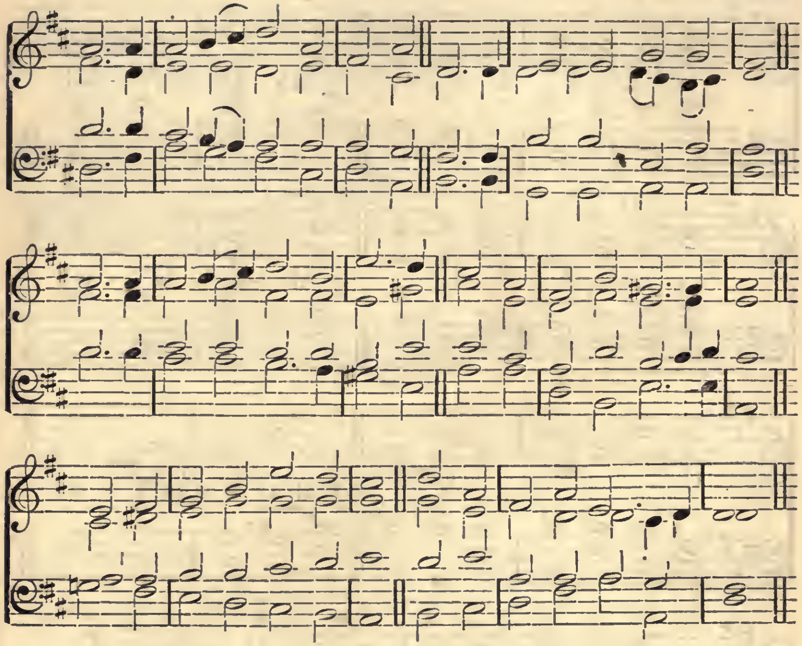
Lo! the heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Alleluia!
Though returning to His Throne, Alleluia!
Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia!

See, He lifts His hands above; Alleluia!
See, He shows the prints of love; Alleluia!
Hark! His gracious lips bestow Alleluia!
Blessings on His Church below. Alleluia!

Still for us He intercedes, Alleluia!
His prevailing death He pleads, Alleluia!
Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia!
He the first-fruits of our race. Alleluia!

Lord, though parted from our sight, Alleluia!
Far above the starry height, Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise. Alleluia!
Seeking Thee above the skies. Alleluia!

106. St. Patrick's. 8.8.8.7.7.7. Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc.

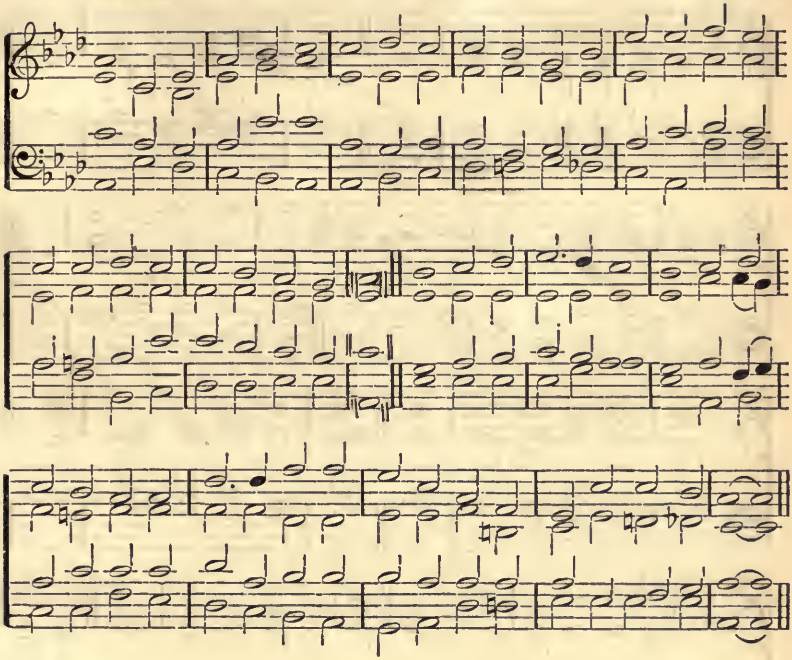


Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
  Sound the note of praise above:
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
  Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

King of glory, reign forever!
  Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
  Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
  Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
  Heaven and earth shall pass away!
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

107. HEBRON. D.S.M. IRISH.

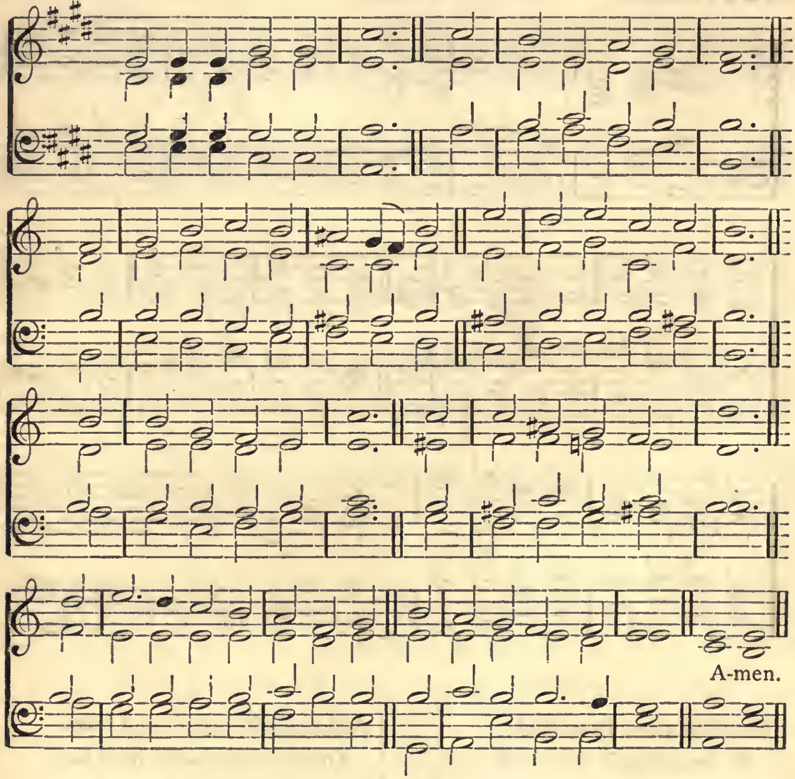


Thou art gone up on high
  To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
  The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here
  With sin and care oppress'd;
Lord! send Thy promised Comforter,
  And lead us to Thy rest!

Thou art gone up on high;
  But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
  To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
  Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
  Lead us, at last, to Thee!

Thou art gone up on high;
  But Thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
  Attendant in Thy train.
Oh! by Thy saving power
  So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour
  At Thy right hand on high!

108. DIADEMATA. D.S.M. SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY, MUS. DOC.



CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne ;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own :
With His most precious Blood
From sin He set us free :
We hail Him as our matchless King
Through all eternity.

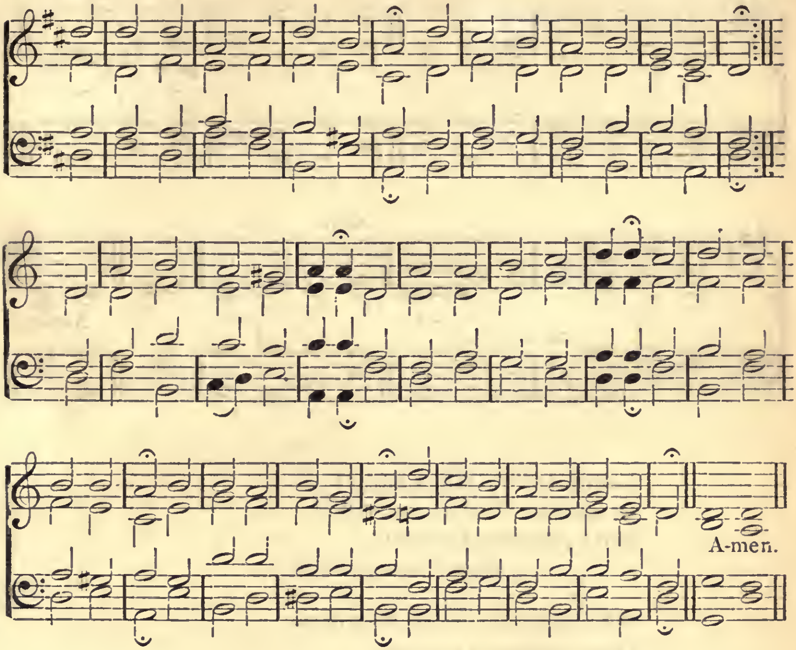
Crown Him, the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won,
Which now his brow adorn :
Fruit of the mystic rose,
As of that rose the stem ;
The root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown Him, the Lord of Love ;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified :
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him, the Lord of Peace ;
Whose power a sceptre sways,
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise :
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him, the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime ;
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me ;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.

109. EIN FESTE BURG. P.M. GERMAN.

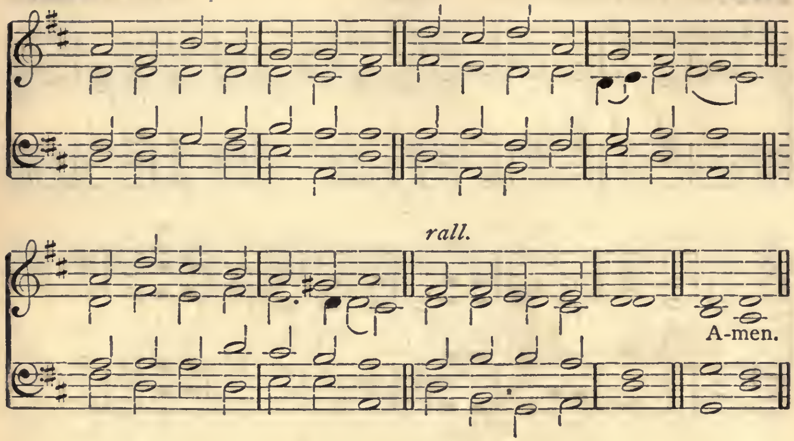


LIFT up your heads, eternal gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way:
The King, the King of glory comes,
Ascending to His throne to-day!
Who is the King of glory?
Who is the King of glory?
It is the Lord of might,
The victor in the fight,
Triumphant o'er the powers of night!

Lift up your heads, eternal gates;
Ye gates of pearl and streets of gold;
The King, the King of glory comes;
Before His chariot-wheels unfold!
Who is the King of glory?
Who is the King of glory?
The Lord of Hosts is He,
The God of Majesty,
He is the King eternally!

Now with the Father God Most High,
And with the spirit, ever one,
The angels own the Christ, the King,
And bow before His shining throne.
He is the King of glory!
He is the King of glory!
Him let all earth adore;
To Him our praises pour,
For ever and for evermore! Amen.

110. Capetown. 7.7.7.5. German.



Lord of mercy and of might!
Of mankind the Life and Light!
Maker, Teacher Infinite!
Jesus! hear and save!

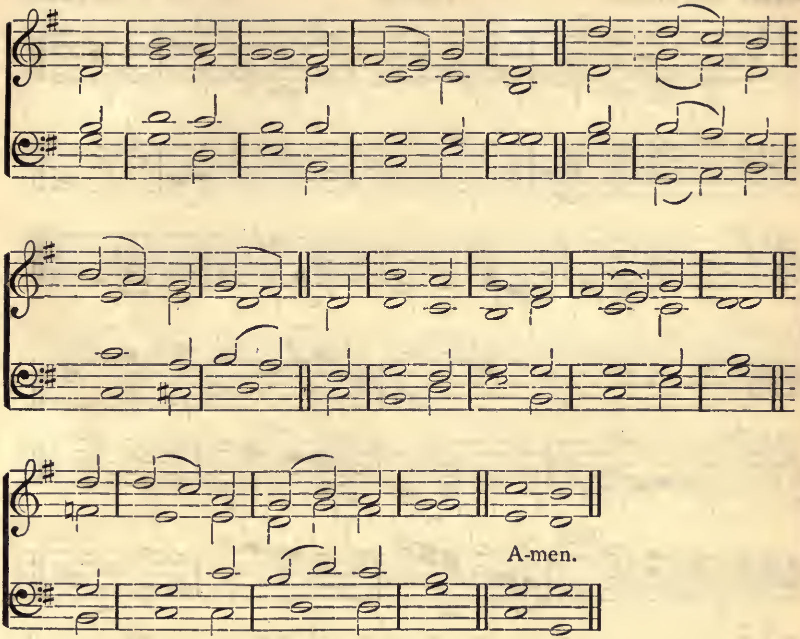
Who, when sins tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
Jesus! hear and save!

Mighty Monarch! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus! hear and save!

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus! hear and save!

Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us when we cry!
Jesus! hear and save! Amen.

111. Belmont. C.M. S. Webbe.



JESUS our Hope, our heart's desire,
  Redemption's only spring,
Creator of the world art Thou,
  Its Saviour and its King.

How vast the mercy and the love
  Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
  To set Thy people free!

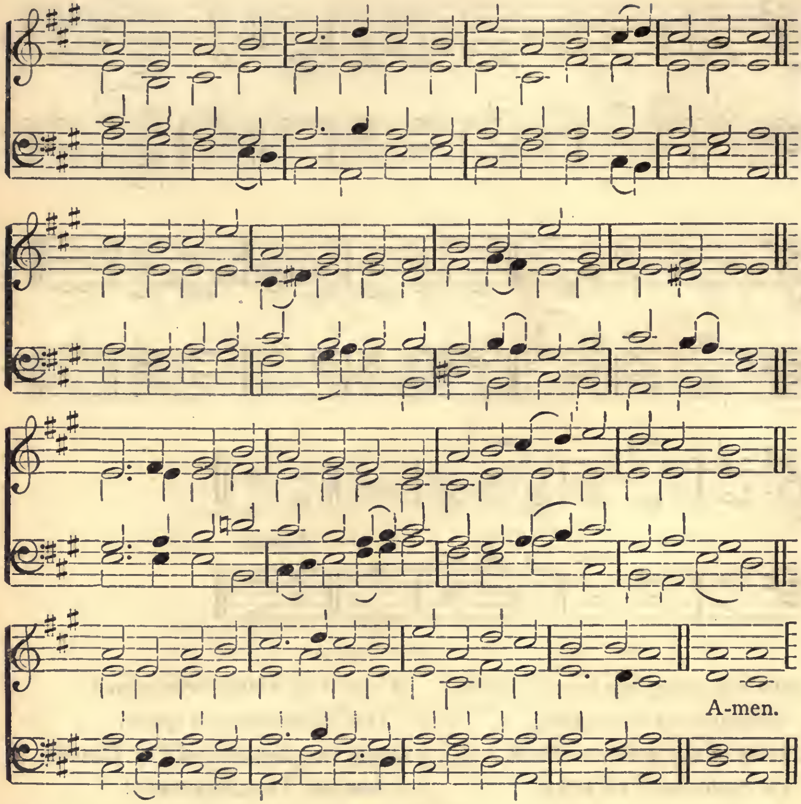
But now the bonds of death are burst,
  The ransom has been paid;
And Thou art on Thy Father's Throne,
  In glorious robes array'd.

O may Thy mighty love prevail
  Our sinful souls to spare!
O may we stand around Thy Throne,
  And see Thy glory there!

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
  As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now
  And through eternity.

All praise to Thee who dost ascend
  Triumphantly to heaven;
All praise to God the Father's name
  And Holy Ghost be given. Amen.

112. Rex Gloria. 8.7.8.7. (D.) H. Smart.



See the Conqueror mounts in triumph; see the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot to His heavenly palace gate;
Hark! the choirs of angel voices joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted to receive their Heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies, He has gain'd the victory!
He who on the Cross did suffer, He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquish'd sin and Satan, He by death has spoil'd His foes.

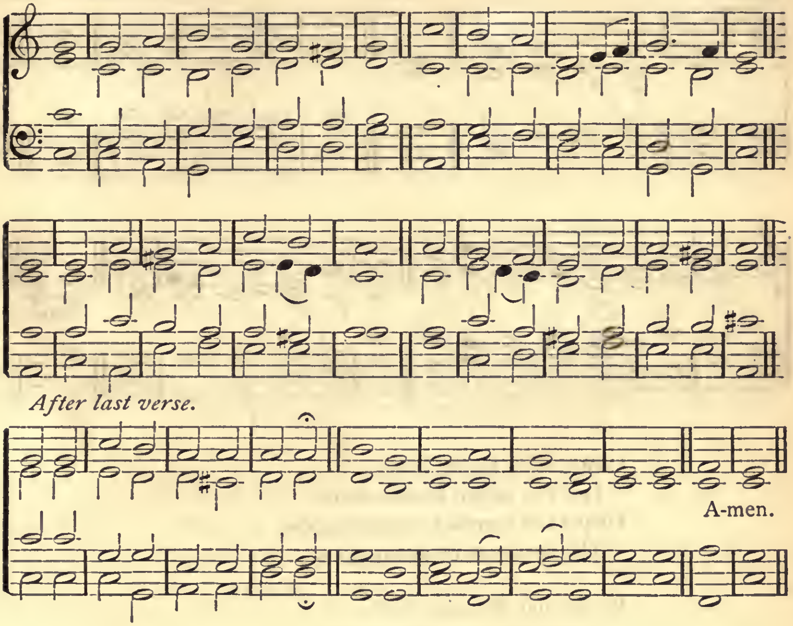
While He raised His hands in blessing, He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends.
He who walk'd with God and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

Now our heavenly Aaron enters with His blood within the veil:
Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place:
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

Thou hast raised our human nature on the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places, there with Thee in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by Angels; Man with God is on the Throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension we by faith behold our own. Amen.

113.

VENI CREATOR. L.M. ANON



COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

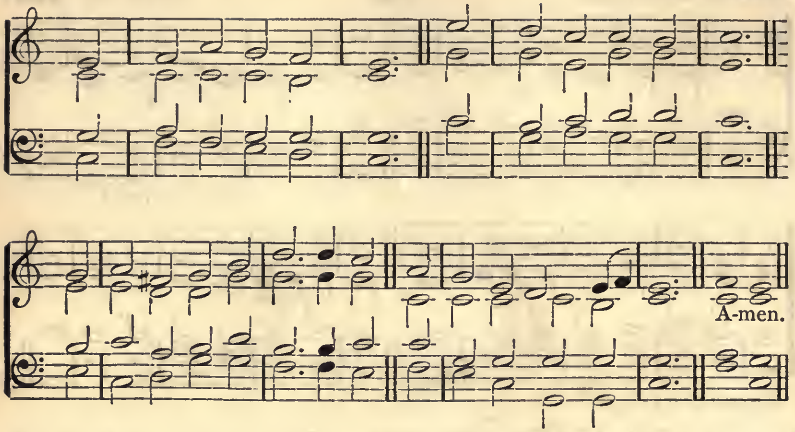
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes; give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come;

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One:
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song,

"Praise to Thy eternal merit,
"Father, Son and Holy Spirit!" Amen.

114. St. George. S.M. Dr. Gauntlett.



Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

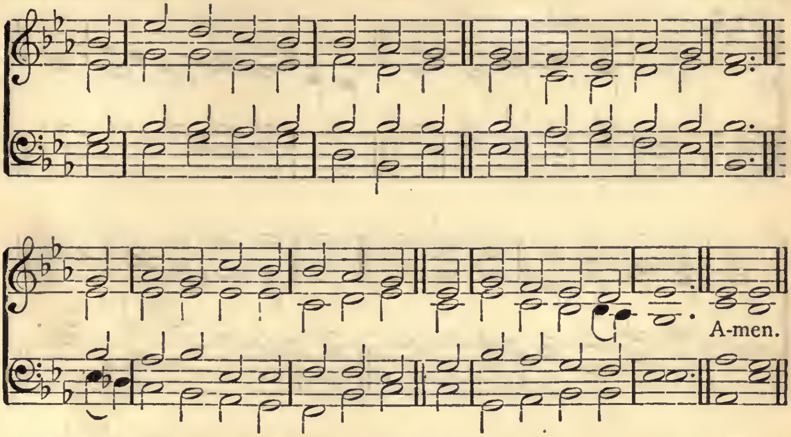
Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee! Amen.

115. St. Peter. C.M. Reinagle



Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

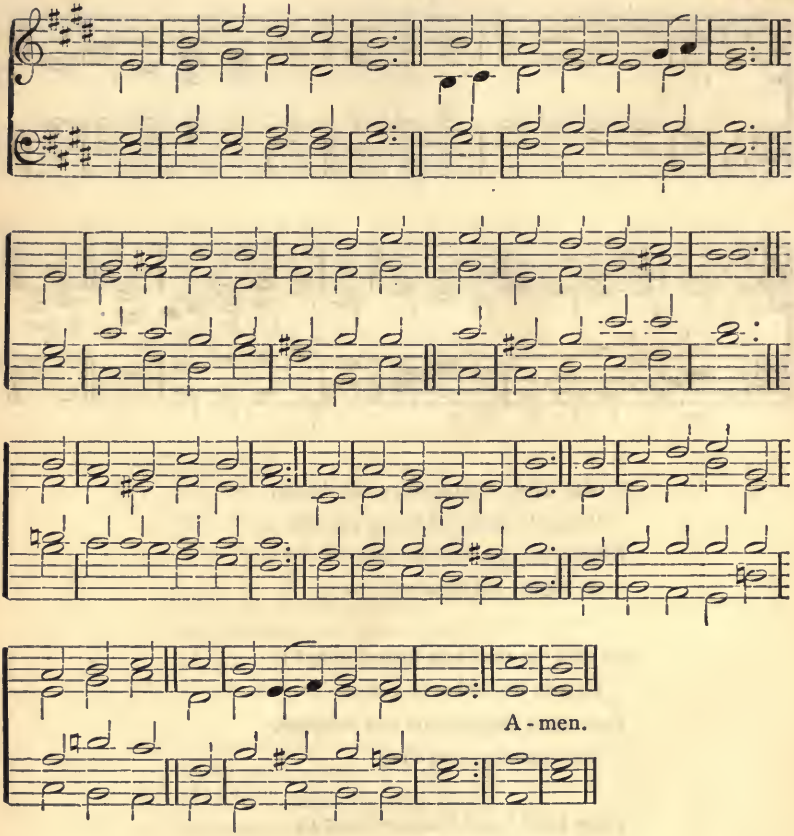
In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever be
In this poor dying state?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

ome, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. Amen.

16.

D.S.M. E. Toke.

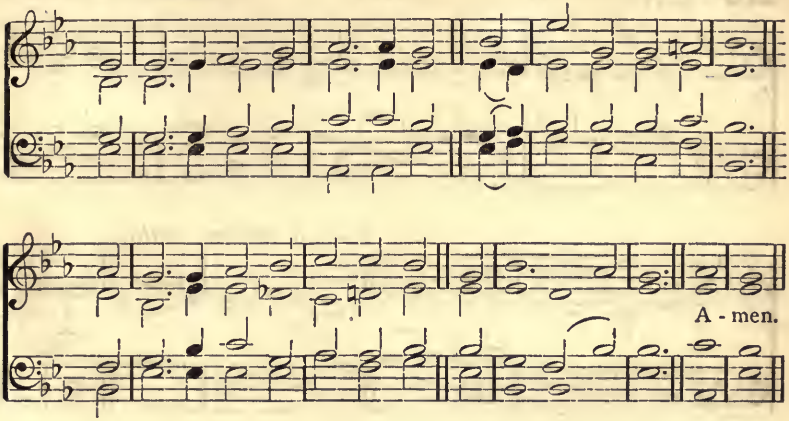


Lord God, the Holy Ghost,
  In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
  Descend in all Thy power:
We meet with one accord
  In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
  The Spirit of all grace.

Like mighty rushing wind
  Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
  One soul, one feeling breathe.
The young, the old, inspire
  With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
  To pray, and praise, and love.

Spirit of light, explore,
  And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
  Unto the perfect day;
Spirit of truth, be Thou
  In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
  May we be sanctified. Amen.

117. St. Cuthbert. 8.6.8.4. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc



Our blest Redeemer, ere He breath'd
His tender last farewell,
A guide, a comforter, bequeath'd
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

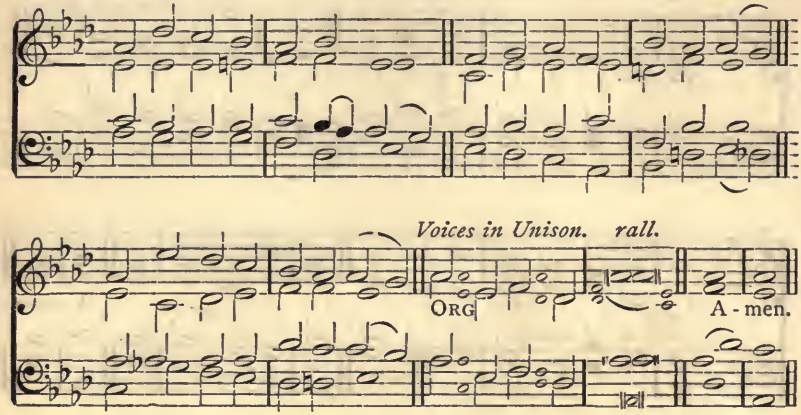
And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. Amen.

118. CHARITY. 7.7.7.5. J. STAINER, M. A. MUS. DOC.



GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Penticost,
Holy, heavenly love.

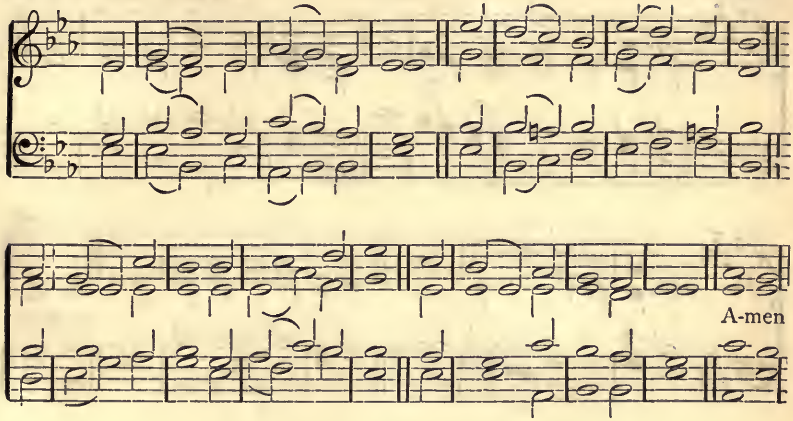
Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong:
Give us heavenly love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Give us heavenly love.

Faith will vanish into sight:
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Give us heavenly love.

Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love. Amen.

119. Mount Ephraim. S.M. Milgrove.



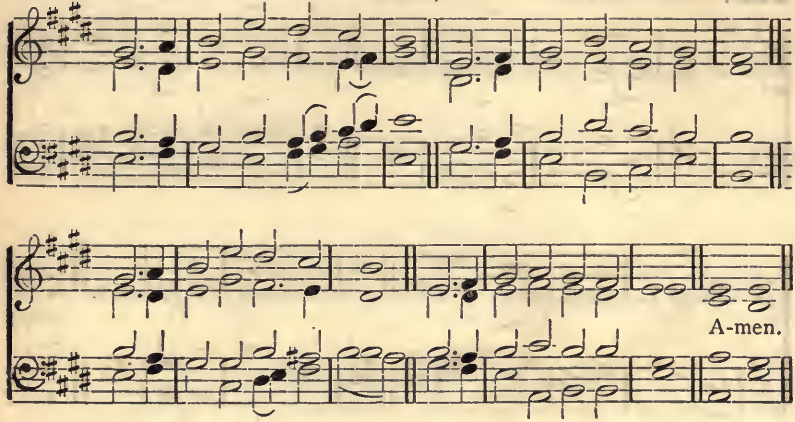
THE Spirit, in our hearts,
  Is whispering, sinner, come:
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
  To all His children, come.

Let him that heareth, say
  To all about him, come:
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
  To Christ the fountain, come.

Yes, whosoever will,
  O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
  'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Lo, Jesus, who invites,
  Declares, I quickly come.
Lord! even so; I wait thy hour:
  Jesus, my Saviour, come. Amen.

120. Innocents. 7.7.7.7. Anon.



Gracious Spirit, Dove divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me full of heaven and love.

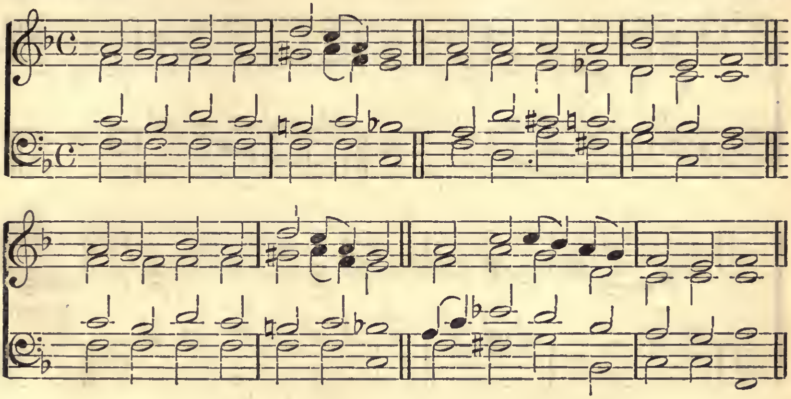
Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me;
Let the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.

Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

Guard me round on every side;
Save me from self-righteous pride;
Me with Jesus' mind inspire;
Melt me with celestial fire. Amen.

121. WEBER. 7.7.7.7. WEBER.



HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine!
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day!

Let me see my Saviour's face,
Let me all His beauties trace;
Show those glorious truths to me,
Which are only known by Thee.

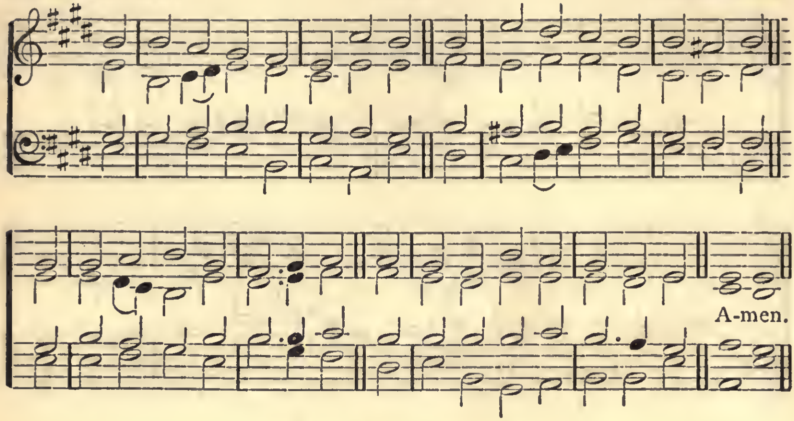
Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
In Thy mercy pity me;
Set me from my bondage free.

Holy Ghost, with joy divine
Cheer this sadden'd heart of mine;
Yield a sacred settled peace;
Let it grow and still increase.

Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine:
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone!

See! to Thee I yield my heart,
Shed Thy life through every part:
Temple pure I fain would be,
Consecrated unto Thee. Amen.

122. Melcombe. L.M. Old Melody.



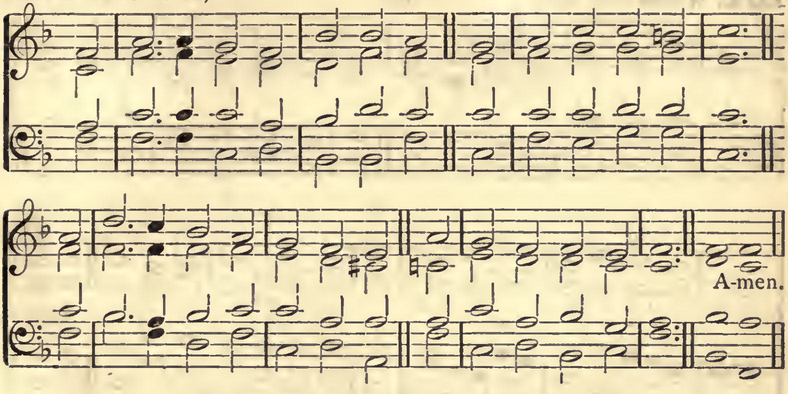
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy forever there:
Lead us to God our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest. Amen.

123. Winchester, Old. C.M. Estes' Psalter.



When God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd His holy dove.

The fires that rush'd on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

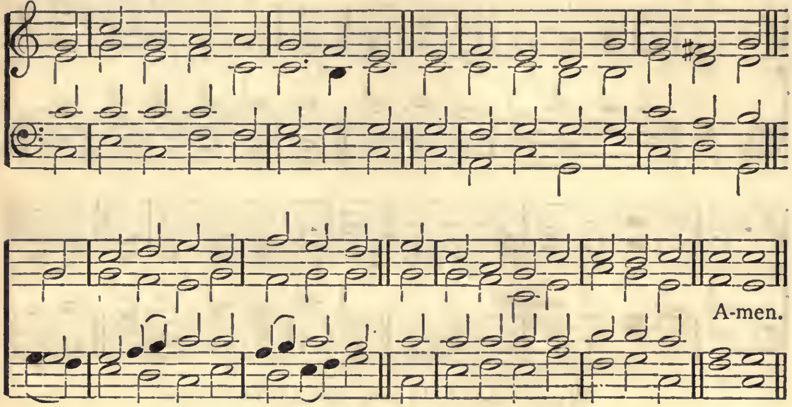
And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud;

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come, Lord, come wisdom, love, and power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

124. Winchester, New. L.M. Crasselius.



Oh! for that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

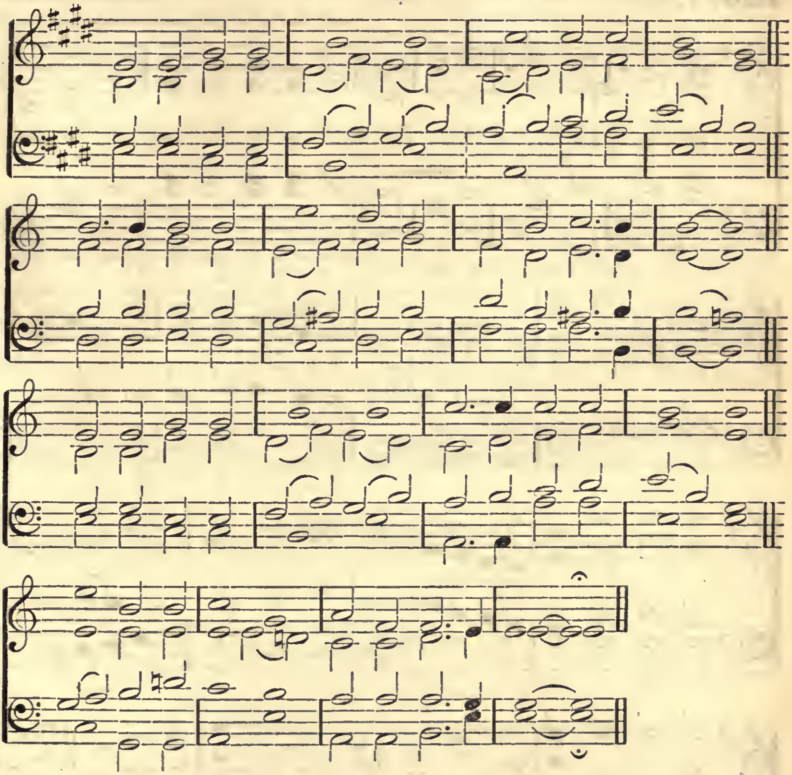
Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abra'am's breast, and seal'd him Thine,
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine!

That Spirit which, from age to age,
Proclaim'd Thy love and taught Thy ways,
Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,
And breath'd in David's hallow'd lays.

Is not Thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power,
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew Thy work, Thy grace restore;
Warm our cold hearts to prayer and praise,
And teach us how to love Thee more. Amen.

125. NICÆA. P.M. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.



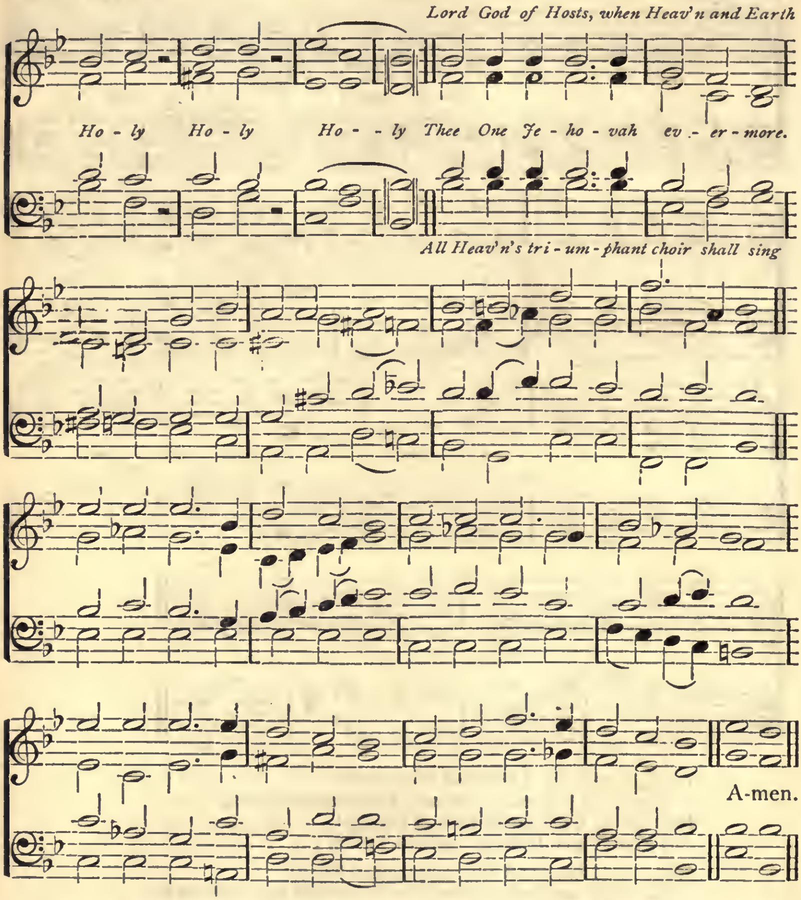
HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
  Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
  God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
  Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
  Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
  Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
  God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

126. SANCTUS. P.M. J. W. F. HARRISON.

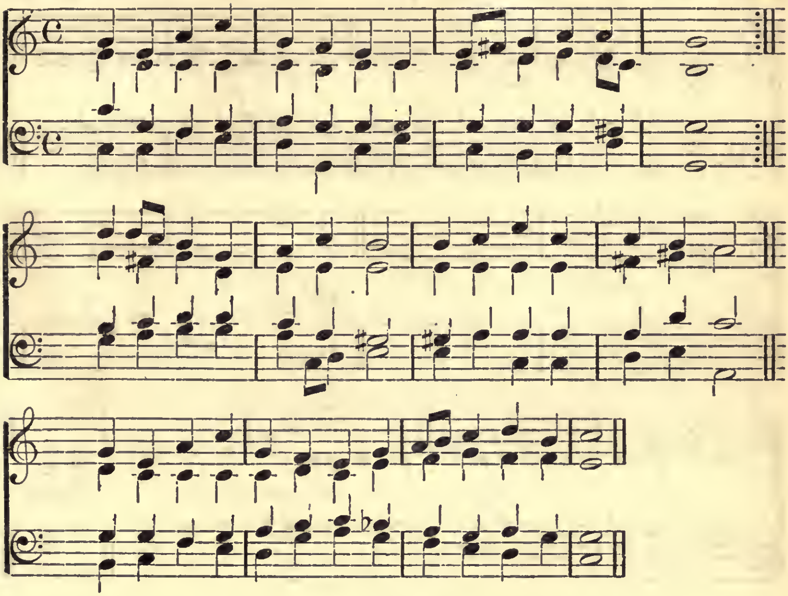

Lord God of Hosts, when Heav'n and Earth
Ho - ly Ho - ly Ho - - ly Thee One Je - ho - vah ev - er - more.
All Heav'n's tri - um - phant choir shall sing
A-men.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
When heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang, with one accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteem'd,
From that world by Thee redeem'd,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Holy, holy, holy! All heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransom'd nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord! Amen.

127. CHESTERFIELD. P.M. MORAVIAN MELODY.

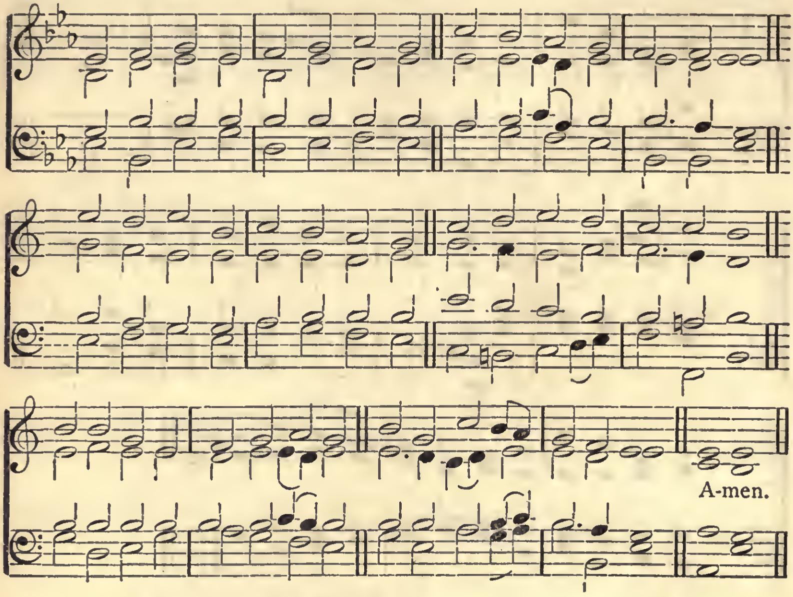


MEET and right it is to sing,
  In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
  The God of truth and grace:
Join we then in sweet accord,
  Yea, all in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
  Eternal praise be Thine.

Thee the first-born sons of light,
  In choral symphonies,
Praise by day that knows no night,
  And never, never cease;
Angels and archangels all
  Extol the mystic Three in One,
Sing loud or silent fall,
  O'erwhelm'd before Thy throne.

Father, Thy great love we bless,
  Which gave Thy Son to die;
Jesus, King of righteousness,
  Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
  Praise by all to Thee be given,
Till in chorus full we join,
  And earth is turn'd to heaven.

128. St. Thomas. 8.7.8.7.8.7. V. Novello.



Holy Father, great Creator,
  Source of Mercy, Love, and Peace,
Look upon the Mediator,
  Clothe us with His righteousness;
    Heavenly Father,
Through the Saviour hear and bless.

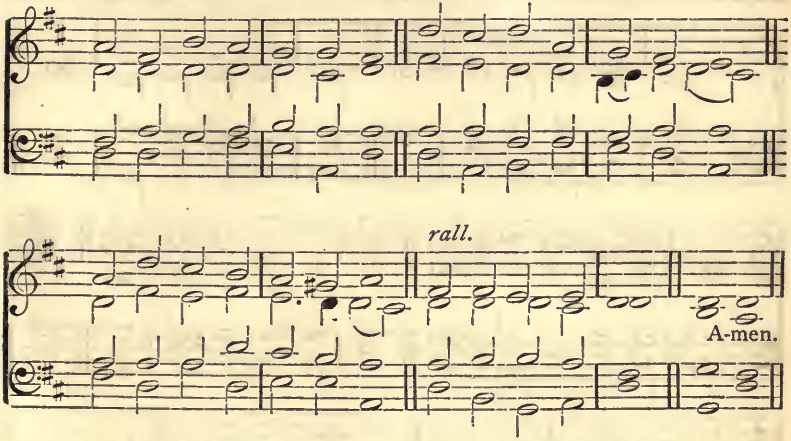
Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
  Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
  Meet and worship in Thy name,
    Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
  Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
  Fill them with the Saviour's love!
    Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

God the Lord, through every nation
  Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
  Every tongue and race combine!
    Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine. Amen.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

129. Capetown. 7.7.7.5. German



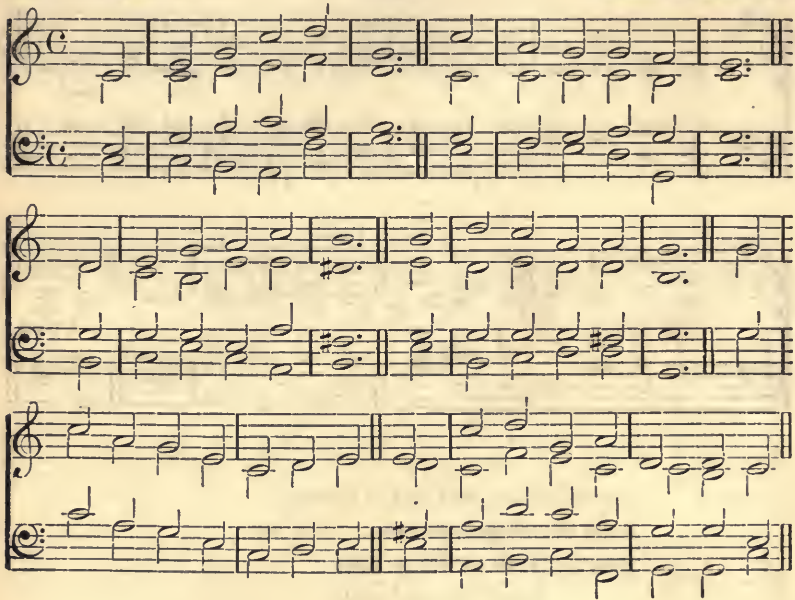
Three in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of Lights! with morning, shine:
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of Lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sins forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

Three in One and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

130. CHRIST CHURCH. P.M. C. STEGGALL, MUS. DOC.



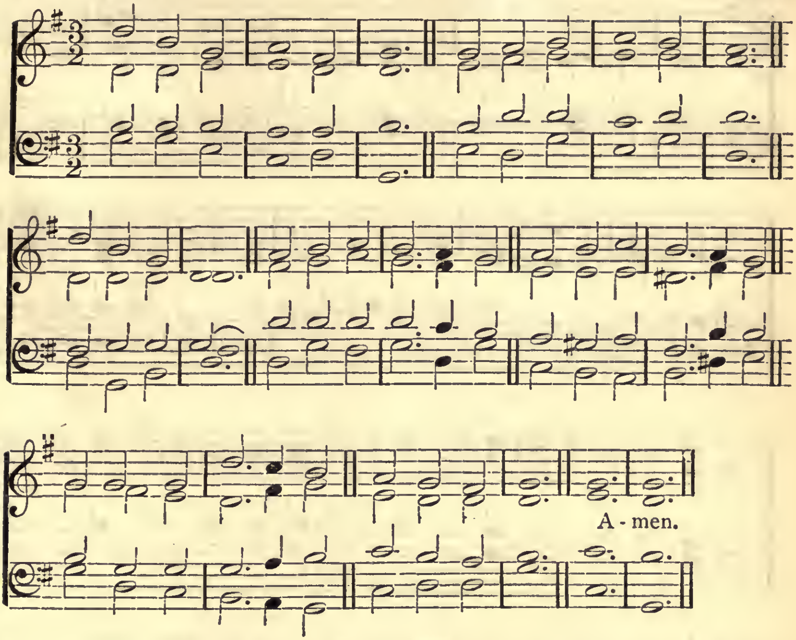
We give immortal praise
  To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
  And better hopes above;
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs
  Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
  From everlasting woe;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

To God the Spirit's name
  Immortal Worship give,
Whose new-creating power
  Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee
  Be endless honors done;
The undivided Three,
  And the mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

131. Moscow. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. Giardini.



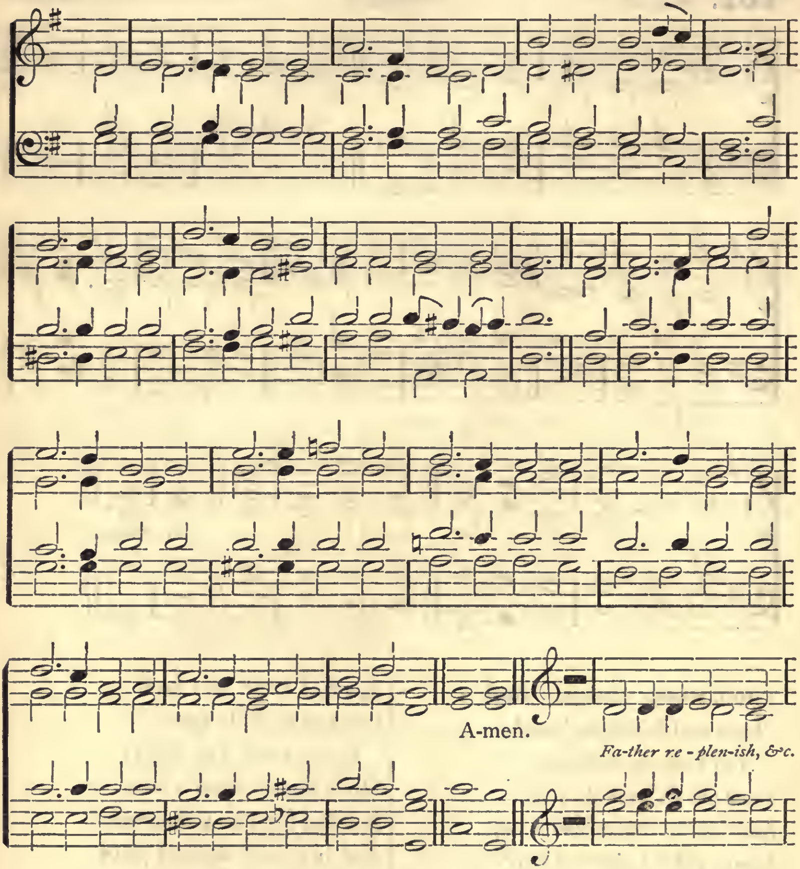
Thou, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the water's face
Bearing the Lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light. Amen.

132. SACRA TRINITAS. 8.6.8.6.8.8.8.8. J. W. F. HARRISON.



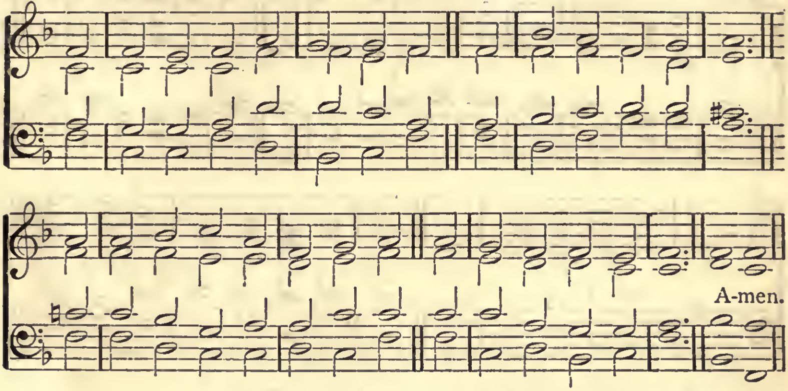
MOST High and Holy Trinity!
Who of Thy mercy mild
Hast form'd me here in time, to be
Thy image and Thy child:
Oh let me love Thee day and night
With all my soul, with all my might:
Oh come, Thyself my soul prepare,
And make Thy dwelling ever there!

Father! replenish with Thy grace
This longing heart of mine,
Make it Thy quiet dwelling-place,
Thy sacred inmost shrine!
Forgive that oft my Spirit wears
Her time and strength in trivial cares,
Enfold her in Thy changeless peace
So she from all but Thee may cease.

O God the Son! Thy wisdom's light
On my dark reason pour;
Forgive that things of sense and sight,
Were all her joy of yore;
Henceforth let every thought and deed
On Thee be fixed, from Thee proceed,
Draw me to Thee, for I would rise
Above these earthly vanities!

O Holy Ghost! Thou fire of love,
Enkindle with Thy flame my will;
Come with Thy strength, Lord, from above,
Help me Thy bidding to fulfil:
Forgive that I so oft have done
What I, as sinful, ought to shun;
Let me with pure and quenchless fire
Thy favour and Thyself desire. Amen.

133. St. Flavian. C.M. Anon.



Have mercy on us, God Most High,
Who lift our hearts to Thee,
Have mercy on us, worms of earth,
Most Holy Trinity.

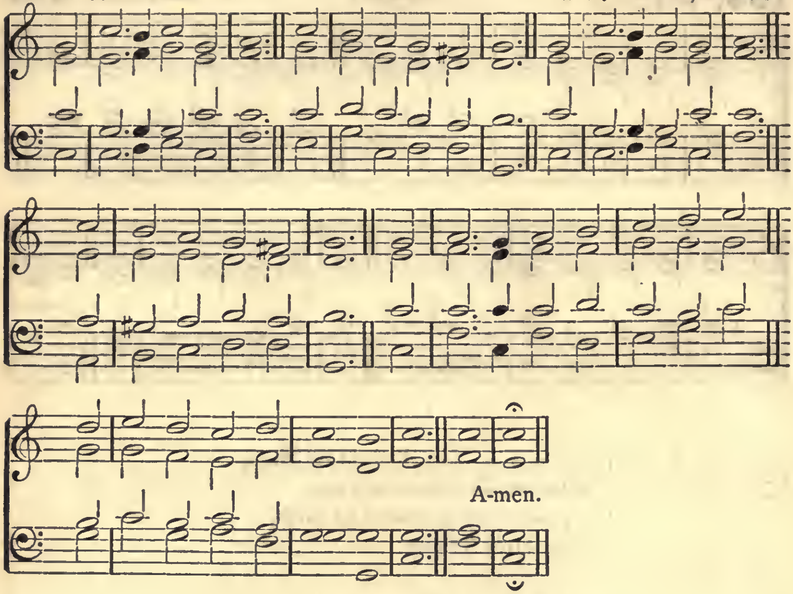
Most ancient of all mysteries!
Before Thy Throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy Trinity.

When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou, in Thy bliss of majesty,
Didst live and love alone.

How wonderful creation is,
The work that Thou didst bless;
And, oh, what then must Thou be like,
Eternal loveliness!

Most ancient of all mysteries!
Low at Thy Throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

134. COLLIPRIEST. 6.6.6.6.8.8. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. BAC.

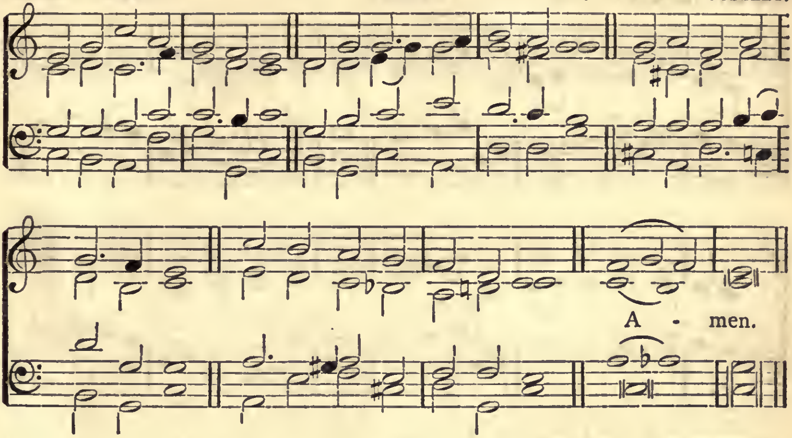


AWAKE, ye saints, awake!
  And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
  Your joyful homage pay:
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

On this auspicious morn
  The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
  And vanquish'd all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

All hail triumphant Lord!
  Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains,
  Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!
Amen.

135. PRUEN. 7.7.7.7. REV. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY.



ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord our song ascends to Thee;
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

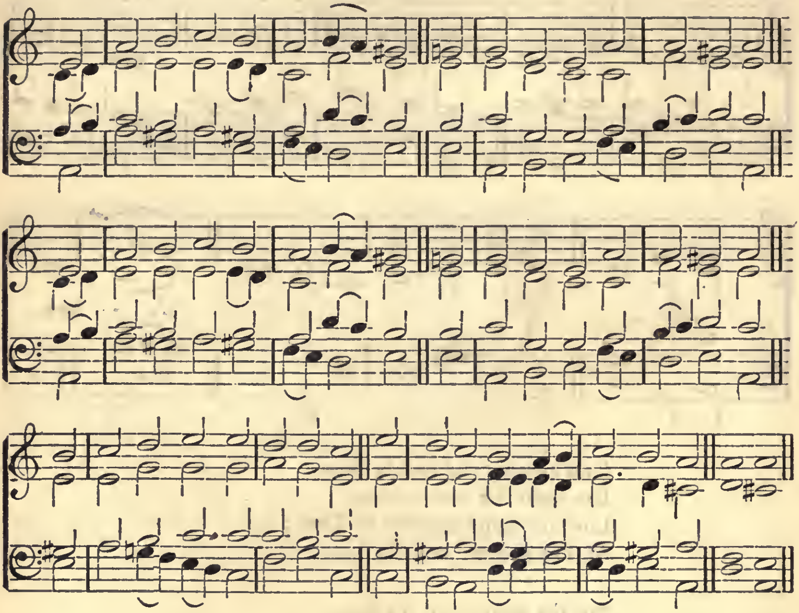
For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of Heaven!

Cold our services have been;
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live!

Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead!
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last!

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end! Amen.

136. BREMEN. 8.8.8.8.8.8. BACH.



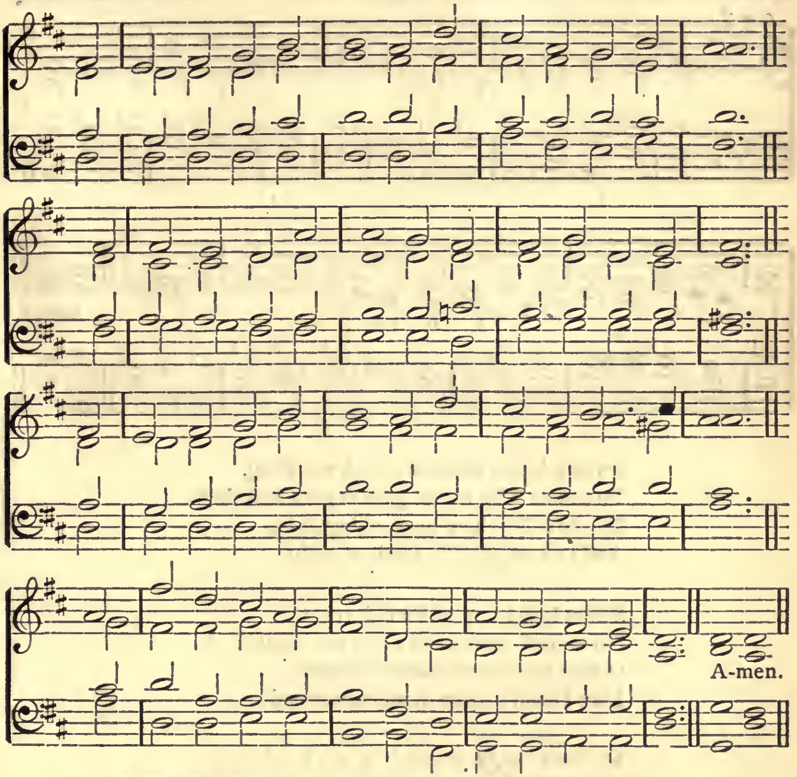
GREAT God, this sacred day of Thine
Demands our soul's collected powers;
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours!
O may our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to Thy throne!

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly,
Where God resides, appear no more;
Omniscient God, Thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore:
O may Thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine!

The word of life dispens'd to-day,
Invites us to the heav'nly feast;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart a humble guest;
O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed!

Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;
O may Thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be Thine;
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to Thy throne.

137. BENTLEY. 7.6. (D.) JOHN HULLAH



O DAY of rest and gladness,
  O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
  Most beautiful, most bright;
On Thee, the high and lowly
  Before the eternal throne
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
  To God the Three in One.

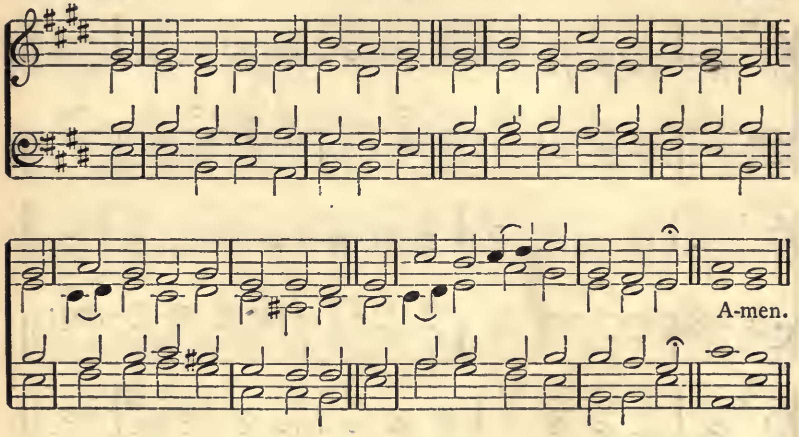
On Thee, at the creation,
  The light first had its birth;
On Thee for our salvation
  Christ rose from depths of earth;
On Thee our Lord victorious
  The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on Thee most glorious
  A triple light was given.

Thou art a cooling fountain,
  In life's dry, dreary sand;
From Thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
  We view our promised land;
A day of sweet refection,
  A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
  From earth to things above

To-day on weary nations
  The heav'nly manna falls;
To holy convocations
  The silver trumpet calls;
Where Gospel-light is glowing
  With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
  With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
  From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
  To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
  To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
  To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

138. LEIGH. L.M. REINAGLE.



SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

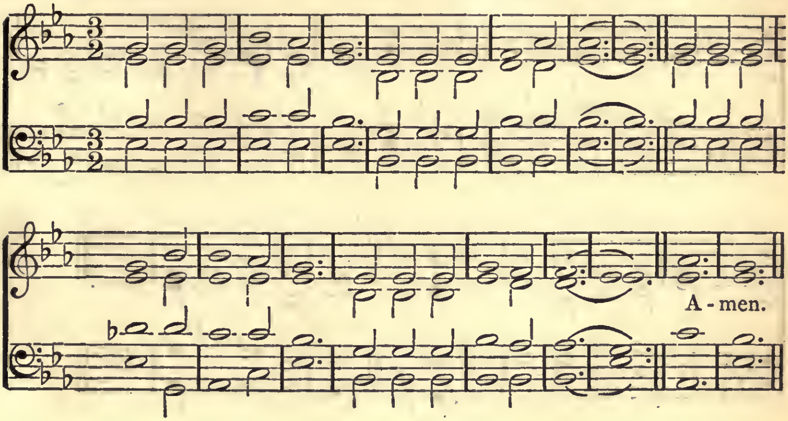
Sweet is the day of sacred rest:
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below,
And every pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy! Amen.

139. Langton. S.M. Adapted by C. Streatfield.



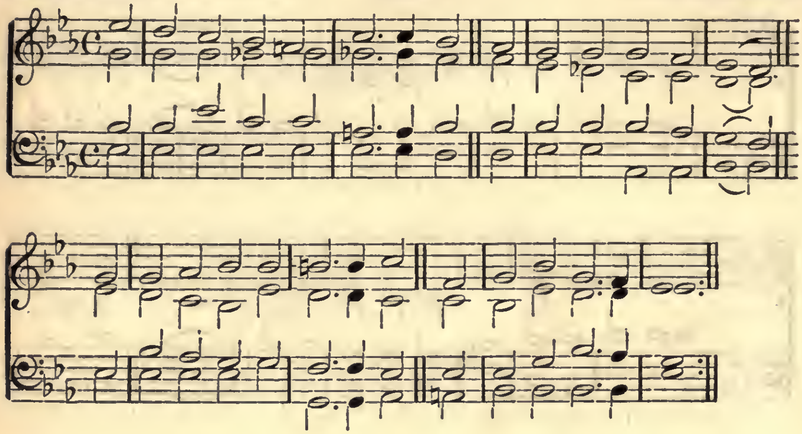
Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

The King himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here may we rest and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And wait until I'm call'd away,
To everlasting bliss. Amen.

140. Holy Trinity. C.M. J. Barnby.



THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

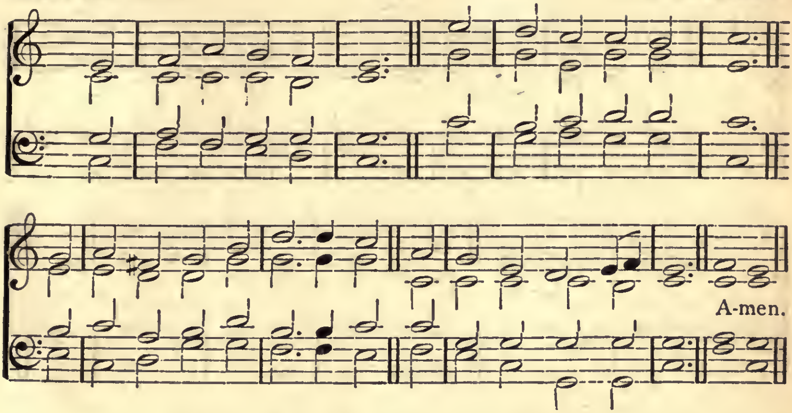
To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His father's name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns in which He reigns
Shall give him noble praise

141. St. George. S.M. Dr. Gauntlett.



This is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

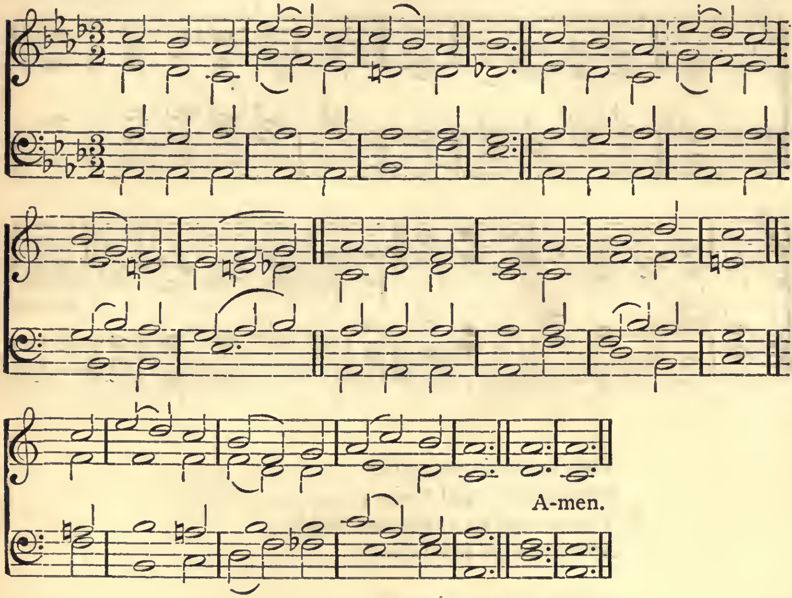
This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death! Amen.

142. VESPERS. L.M. W. H. HART.



LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.

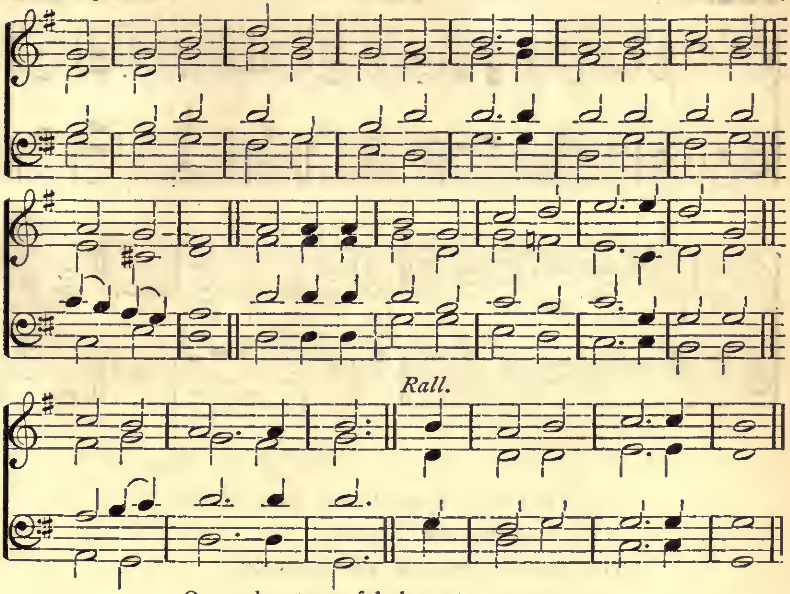
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God! Amen.

143. OBERLIN. 8.8.8.8.6. DR. ELVEY.



ON each return of holy rest,
The day my heav'nly Father blest,
O let my happy portion be
To find supreme delight in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee!

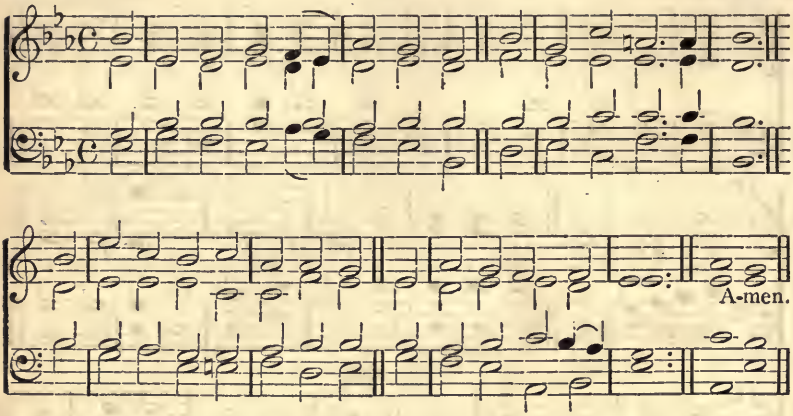
These precious hours I would improve
In fervent prayer, in sacred love;
From earth's polluting pleasures free,
To find my every joy in Thee;
In Thee, my God, in Thee!

When, humbly kneeling at Thy throne,
With deep distress my guilt I own,
Then let my contrite Spirit see
Enough of pard'ning grace in Thee;
In Thee, my God, in Thee!

When in Thy temple I adore,
And truth's unfathom'd mines explore;
Or trembling praise the One in Three
Fresh glories let me view in Thee;
In Thee, my God, in Thee!

Thus on each day of holy rest,
May I with heavenly joy be blest,
And, in a bright eternity,
Have my undying bliss in Thee;
In Thee, my God, in Thee!

144. COVERT. C.M. DR. HAYNE.



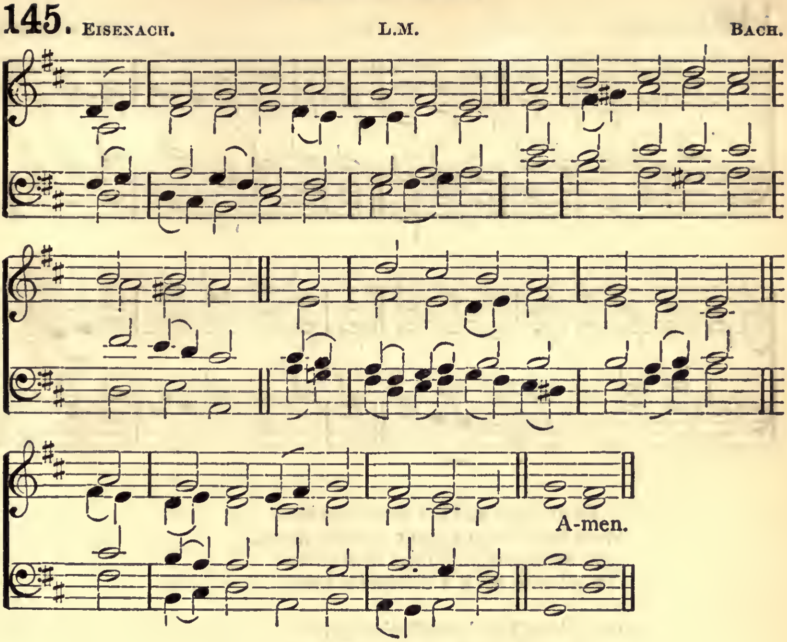
BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright,
  The first, the best of days;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
  The day of prayer and praise.

My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
  His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
  Beyond all other days.

The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
  To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
  A happy week shall find.

This day I must with God appear;
  For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
  And thus to make it mine. Amen.

145. Eisenach. L.M. Bach.



Pour out Thy Spirit from on high;
  Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
  And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

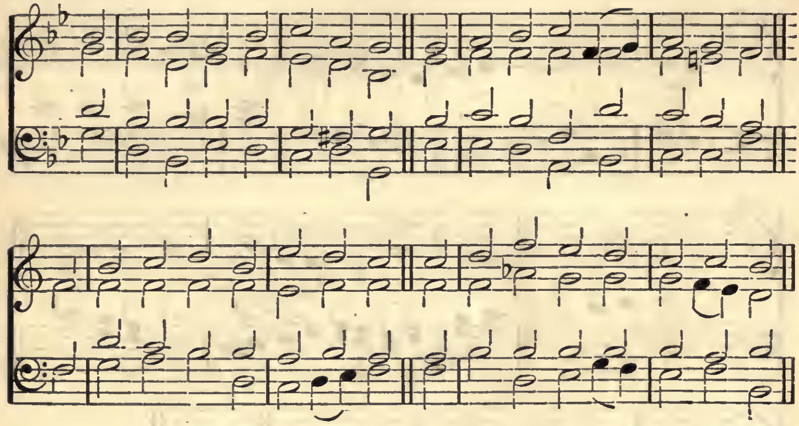
Within Thy temple when we stand
  To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
  The angels of the churches be!

Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
  Firmness, with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
  And love the souls whom Thou dost love:

To watch and pray, and never faint,
  By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
  Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep:

Then, when our work is finish'd here,
  In humble hope our charge resign!
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
  O God! may they and we be Thine! Amen.

146. BRESLAU. L.M. MENDELSSOHN.



O THOU who makest souls to shine
With light from lighter worlds above,
And droppest glist'ning dew divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love;

Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

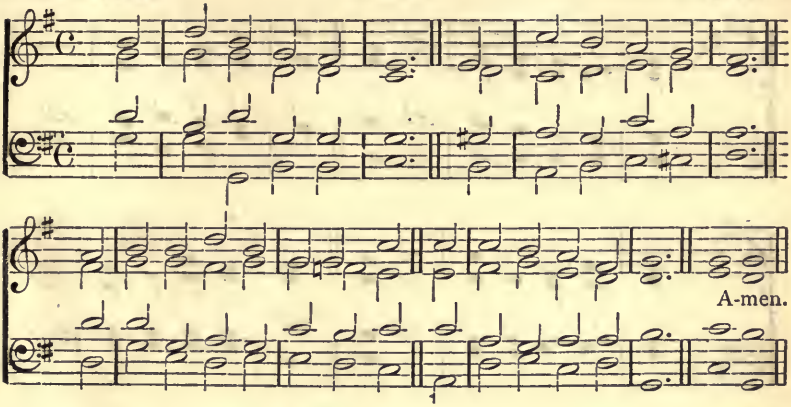
Give those who teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope and love, all warm'd by prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

Give those who learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

O bless the shepherd; bless the sheep;
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
In Thee to live, in Thee to die,
Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality.

147. **Easter.** S.M. **A. King.**



YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly words,
And watchful at His gate.

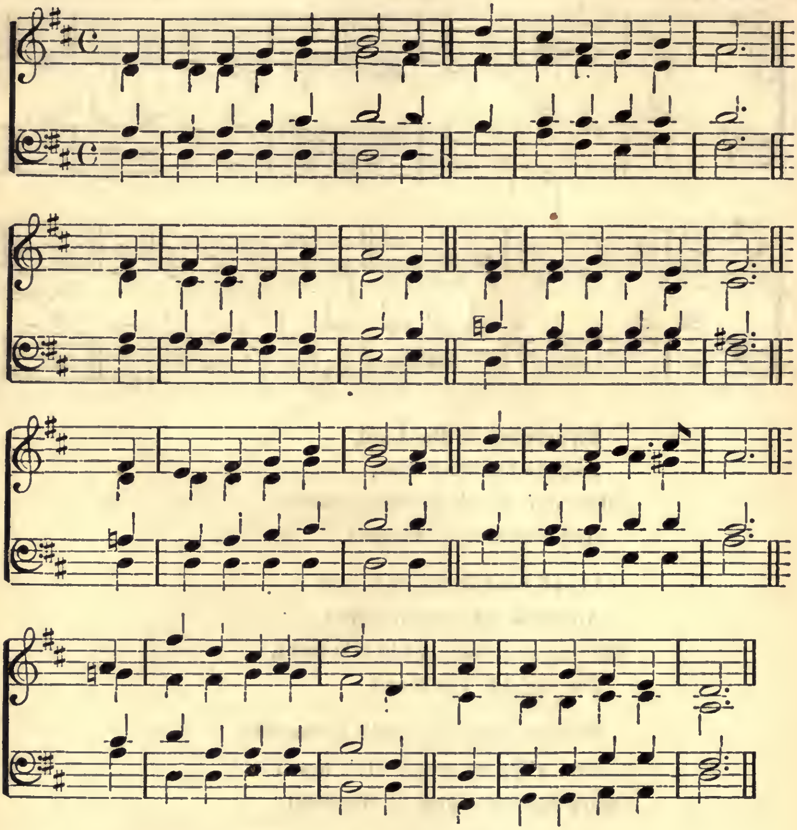
Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own Royal hand;
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band. Amen.

148. BENTLEY. 7.6. D. J. HULLAH.



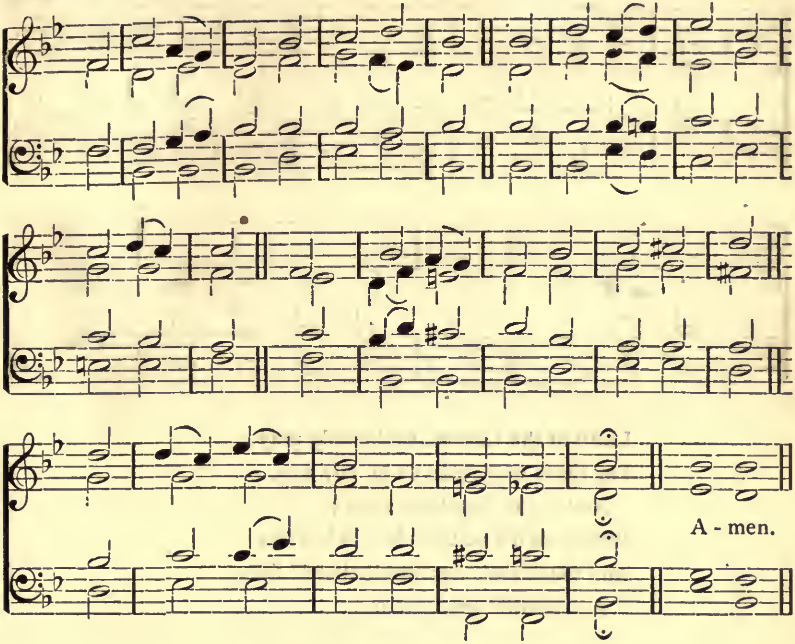
LORD of the living harvest
  That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
  Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labour,
  These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
  Thy kingdom from above.

As labourers in Thy vineyard
  Still faithful may we be,
Content to bear the burden
  Of weary days for Thee;
We ask no other wages,
  When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
  Which makes Thy kingdom come.

Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
  And fill our souls with light,
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
  In vesture clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
  Be with us, when we stand,
And sanctify Thy people
  Throughout this happy land.

How happily the working days
  In this dear service fly!
How rapidly the closing hour,
  The time of rest, draws nigh;
When all the faithful gather home,
  A joyful company!
And ever where the Master is
  Shall His blest servants be!

149. NAPOLI. L.M. J. W. F. HARRISON.



Bow down Thine ear, Almighty Lord,
And hear Thy Church's suppliant cry
For all who preach Thy saving word,
And wait upon Thy ministry.

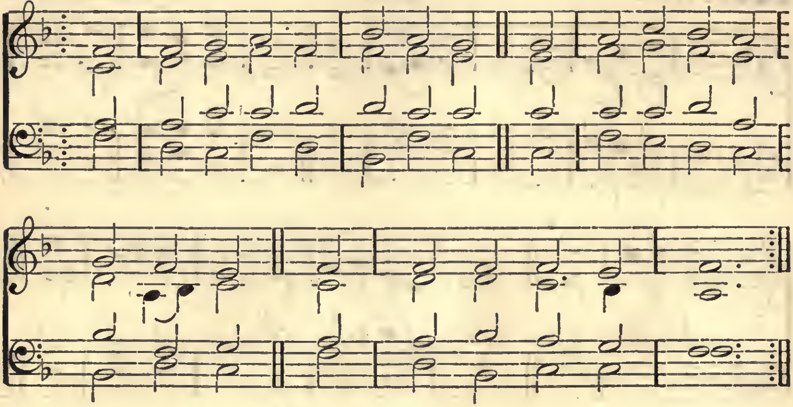
In mercy, Father, now give heed,
And pour Thy quick'ning Spirit's breath
On those whom Thou hath call'd to feed
Thy flock redeem'd by Jesus' death.

O Saviour, from Thy piercèd hand
Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine;
That those who in Thy presence stand
May do Thy will with love like Thine.

Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,
And give them grace to watch and pray;
That as they seek Thy flock to guide,
Themselves may keep the narrow way.

O God, Thy strength and mercy send
To shield them in their strife with sin;
Grant them, enduring to the end,
The crown of life at last to win. Amen.

150. **Bridehead.** P.M. **Troyte.**

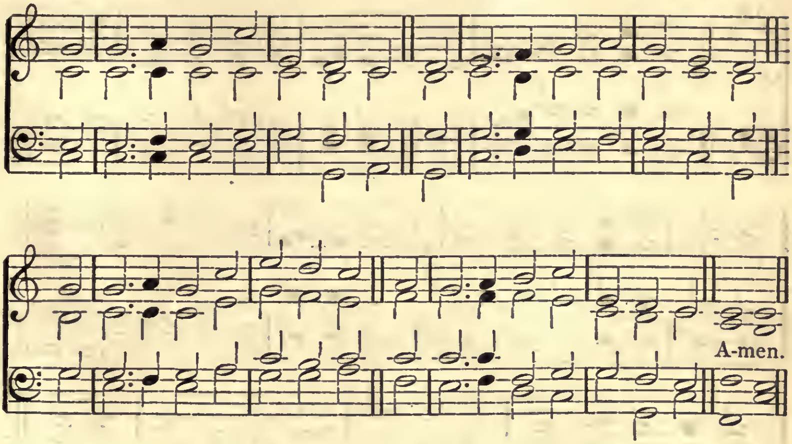


Lord of the Church, we humbly pray
For those who guide us in Thy way,
  And speak Thy holy word;
With love divine their hearts inspire,
And touch their lips with hallow'd fire,
  And needful grace afford.

Help them to preach the truth of God,
Redemption through the Saviour's blood;
  Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower,
To them a messenger of power,
  To us of life and peace.

So may they live to Thee alone,
Then hear the welcome word—"Well done,"
  And take their crown above;
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
  In praise, and bliss, and love.

151. ALSTONE. L.M. C. E. WILLING



Go, labour on: spend and be spent,
  Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went:
  Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labour on: though poor thy lot,
  Thine earthly loss is heav'nly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
  The Master praises; what are men?

Go, labour on: thy hands are weak,
  Thy knees are faint; thy soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize we seek
  Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

Go, labour on: while it is day;
  The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work; cast sloth away;
  It is not thus that souls are won.

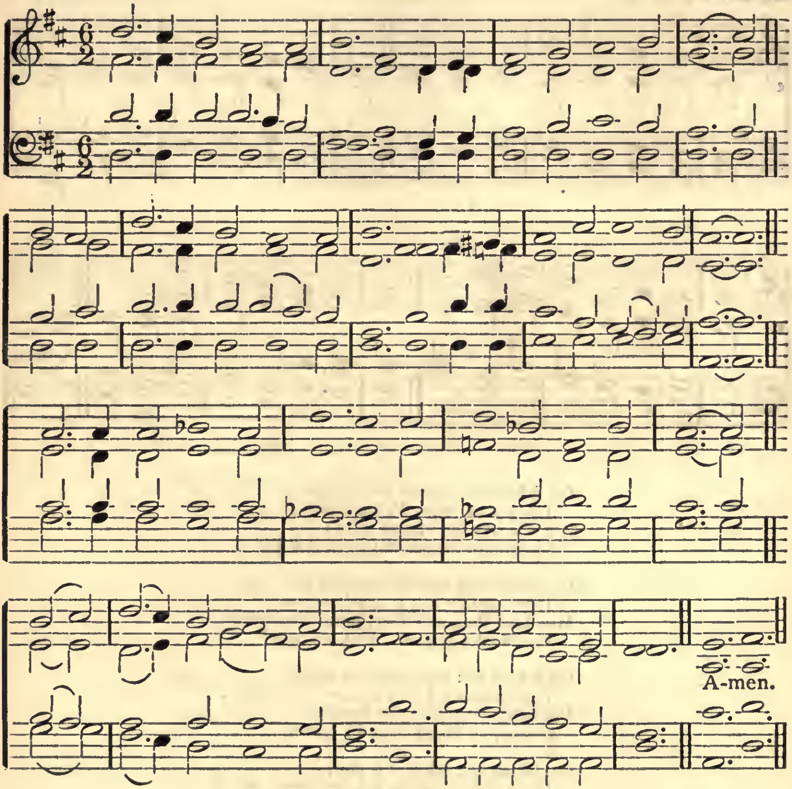
Men die in darkness at thy side,
  Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
  The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Toil on and faint not, watch and pray;
  Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
  Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
  For work comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice;
  The midnight peal, "Behold, I come."
Amen.

152.

P.M. **J. W. F. Harrison.**



Sow ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall :
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorn may wound thee,
(One wore the thorn for thee)
And though the cold world scorn thee
Patient and hopeful be.

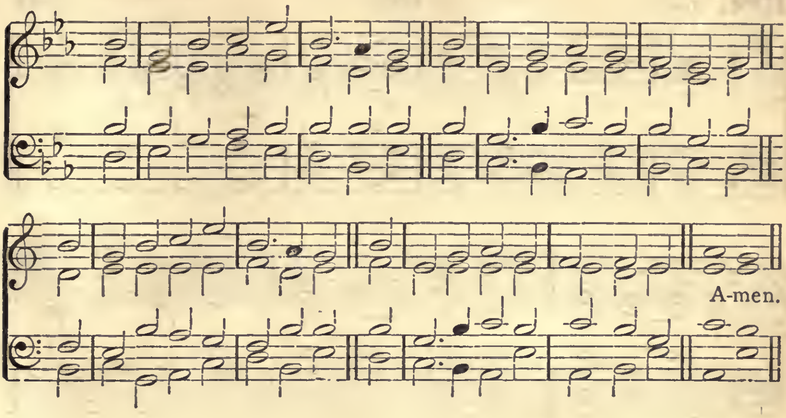
Sow ye beside all waters,
With a blessing and a prayer ;
Name Him whose hands uphold thee,
And sow ye everywhere.
Sow where the sunlight sheddeth
Its warm and cheering ray,
For the rain of heaven descendeth
When the sunbeams pass away.

Sow when the tempest lowers,
For calmer days may break ;
And the seed,in darkness nourish'd,
A goodly plant may make.
Sow when the morning breaketh
In beauty o'er the land ;
And when the evening falleth
Withhold not thou thine hand.

Work while the daylight lasteth,
Ere the shades of night come on,
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
And the labourer's work is done.
Watch not the clouds above thee,
Let the wild winds round thee sweep ;
God may the seed-time give thee,
But another hand may reap. Amen.

N. B.—In the 2nd 3rd and 4th verses alterations in the division of words are necessary at bars 2, 4, 6, 10, 12, 14, and 15. They are not indicated,as it would tend to confuse the tune,and the changes required will be readily observed in reading the words of the hymn.—Eds.

153. St. Gregory. L.M. German Tune.



Father of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

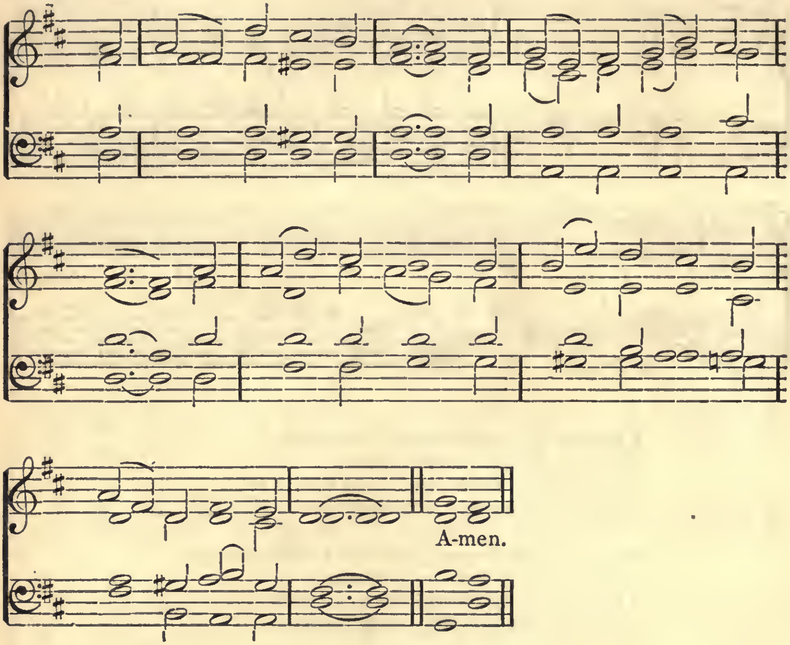
Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head. Amen.

154. JORDAN. S.M. ANON



How beauteous are their feet,
  Who stand on Sion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
  And words of peace reveal!

How charming is their voice:
  How sweet their tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour-King,
  He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears,
  That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
  And sought, but never found!

How blessed are our eyes,
  That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
  But died without the sight.

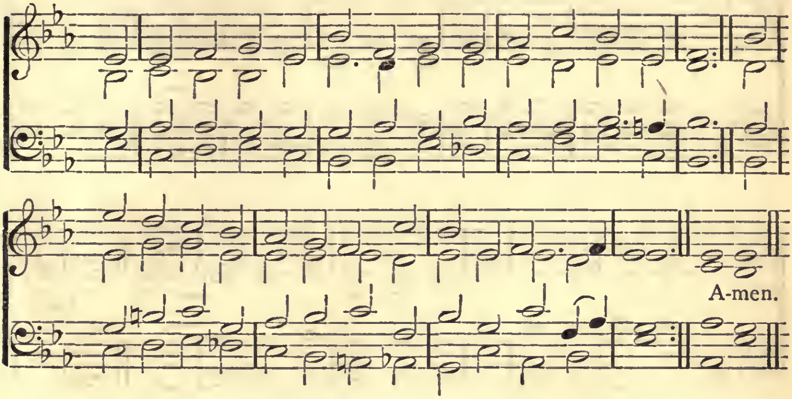
The watchmen join their voice,
  And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
  And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm
  Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
  Their Saviour and their God. Amen

ROGATION DAYS.

MONDAY.

155. St. Hugh. C.M. E. J. Hopkins.



Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The spring and falling year.

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And still, now spring has on us smil'd,
We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine are ours by prayer.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

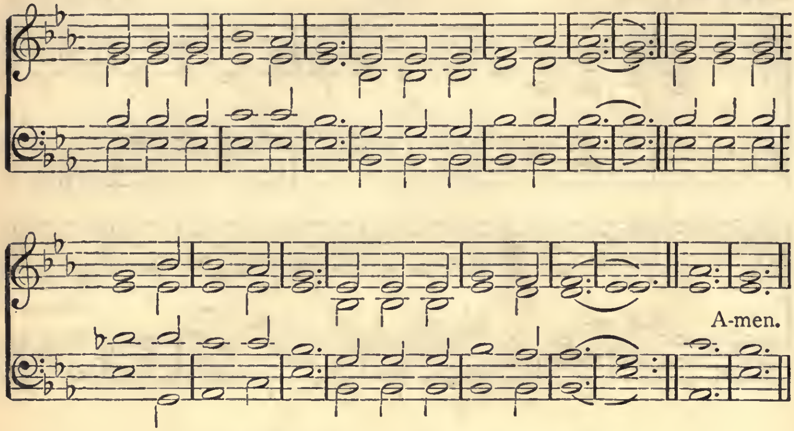
Grant us Thy blessings so to use
Here, in the world below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

ROGATION DAYS.

TUESDAY.

156. Langton. S.M. Adapted by C. Streatfield.



Father, we humbly pray
  To Thee in whom we live;
Our countless sins, for Jesus' sake,
  Forgive, O Lord, forgive.

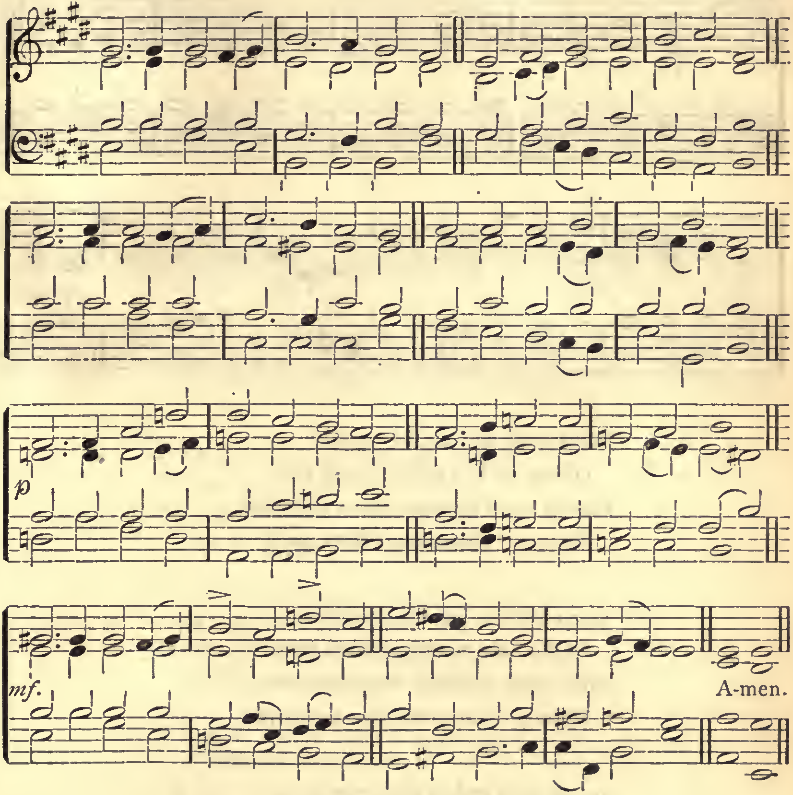
We have unthankful been
  For all Thy tender care:
Thine indignation we deserve;
  But spare, O Father, spare.

The creatures of Thy hand
  Made for Thy glory are;
But we Thy creatures have abused;
  Spare us, O Father, spare.

From plague and pestilence,
  From famine, fire, and sword,
From storm and flood, from dearth and drought,
  Deliver us, O Lord. Amen.

WEDNESDAY.

157. CHARITAS 8.7.8.7. (D.) REV. J. B. DYKES.

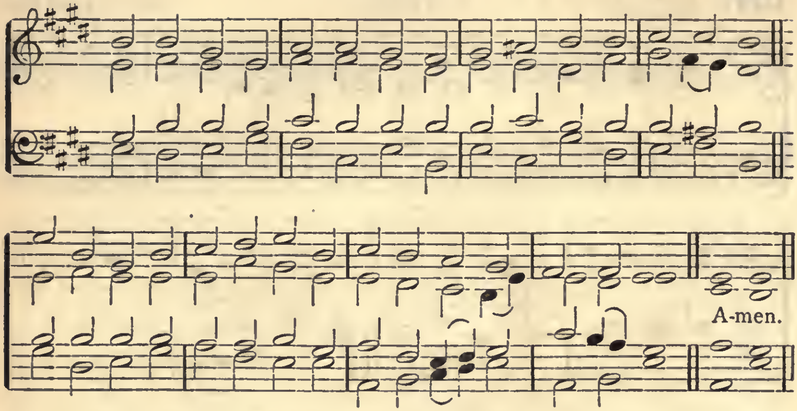


FATHER, blessing every seed-time,
And refreshing all the soil,
Ripening the gracious harvest
For which all Thy servants toil:
O thou Source of every blessing
Shower'd daily from above,
Hearken to our lips confessing
Our thanksgiving for Thy love.

With Thy dews and sunshine tend us,
Through life's long and changeful year,
From the enemy defend us,
Lest the tares of sin appear.
Let Thine eye and hand the keepers
Of our souls forever be,
Till Thine angel harvest-reapers
Sheaves of glory bind for Thee. Amen.

ST. ANDREW.

158. GOTHA. 8.7.8.7. H. R. H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.



JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
  Of the world's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
  Saying, "Christians, follow me."

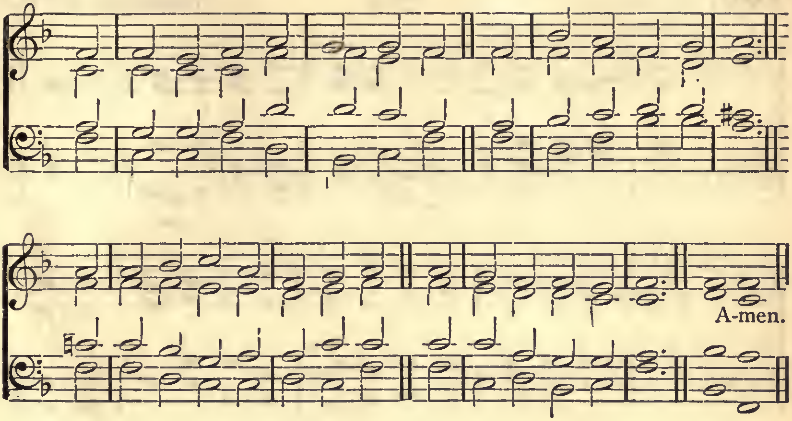
Jesus calls us from the worship
  Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
  Saying, " Christian, love me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
  Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
  "Christian, love me more than these."

Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,
  Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
  Serve and love Thée best of all. Amen.

159.

ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. ANON.



O Thou, who didst with love untold
Thy doubting servant chide;
Bidding the eye of sense behold
Thy wounded hands and side.

Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
To own Thee God and Lord,
And from this hour of darkness draw
Faith in the Incarnate Word.

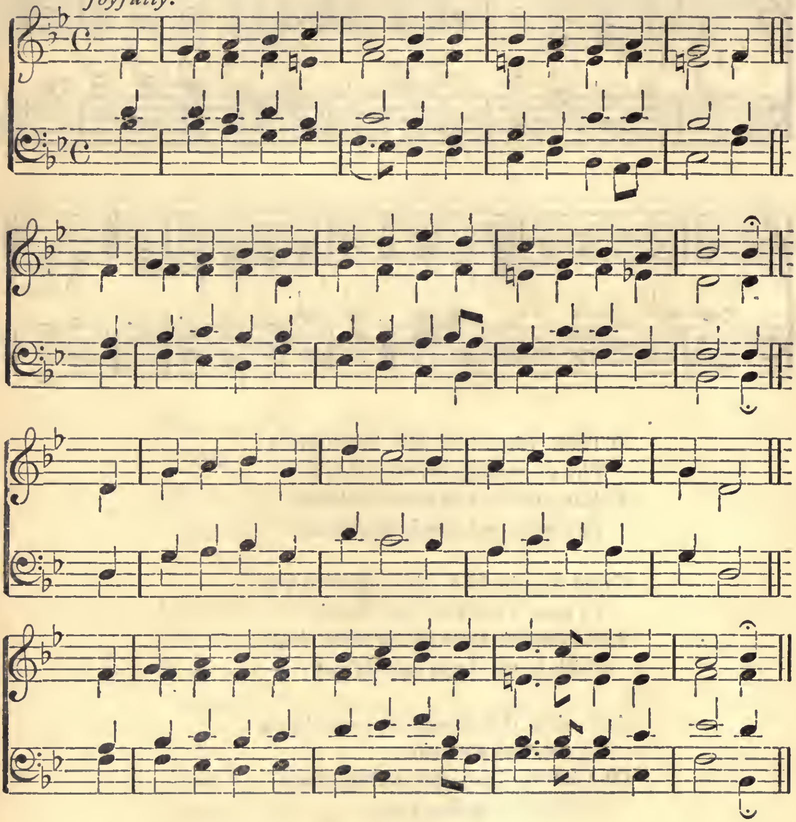
And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
Oh! let us, Lord, the lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear:

And grant that we may never dare
Thy loving heart to grieve;
But at the last their blessing share
Who see not, yet believe.

Our Lord and God, eternal Son,
To Thee all glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in one,
Through all eternity. Amen.

160. PROTOMARTYR. P.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, MUS. DOC

Joyfully.



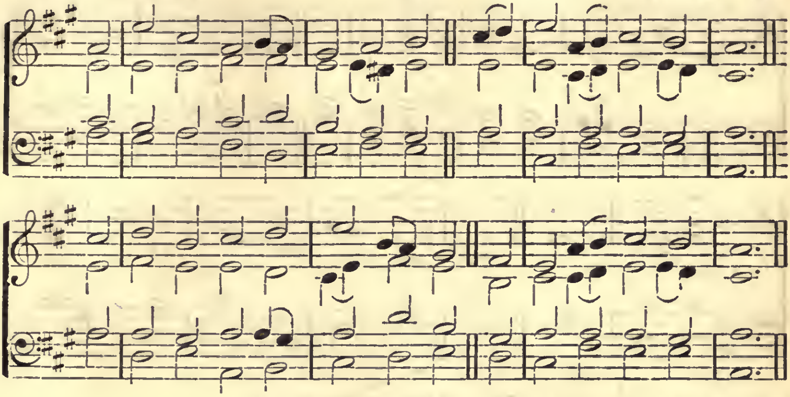
HEAD of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;

The world with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes:
By Thee we shall
Break through them all,
Ere death our conflict closes.

By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us;
The world despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven. Amen.

161. ST. STEPHEN. C.M. REV. WM. JONES.



THE life which God's Incarnate Word
Lived here below with men,
Three blest Evangelists record
With heaven-inspired pen :

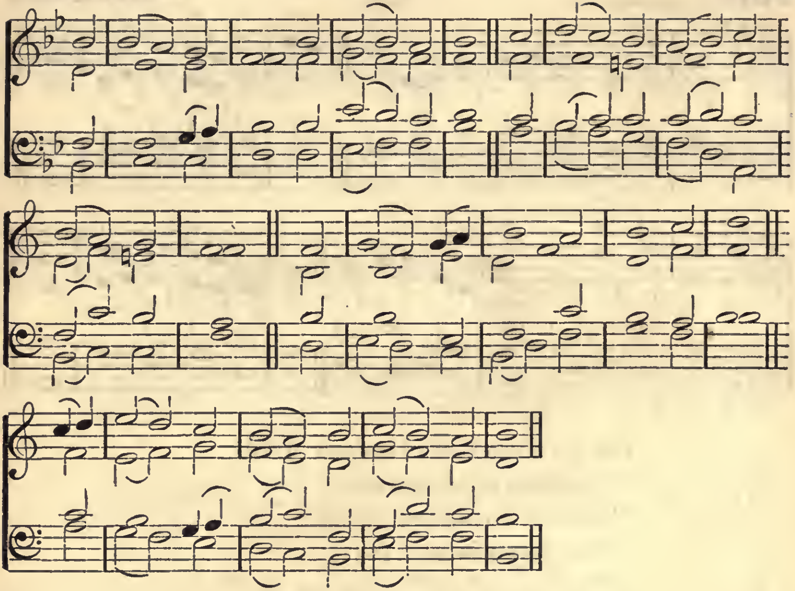
John soars on high beyond the three,
To God the Father's Throne ;
And shows in what deep mystery
The Word with God is One.

Upon the Saviour's loving breast
Invited to recline,
'T was thence he drew in moments blest,
Rich stores of truth Divine.

There too with that angelic love
Did He his bosom fill,
Which, once enkindled from above,
Breathes in his pages still.

Jesus, the Virgin's Holy Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

162. WAREHAM. L.M. W. KNAPP



O LORD, the Holy Innocents
  Laid down for Thee their infant life,
And martyrs brave and patient saints
  Have stood for Thee in fire and strife

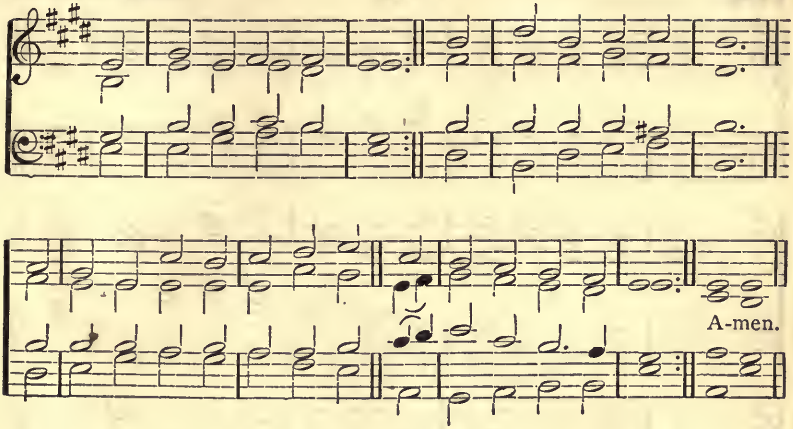
We wear the cross they wore of old,
  Our lips have learn'd like vows to make
We need not die ; we cannot fight:
  What may we do for Jesus' sake ?

O day by day each Christian child
  Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
  A weary war to wage with sin.

When deep within our swelling hearts,
  The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
  And tears of passion in our eyes;

Then we may stay the angry blow,
  Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
  And fight a battle for our Lord.

163. St. Helena. S.M. Andn.



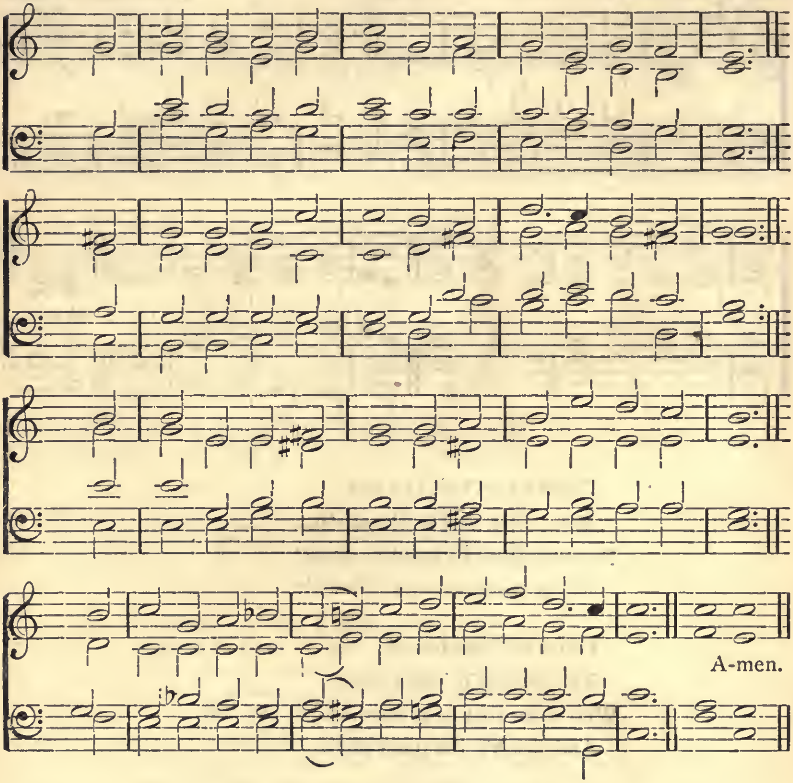
Glory to Thee, O Lord,
Who, from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.

Glory to Thee for all
The ransom'd infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reach'd the quiet land.

O, that our hearts within,
Like theirs were pure and bright;
O, that as free from deeds of sin,
We shrank not from Thy sight.

Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy name. Amen.

164. Jerusalem. 7.6. D. John Stainer M. A. Mus. Doc.



We sing the glorious conquest
 Before Damascus' gate,
When Saul, the Church's spoiler,
 Came breathing threats and hate.
The ravening wolf rush'd forward
 Full early to the prey ;
But lo! the Shepherd met him,
 And bound him fast to-day!

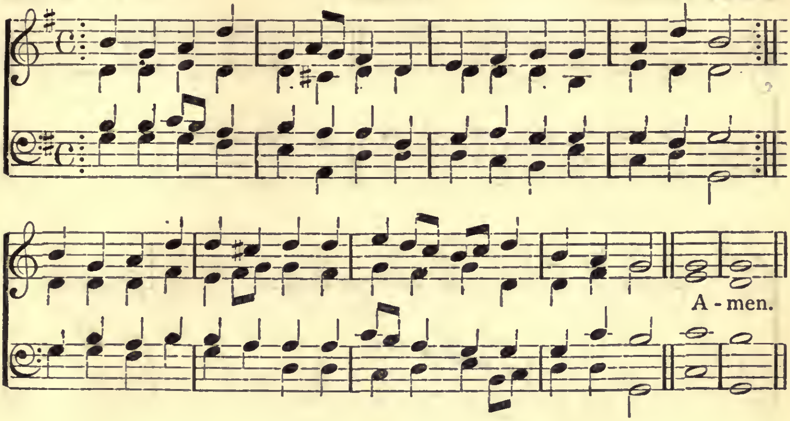
Oh, Glory most excelling
 That smote across his path!
Oh, light that pierced and blinded
 The zealot in his wrath?
Oh, voice that spake within him
 The calm reproving word!
Oh, love that sought and held him
 The bondman of his Lord!

O wisdom, ordering all things
 In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
 Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
 E'er wrought at Thine employ,
Than he, till now so furious
 Thy building to destroy?

Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson,
 Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger
 To trust Thy hidden power :
Thy grace by ways mysterious
 The wrath of man can bind,
And in Thy boldest foeman
 Thy chosen saint can find! Amen.

PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.*

165. BARMBERG. 8.7.8.7.8.7. GERMAN.



In His temple now behold Him,
  See the long-expected Lord!
Ancient prophets had foretold Him;
  God hath now fulfill'd His word.
Now to praise Him His redeemed
  Shall break forth with one accord.

In the arms of her who bore Him,
  Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His aged saints adore Him,
  Ere in perfect faith they die:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
  Lo, the Incarnate God Most High.

Jesus by Thy presentation,
  Thou who didst for us endure,
Make us see Thy great salvation,
  Seal us with Thy promise sure;
And present us in Thy glory
    To Thy Father cleansed and pure.

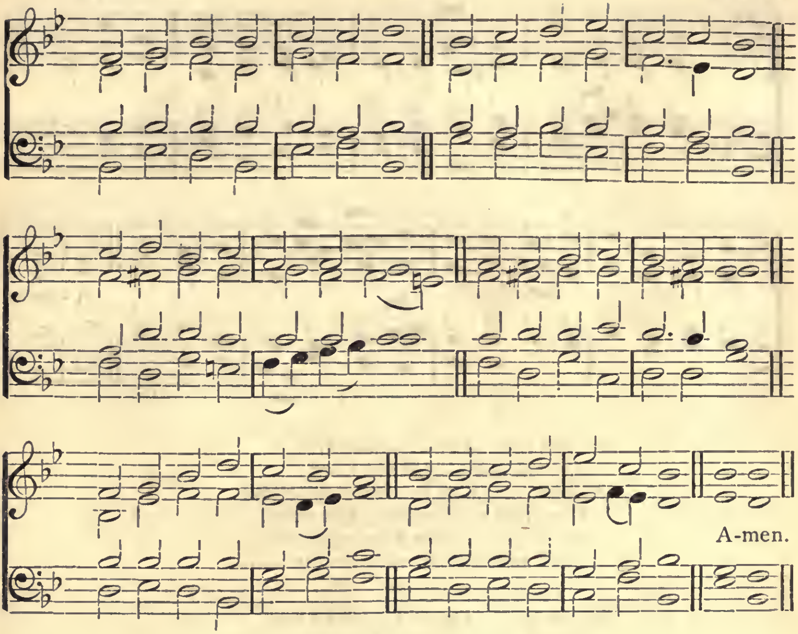
Prince and author of salvation,
  Be Thy boundless love our theme!
Jesus, praise to Thee be given
  By the world Thou didst redeem,
With the Father and the Spirit,
  Lord of majesty supreme! Amen.

---

* Commonly called "Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

ST. MATTHIAS.

166. SHERBORNE. 7's 6 lines. W. H. MONK.



BISHOP of the souls of men,
  When the foeman's step is nigh,
When the wolf lays wait by night
  For the lambs continually,
Watch, O Lord, about us keep,
Guard us, Shepherd of the sheep.

When the hireling flees away,
  Caring only for his gold,
And the gate unguarded stands
  At the entrance to the fold,
Stand, O Lord, Thy flock before,
Thou the Guardian, Thou the Door.

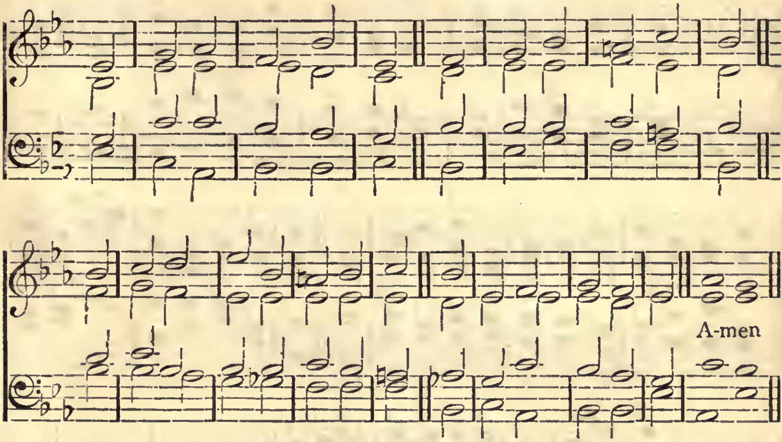
Lord, whose guiding finger ruled
  In the casting of the lot,
That Thy Church might fill the post
  Of the lost Iscariot,
In all trouble ever thus
Stand, good Master, nigh to us.

When the saints their order take
  In the New Jerusalem,
And Matthias stands elect,
  Give us part and lot with him,
Where in Thine own dwelling-place
We may see Thee face to face. Amen.

ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

167.

S.M. **Brabham.**



Praise we the Lord this day,
  This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
  On waiting saints of old.

The prophet gave the sign
  For faithful men to read;
A virgin born of David's line,
  Shall bear the promised seed.

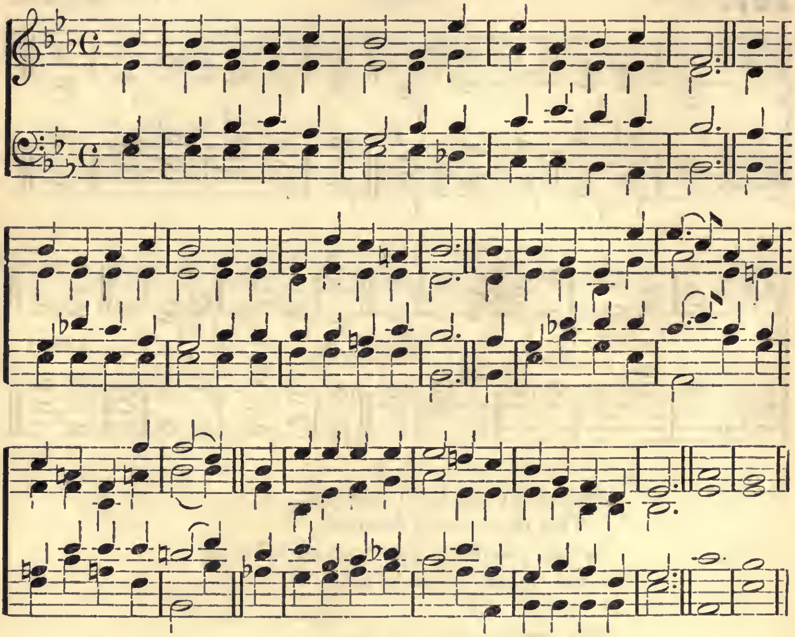
Ask not how this should be,
  But worship and adore,
Like her whom Heaven's majesty
  Came down to shadow o'er.

Meekly she bow'd her head
  To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
  The favour'd of the Lord.

Blessed shall be her name
  In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
  The incarnate Saviour's birth. Amen.

ST. MARK.

168. LANCASHIRE. 7.6. D. HENRY SMART.



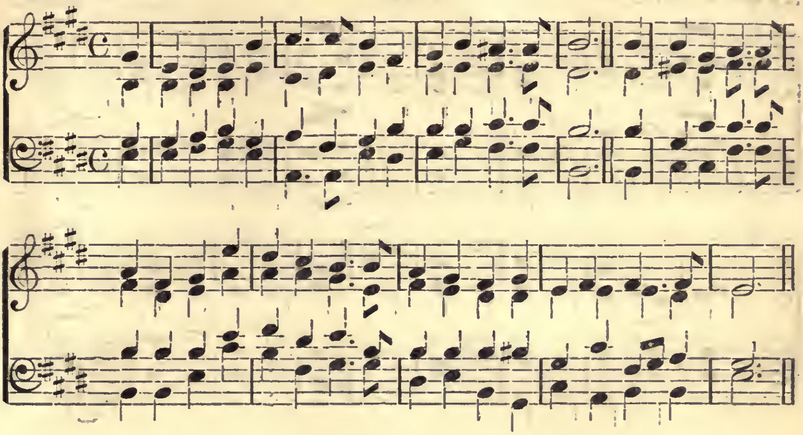
FROM all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessed Jesus, all praises be address'd,
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle, that they might conquerors be;
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays from Thee.

For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the Vine, abide.

Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon, O give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransom'd number fall down before the throne,
And honor, power and glory, ascribe to God alone. Amen.

169. SUNRISE. 8.6.8.8.6. H. E. GAUNTLETT, MUS. DOC.



"THE Father shew us, gracious Lord,
  And we contented rest!"
Too bold the prayer, too rash the word;
'Twas Philip's hasty voice was heard,
  From his too ardent breast.

To gain that glimpse, tho' ne'er so faint,
  To mortal were to die:
Oh! how could sinner; how could saint,
Or how could angel free from taint,
  Endure that dazzling eye?

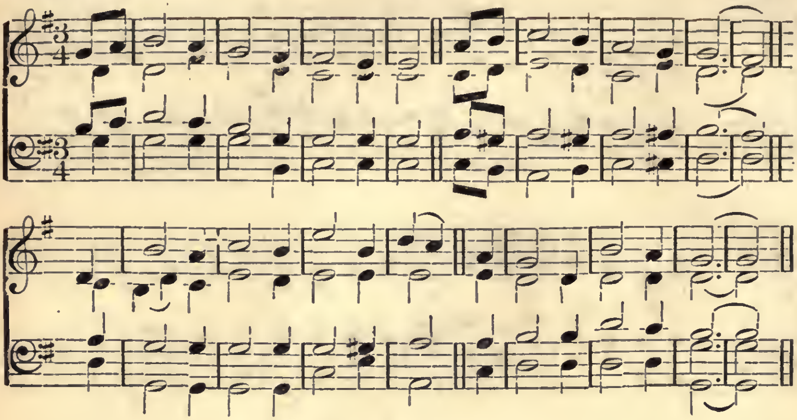
Yet, Lord, we could the Father see,
  Could see Him beaming bright,
If we would only look to Thee,
To set the gloomy spirit free
  From mists that cloud its sight.

Thou art the way, the Truth, the Life;
  To us the Father give;
To Him conduct us thro' the strife,
To Him who stands with mercy rife,
  That we may see and live.

So bring us all, released from care,
  To tread the heavenly floor
With Thy own martyr'd servant there,
And blessed Philip, sainted pair,
  To see Thee evermore.

ST. BARNABAS.

170. MANOAH. C.M. ROSSINI.



O Loving Saviour, who art touch'd
With human cares and throes,
What brother stands so close as Thou
To soothe a brother's woes?

A "Son of Thunder," Thou canst raise,
And gifts of fire impart,
A "Son of consolation" send
To cheer the drooping heart.

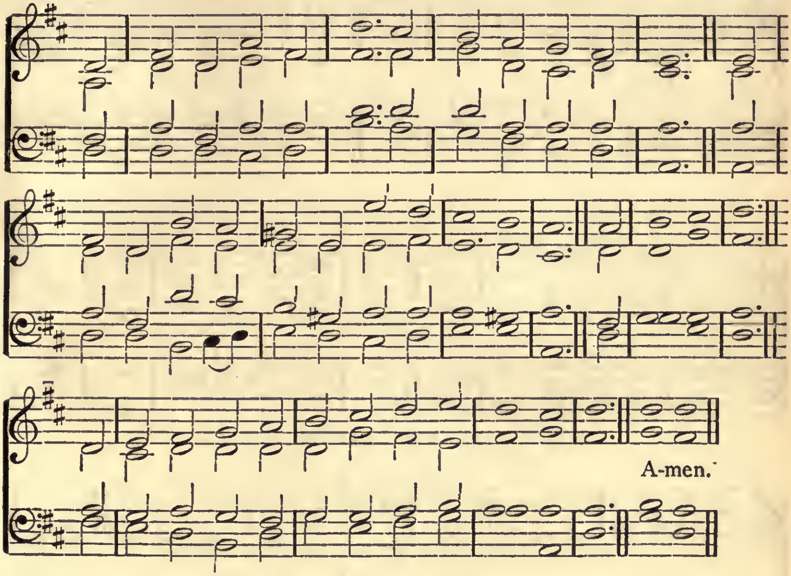
The chosen Barnabas appears,
Unawed by death or shame,
And Christians at his stirring sounds,
First hear their Saviour's name.

Yet pity moves His melting breast,
It trembles in His voice;
He loves to weep with them that weep,
To joy when they rejoice.

O! grant us, tender Lord, to learn,
If we would still be Thine,
That zeal is worthless, if unwarm'd
By sympathy divine.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

171. DARWALL'S 148TH. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. J. DARWALL.



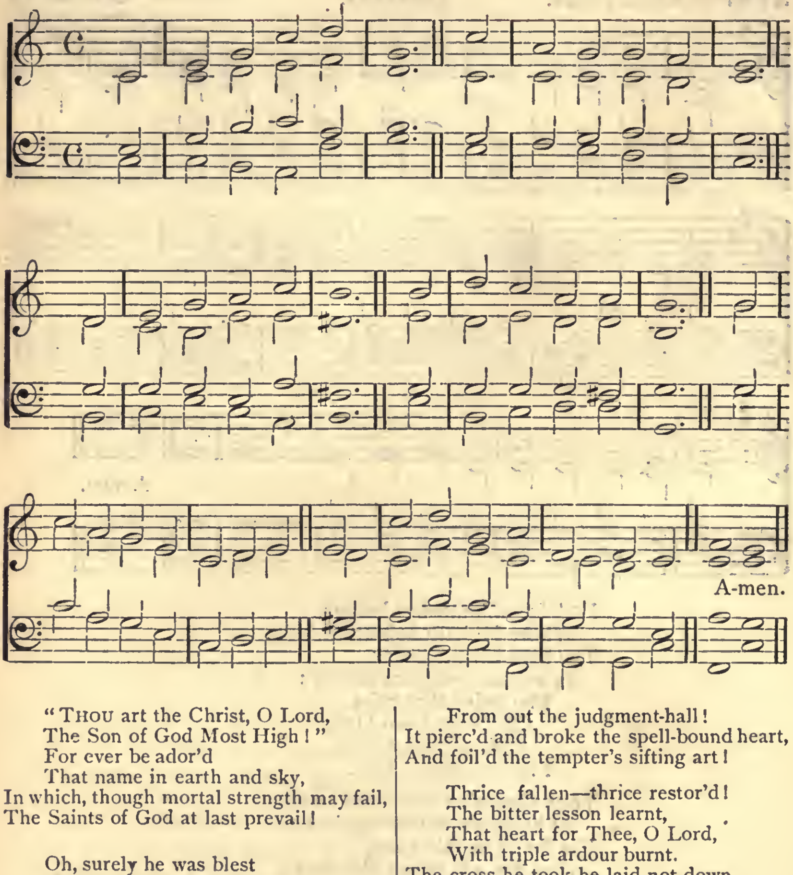
Lo! from the desert homes,
Where he hath sojourn'd long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of Christ from high,
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

Your God e'en now doth stand
At heaven's unfolding door;
His fan is in His hand,
And He will purge His floor;
The wheat He claims,
And with Him stows;
The chaff He throws
To quenchless flames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads;
The way make plain
Your King before:
For ever more
He comes to reign. Amen.

ST. PETER.

172. Christ Church. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Dr. Steggall.



"Thou art the Christ, O Lord,
The Son of God Most High!"
For ever be ador'd
That name in earth and sky,
In which, though mortal strength may fail,
The Saints of God at last prevail!

Oh, surely he was blest
With blessedness unpriced,
Who, taught of God, confess'd
The Godhead in the Christ!
For of Thy Church, Lord, Thou didst own
Thy Saint a true foundation-stone.

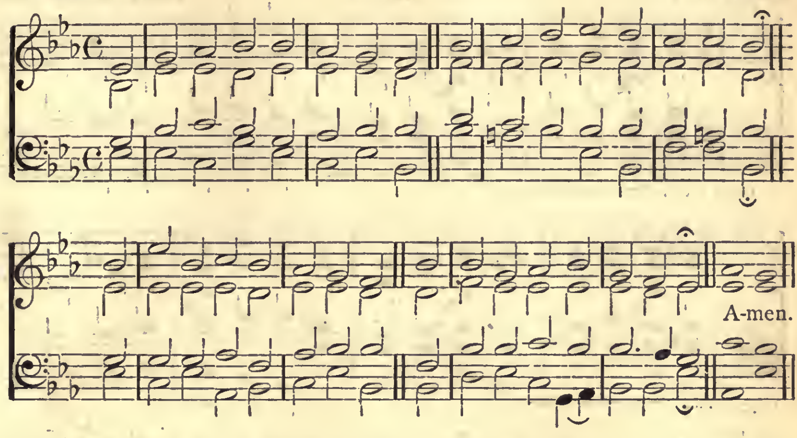
Thrice was he put to shame,
Thrice did the dauntless fall;
But oh, that look that came
From out the judgment-hall!
It pierc'd and broke the spell-bound heart,
And foil'd the tempter's sifting art!

Thrice fallen—thrice restor'd!
The bitter lesson learnt,
That heart for Thee, O Lord,
With triple ardour burnt.
The cross he took he laid not down
Until he grasp'd the martyr's crown!

Oh, bright triumphant faith!
Oh, courage void of fears!
Oh, love most strong in death!
Oh, penitential tears!
By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,
And make us go where Thou shalt call
Amen.

ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

173. EISENACH. L.M. J. H. SCHEIN



WE praise Thy name, O Lord Most high,
  Redeemer of our souls from death,
And all Thy mercies magnify,
  In making known Thy saving faith.

Thou didst the humble fisher call,
  Beside the shores of Galilee;
At Thy command he gave up all,
  And left his nets to follow Thee.

O happy choice, for earthly toil
  The strife to rescue souls from sin:
For treasures that may rust and spoil,
  The crown of heavenly life to win.

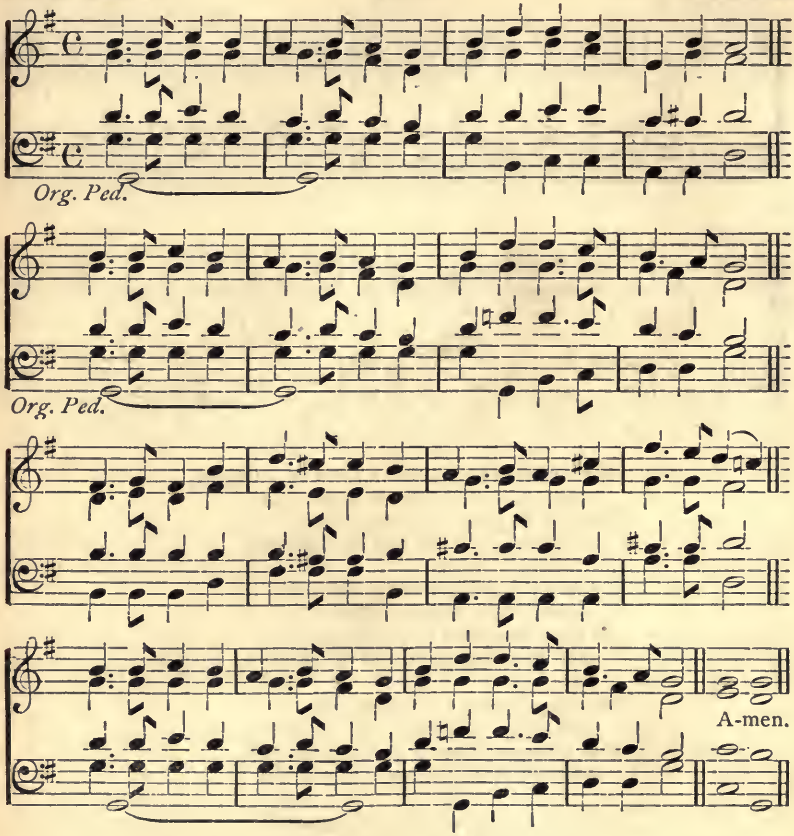
O favour'd one, who, ere he knew
  The sharpness of the coming Cross,
Of Thy bright beauty caught the view
  That turns to gain all earthly loss.

Thy promise is fulfill'd and he
  Dares in Thy painful steps to go;
To drink Thy cup of agony,
  And drain the bitter dregs of woe.

Grant, Lord, that hope of seeing Thee
  In bliss may us with courage nerve,
The world and all its pomp to flee,
  Our Cross to bear, and Thee to serve. Amen.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

174. WESTON. 8.7. (D.) J. E. ROWE.



KING of Saints to Whom the number
Of Thy starry host is known,
Many a name, by man forgotten,
Lives for ever round Thy Throne :
Lights which earth-born mists have darken'd,
There are shining full and clear
Princes in the court of heaven,—
Nameless, unremember'd, here.

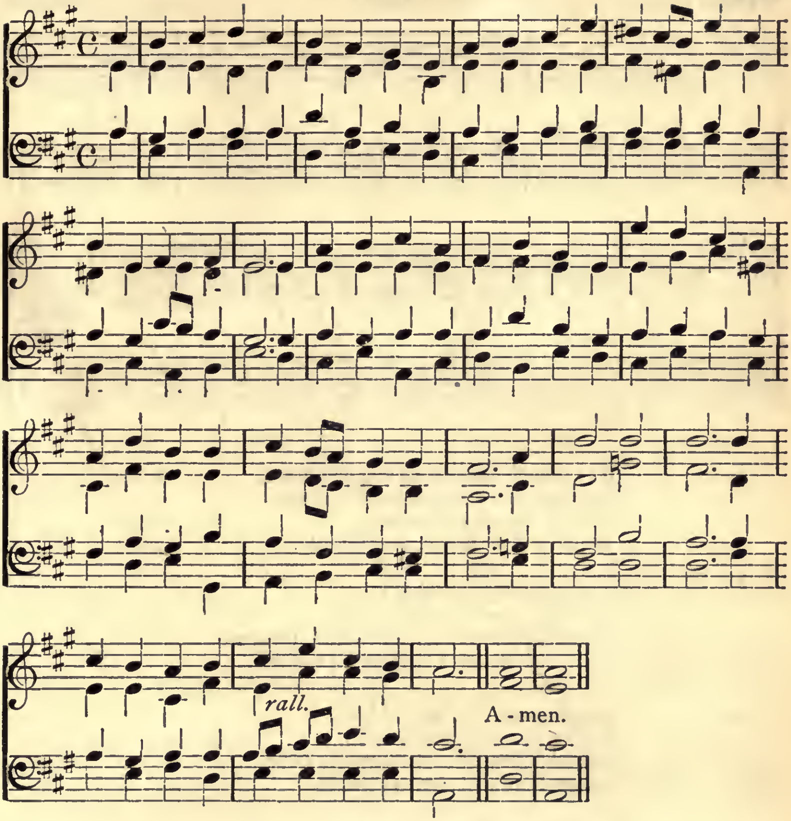
In the roll of Thine Apostles
One there stands, Bartholomew,
He for whom to-day we offer,
Year by year, our praises due ;
How he toil'd for Thee and suffer'd
None on earth can now record ;
All his saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of his Lord.

Was it he, beneath the fig-tree
Seen of Thee and guileless found ;
He who saw the good he longed for
Rise from Nazareth's barren ground ;
He who met his risen Master
On the shores of Galilee :
He to whom the Word was spoken,
" Greater things thou yet shalt see ? "

None can tell us ; all is written
In the Lamb's great book of life—
All the faith, and prayer, and patience,
All the toiling and the strife ;
There are told Thy hidden treasures :
Number us, O Lord, with them,
When Thou makest up the jewels
Of Thy living diadem ! Amen.

ST. MATTHEW.

175. 8.8.6.8.8.6.4.4.6. ANON.



Lo, sea and land their gifts outpour,
A tribute from their richest store,
To lie at Levi's feet.
But Thou, in passing, gracious Lord,
Didst see his danger, speak Thy Word;
That Word for him how meet!
"Come, follow Me!"
To follow Thee
He quits his wealthy seat.

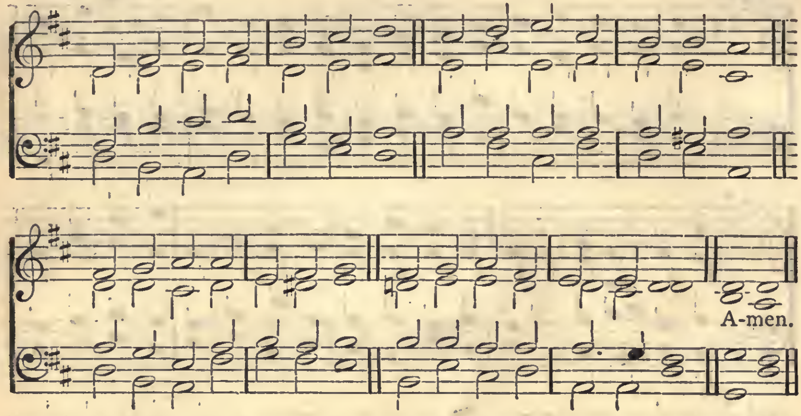
But we are still in fetters bound;
Earth's wealth and pleasures twine around
Our hearts all dead and cold:
Unyielding to the cries of grace,
With wills too weak to seek Thy face,
Fast tied in Satan's hold.
"Come follow Me!"
Ah! how are we
To burst the chains of gold?

Yet, roused by Thine Almighty voice,
Good Lord, we rise, and we rejoice;
We fling the dross away.
No diamond sparkles in the light,
Nought ever shines so fair and bright
As Thy celestial ray.
"Come, follow me!"
We fly to Thee,
O living Star of day!

Thou hadst not where to lay Thine head,
When Matthew, by Thy mercy led,
Sought Thee to be his guest;
But we, O Lord, of Thee have need;
On Thy rich bounty we must feed,
And lean upon Thy breast.
"Then follow Me!"
We cling to Thee,
Our riches, and our rest. Amen.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

176. Lubeck. 7.7.7.7. German.



Praise to God Who reigns above,
Binding earth and heaven in love;
All the armies of the sky
Worship His dread sovereignty.

Seraphim His praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,
Hosts in heaven's embattled towers.

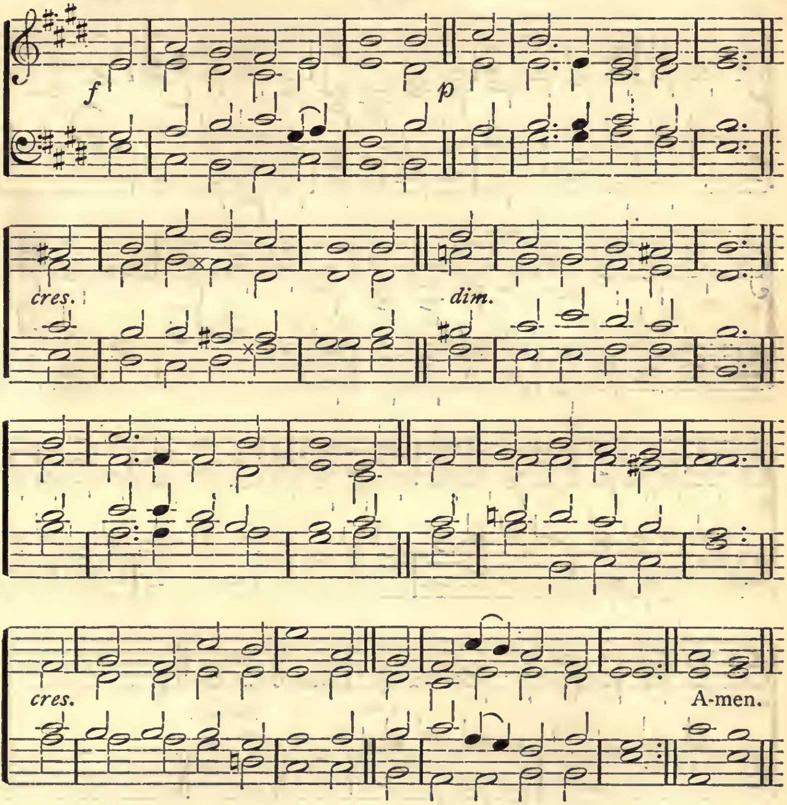
Angel hosts His words fulfil,
Ruling nature by His will:
Round His throne archangels pour
Songs of praise for evermore.

Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright celestial state,
For true Man their Lord they see,
Christ, the incarnate Deity.

On the throne their Lord who died
Sits in Manhood glorified.
Where His people faint below
Angels count it joy to go.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory as of old, to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be! Amen.

177. MAGDALENA. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. STAINER.



O Jesus, O Redeemer,
  Physician of the soul!
Receive, receive Thy people,
  And cleanse and make them whole.
For health, for strength, for healing,
  The stream is never dry,
Whose fountain-head flows ceaseless
  From holy Calvary.

O Lamb of God, O Jesus,
  Upon the altar slain,
The blood of Thine atonement
  Shall purge our guilty stain:
Not now in type and figure
  Of bull or heifer seen,
The blood of the Redeemer
  Shall sprinkle the unclean.

The guests await the summons,
  Their robes are white and fair,
Wash'd in the blood of Jesus
  From sin and from despair;
And He the great All-healer,
  His wine and oil shall pour
Upon their wounds, and bear them
  From trouble evermore.

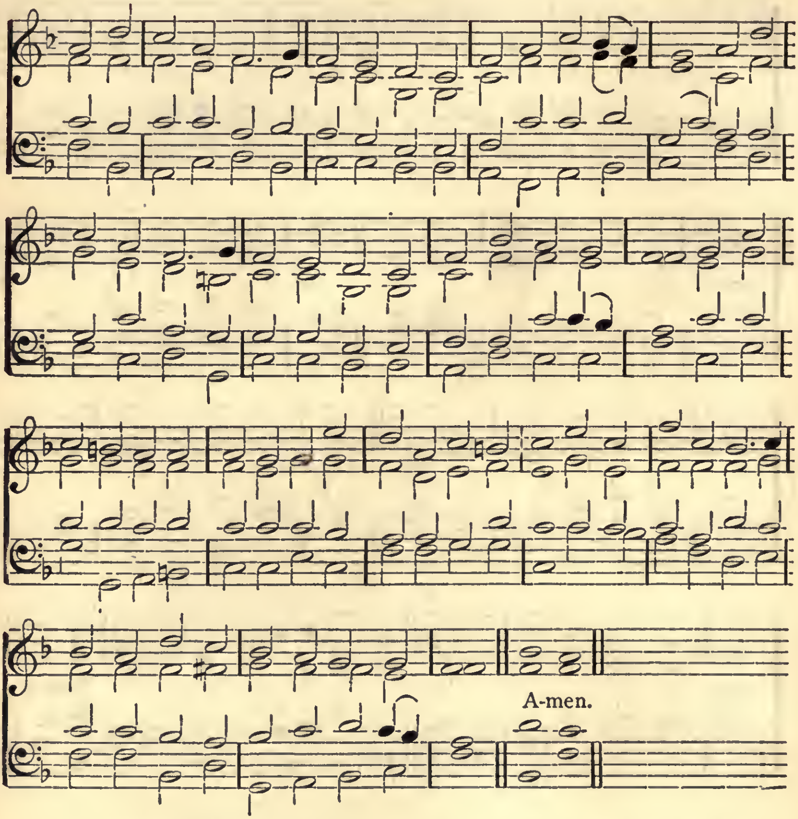
The banquet-hall is ready,
  The banquet-hall of Christ:
He calls the loved physician,
  The blest Evangelist;
The marriage feast awaits him,
  The joy of his reward;
Receive then, faithful servant,
  The wages of thy Lord. Amen.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

178.

8.7. (D.)

Henry Smart



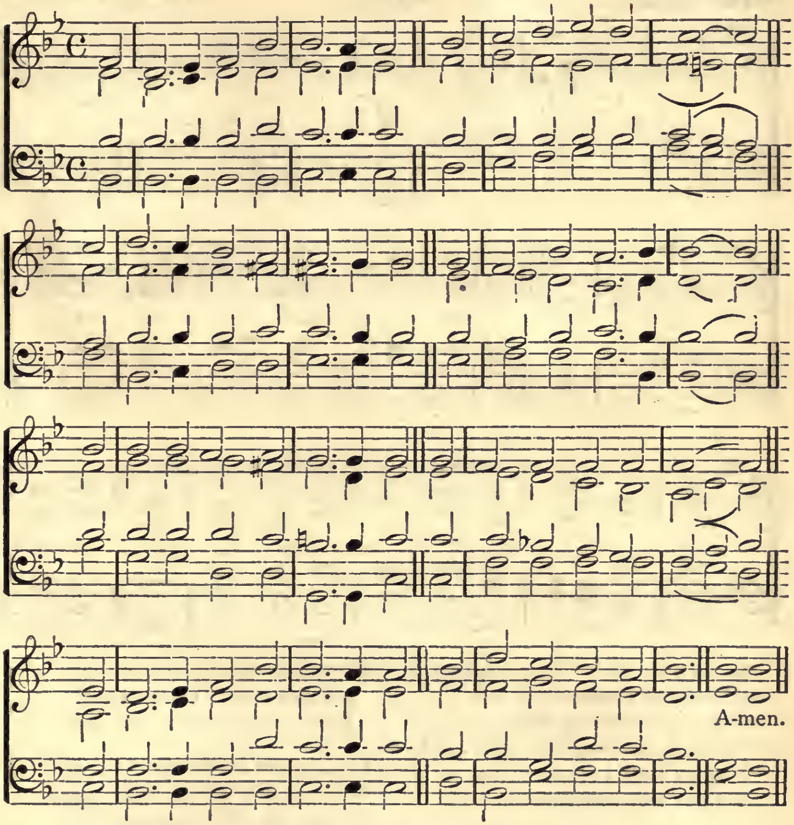
Saints of God whom faith united
In the twelve Apostles' band:
Who for Christ in pain delighted,
Seeking place at Christ's right hand;
Ye had many a bitter trial,
Ye were scorn'd and set at nought;
Fearing nothing but denial
Of the Lord for whom ye fought.

Call'd on earth to different stations
In the battle of the Lord,
Ye endur'd through tribulations,
Faith your shield, and Truth your sword:
Far apart, through toil and peril,
Pass'd ye onward to your rest:
In the streets of gold and beryl
Ye together shall be blest.

Leaves of Autumn tell the story
How our lives must also pass,
And how this world's pomp and glory
Fadeth like the Summer grass;
Earthly joys are vain and hollow,
Earthly hopes but poor at best:
Christ's true martyrs we would follow
In your steps and gain our rest.

Him whose love mankind created,
Him, who came for man to bleed,
Him, who hath regenerated
Us and all His chosen seed;
We, as we are onward pressing
To His glorious home on high,
With His saints and angels blessing,
Now and ever magnify. Amen.

179. ALL SAINTS. D. C. M. H. S. CUTLER.



The Son of God goes forth to war,
  A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar ;
  Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
  Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
  He follows in His train.

The Martyr first whose eagle eye
  Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
  And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
  In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong ;
  Who follows in his train ?

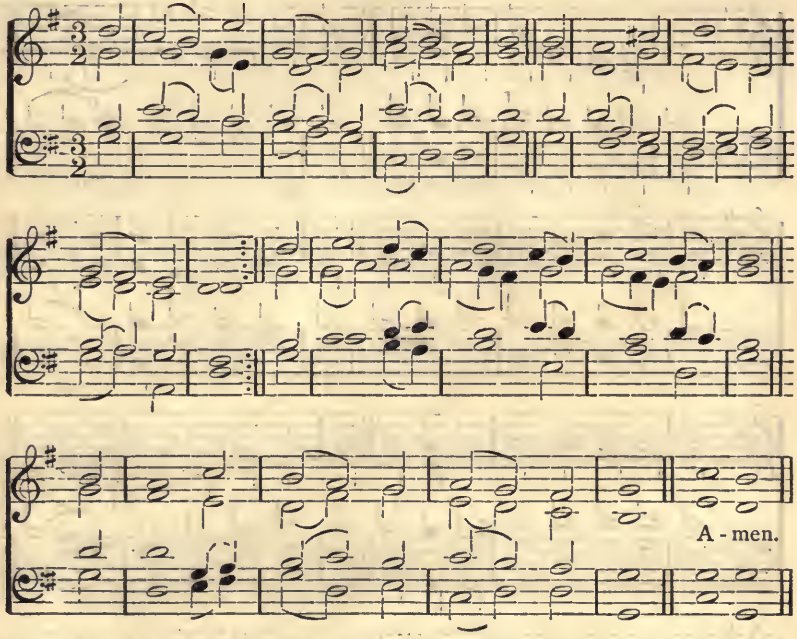
A glorious band, the chosen few
  On whom the Spirit came,
Those valiant saints, their hopes they knew,
  And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
  The lion's gory mane,
They bow'd their necks, the death to feel ;
  Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
  The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
  In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of heav'n
  Through peril, toil, and pain ;
O God, to us may grace be given
  To follow in their train. Amen.

180. SURREY. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.



THE saints of God! Their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:—
O happy saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

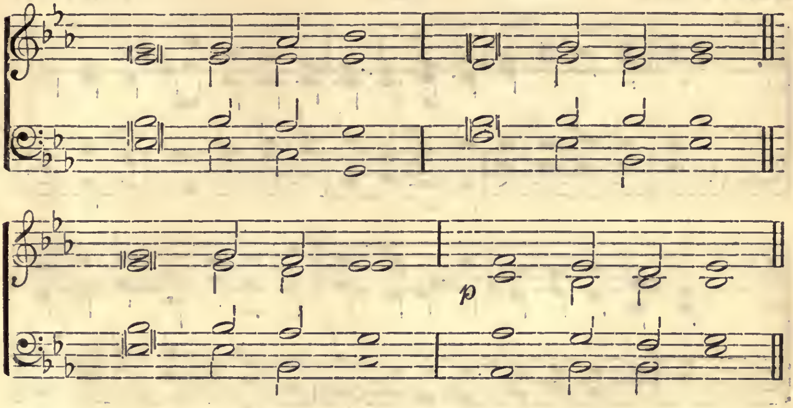
The saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:—
O happy saints! forever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:—
O happy saints! forever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing,
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

O God of saints! to Thee we cry,
O Saviour! plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright paradise with Thee!
Amen.

181. TROYTE. 8.8.8.4. ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE.



FOR all the saints, who from their labors rest.
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever bless'd.
Alleluia.

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the Light of light.
Alleluia.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia.

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are thine.
Alleluia.

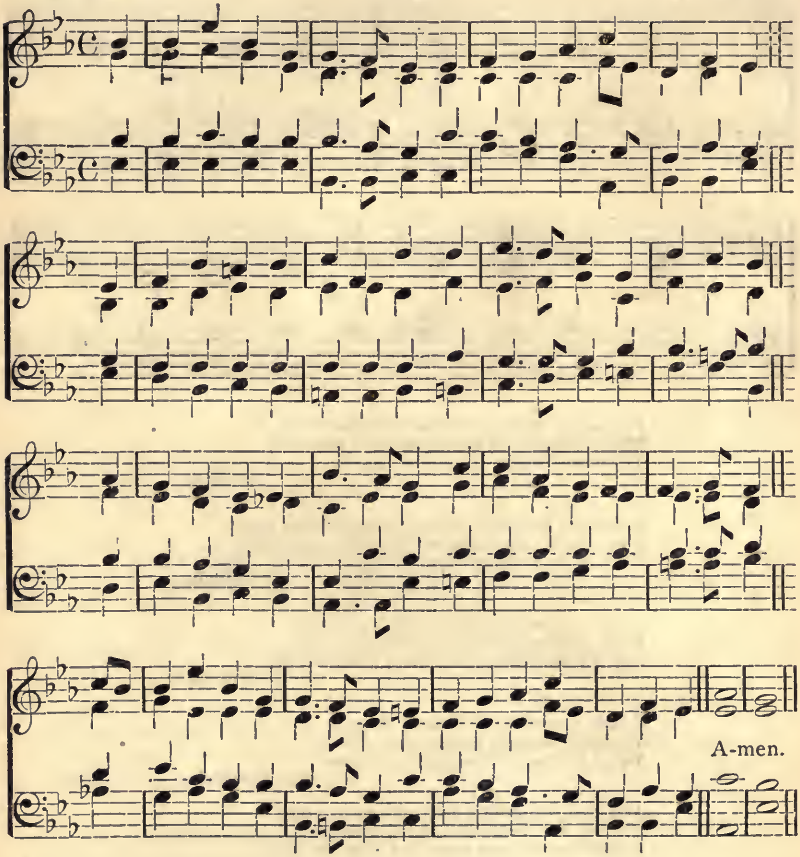
And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the bless'd.
Alleluia.

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia.

182. SUNSET. D.L.M. MEYER LUTZ.

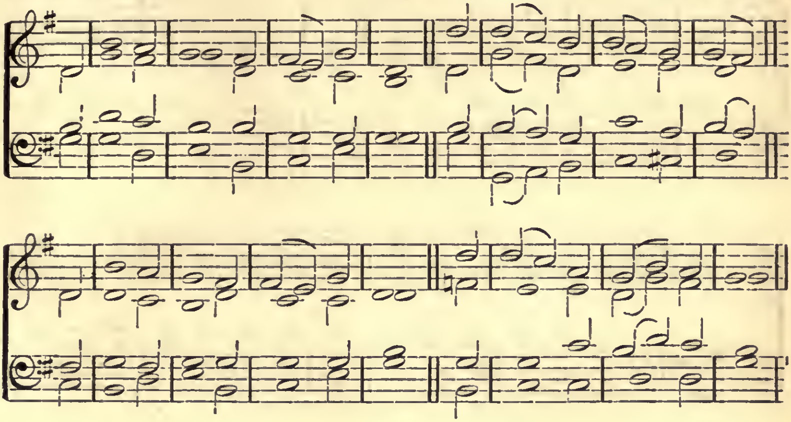


ONE is the family of love,
In earth below and heaven above,
Part waging battle sharp and sore,
And part at rest for evermore.
The Church on earth has still to fight
Against the devil and his might;
The Church in heaven with war has done,
Yet these two Churches are but one.

For they who love their Saviour here,
And die in God's true faith and fear,
Shall join the glorious Church on high,
And dwell with Christ eternally;
Where shineth everlasting day,
And sin and sorrow flee away,
Where no more tears can come, nor pain
And with their God in bliss they reign.

We praise Thee, Lord, for those Thy grace
Has brought unto that blessed place;
Oh teach us so to live, that we
May follow them, as they did Thee.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
From men and from the heavenly host,
Be honour, glory, blessing, praise,
Henceforth through never-ending days.
Amen.

183. BELMONT. C.M. S. WEBBE



LET saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

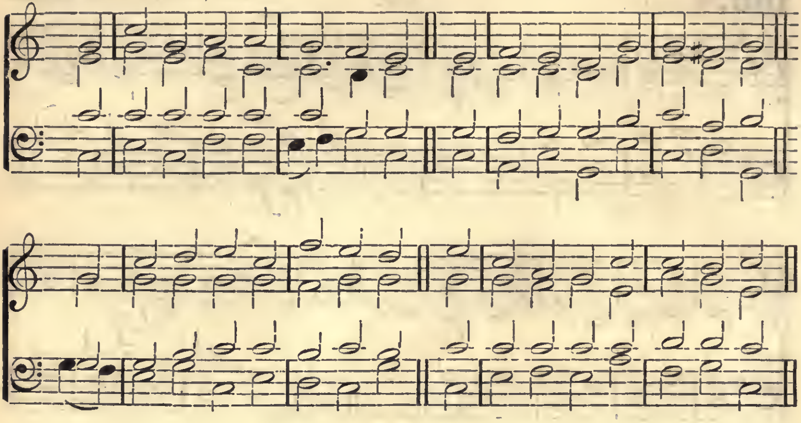
One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath:
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

Jesu, be Thou our constant guide,
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide
And bring us safe to heaven.

184. WINCHESTER, NEW. L.M. CRASSELIUS.



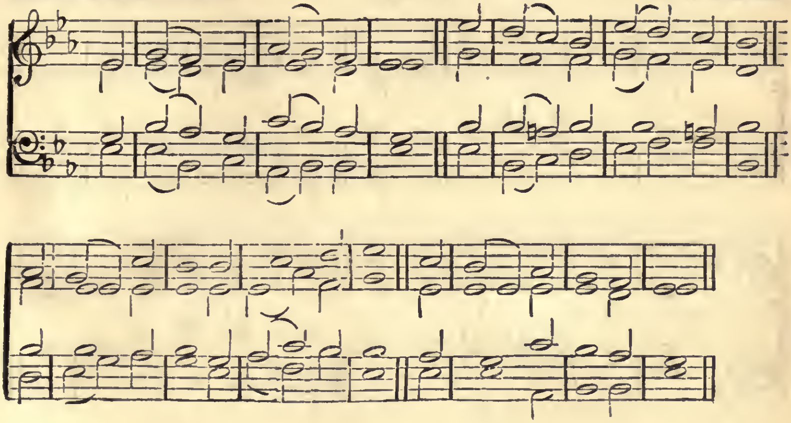
TRIUMPHANT Sion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

185. Mount Ephraim. S.M. Millgrove.



I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

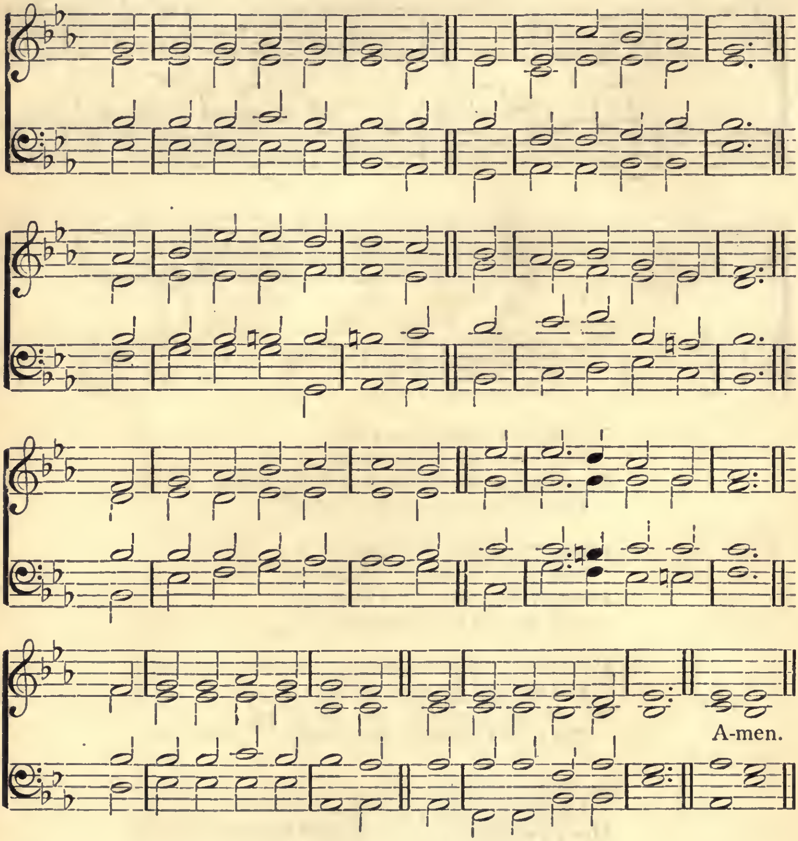
For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven,

186. AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. (D) DR. S. S. WESLEY.



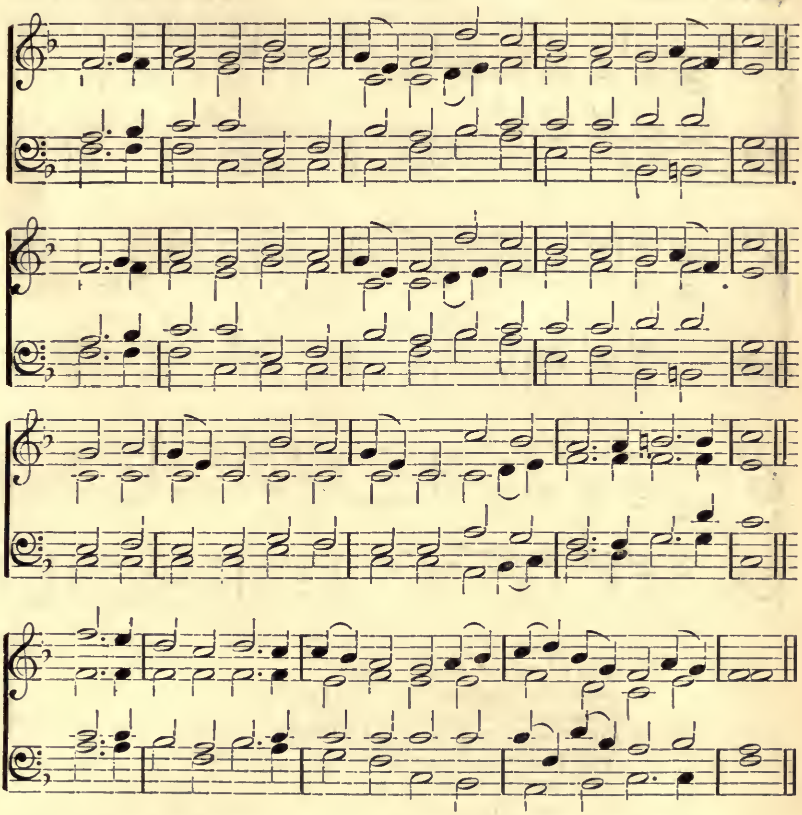
The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word :
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride ;
With his own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth :
One Holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

Yet she on earth has union
With God the Three in One ;
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
Oh, happy saints and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee ! Amen.

187. Austrian Hymn. 8.7. D. Haydn.



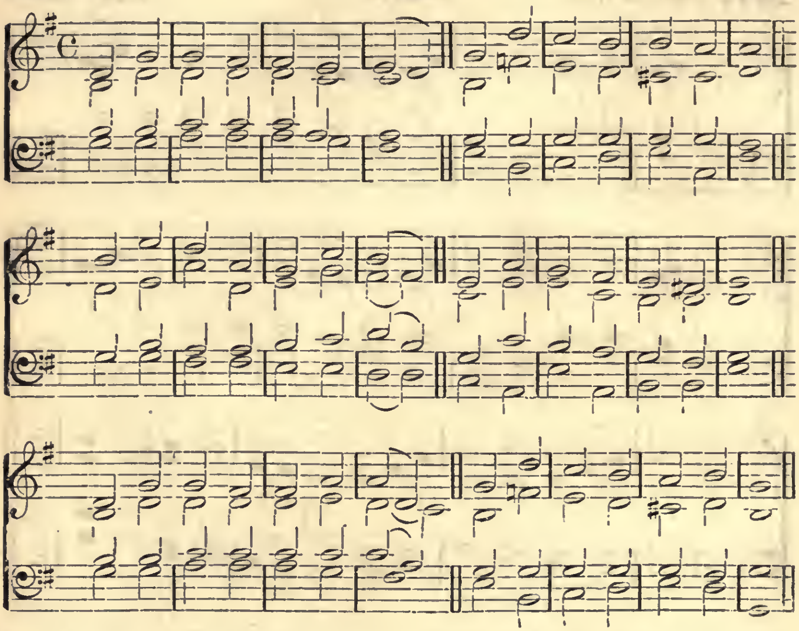
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can not be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering;
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion' s children know.

188. VERONA. 7's 6 lines. J. H. DEANE.

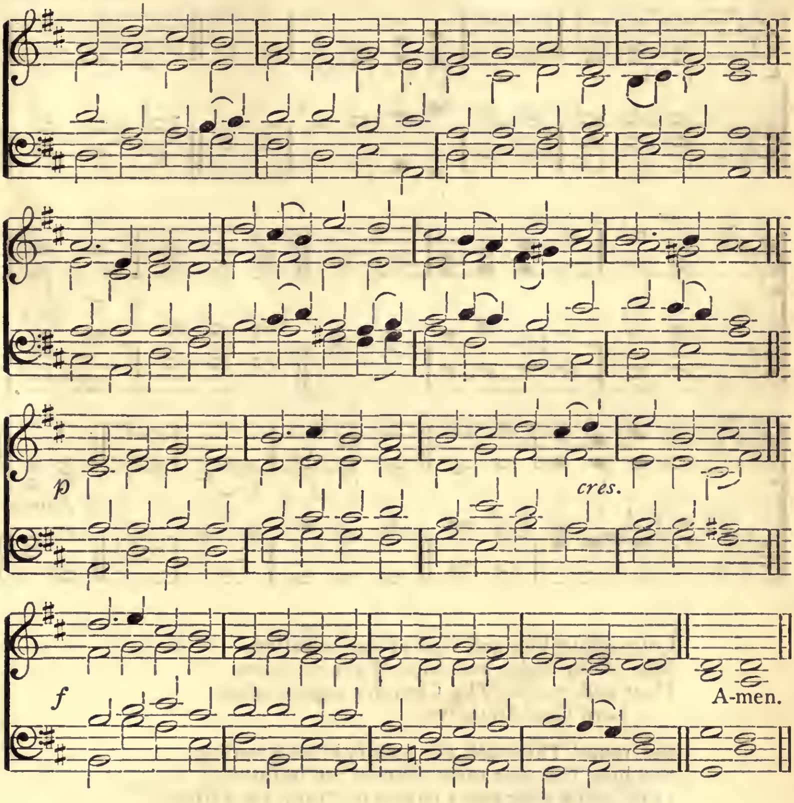


GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light Divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Let Thy love on all be pour'd;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King,
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

189. Gloria. 8.7.8.7. D. Henry Smart.



Praise the Rock of our salvation,
  Laud His name from zone to zone ;
On that Rock the Church is builded,
  Christ Himself the corner-stone ;
Vain against our rock-built Sion
  Winds and waters, fire and hail ;
Christ is in her midst ; against her
  Sin and hell shall not prevail.

Framed of living stones, cemented
  By the Spirit's unity,
Based on Prophets and Apostles,
  Firm in faith, and stayed on Thee,
May Thy Church, O Lord Incarnate,
  Grow in grace, in peace, in love ;
Emblem of the heavenly Sion,
  The Jerusalem above.

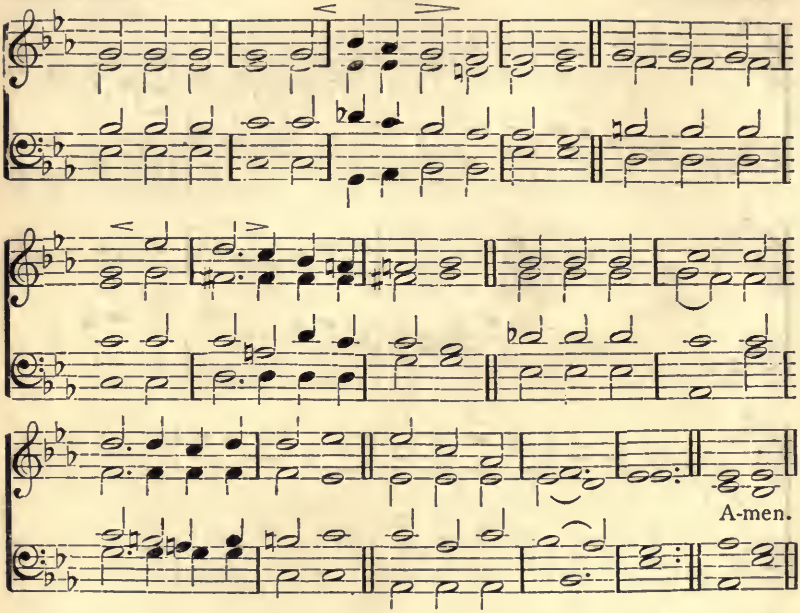
Stands four-square that heavenly city ;
  Paved with gold like crystal bright ;
Gates of pearl, and walls of jasper,
  Emerald and chrysolyte.

Broad and lofty tower its ramparts ;
  At its gate twelve angels stand ;
On its walls twelve names are graven,
  Of the apostles' chosen band.

Where Thou reignest King of Glory,
  Throned in everlasting light,
Midst Thy saints, no more is needed
  Sun by day, nor moon by night :
Soon may we those portals enter
  When this earthly strife is o'er ;
There to dwell with saints and angels
  In Thy presence evermore.

Join we now the voice of triumph
  To the Throne of glory sent,
Alleluia. Alleluia,
  To the Lord Omnipotent ;
Praise to Thee, Eternal Father,
  Praise to Thee, Eternal Son,
Praise to Thee, Eternal Spirit,
  While unending ages run. Amen.

190. Cloisters. P.M. Barnby.



Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenom'd they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

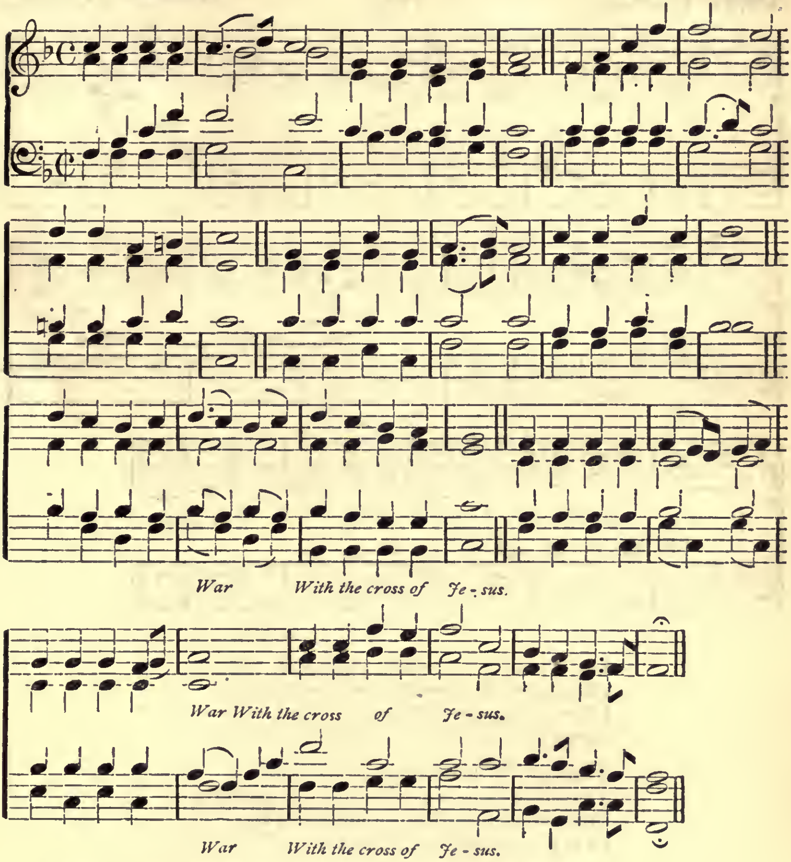
Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord:

Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy raging foes.

foes raging

Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

191. ST. GERTRUDE. P.M. ARTHUR SULLIVAN



ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
  Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
  Going on before.
Christ the Royal Master
  Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle,
  See, His banners go.
    Onward, Christian soldiers,
      Marching as to war,
    With the Cross of Jesus
      Going on before.

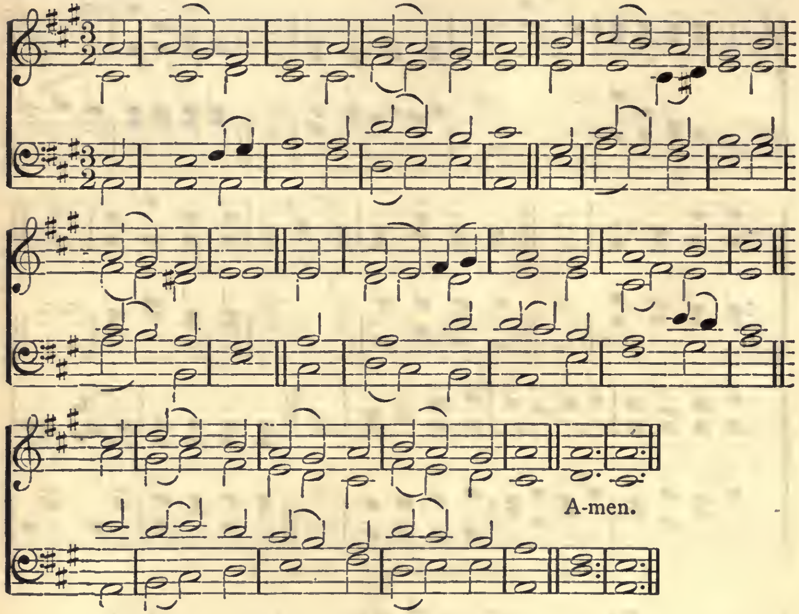
At the sign of triumph
  Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
  On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
  At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
  Loud your anthems raise. Onward, &c.

Like a mighty army
  Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
  Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided,
  All one body we,
One in hope, and doctrine,
  One in charity. Onward, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
  Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
  Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
  'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
  And that cannot fail. Onward, &c.

Onward, then, ye people,
  Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
  In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honour
  Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
  Men and Angels sing.
    Onward Christian soldiers,
      Marching as to war,
    With the Cross of Jesus,
      Going on before Amen.

192. WAREHAM. L.M. W. KNAPP.



Lo! round the Throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments washed in blood.

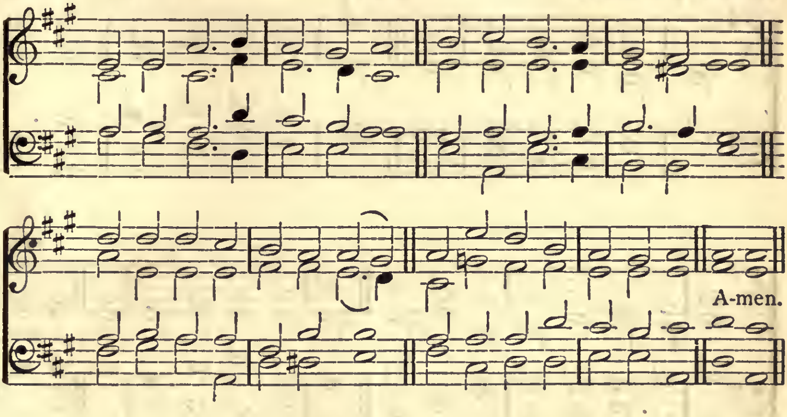
Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despis'd the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise:
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise!

"Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."

O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life. **Amen.**

193. PALMS OF GLORY. 7.7.7.7. REV. W. D. MACLAGAN



PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests, and Kings, and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through His cross alone.

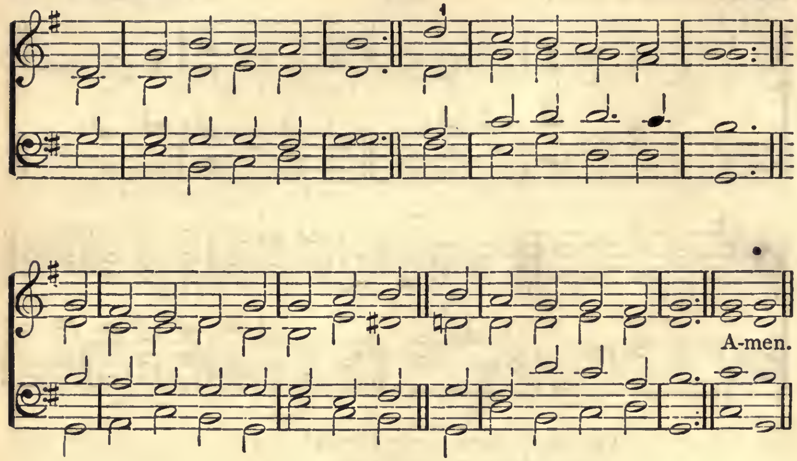
Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood, that made them so.

Who were these? on earth they dwelt;
Sinners once, of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suff'ring felt;
But were saved by sovereign grace.

They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah! When we, like them must die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high! Amen

194. St. Michael. S.M. Anon.



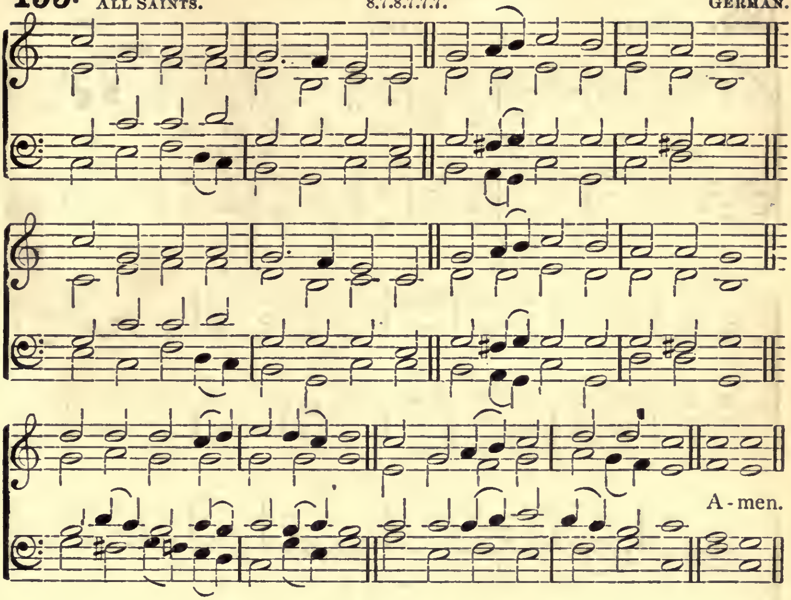
For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who follow'd Thee, obey'd, ador'd,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, on high,
Learnt from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to die.

For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee. Amen.

195. All Saints. 8.7.8.7.7.7. German.



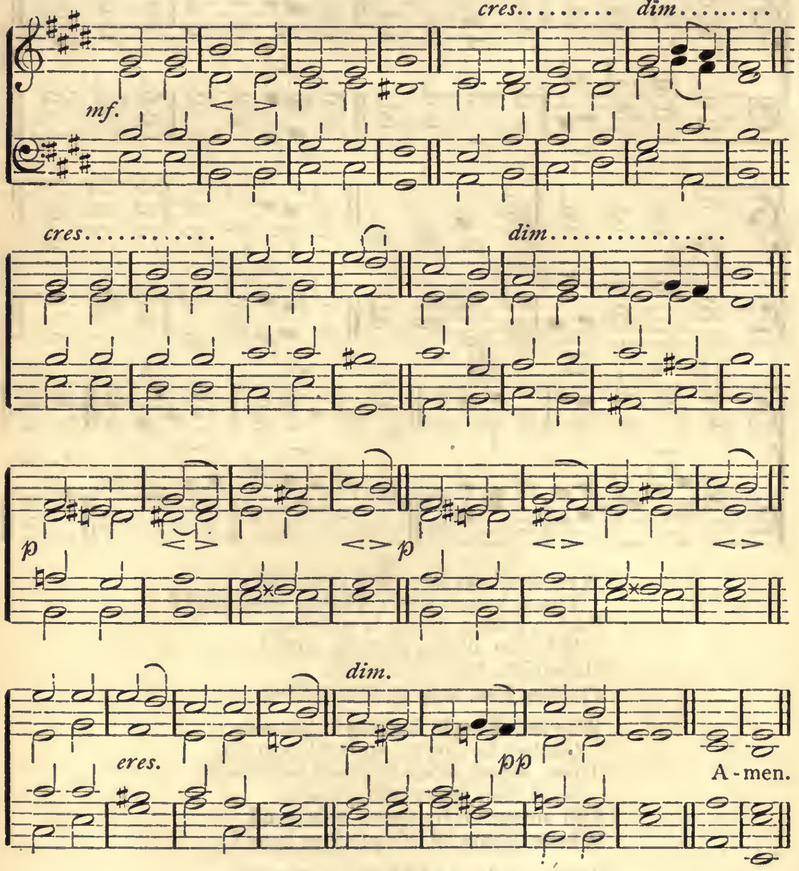
Who are these like stars appearing,
  These, before God's Throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
  Who are all this glorious band?
Hallelujah, hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
  Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
  Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouch'd by time's rude hand,
Whence come all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
  For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
  Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustain'd,
Triumph by the Lamb have gain'd.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
  Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven,
  With the God they glorified;
Now their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more. Amen.

196. SORRENTO. 7's (D.) J. H. DEANE.



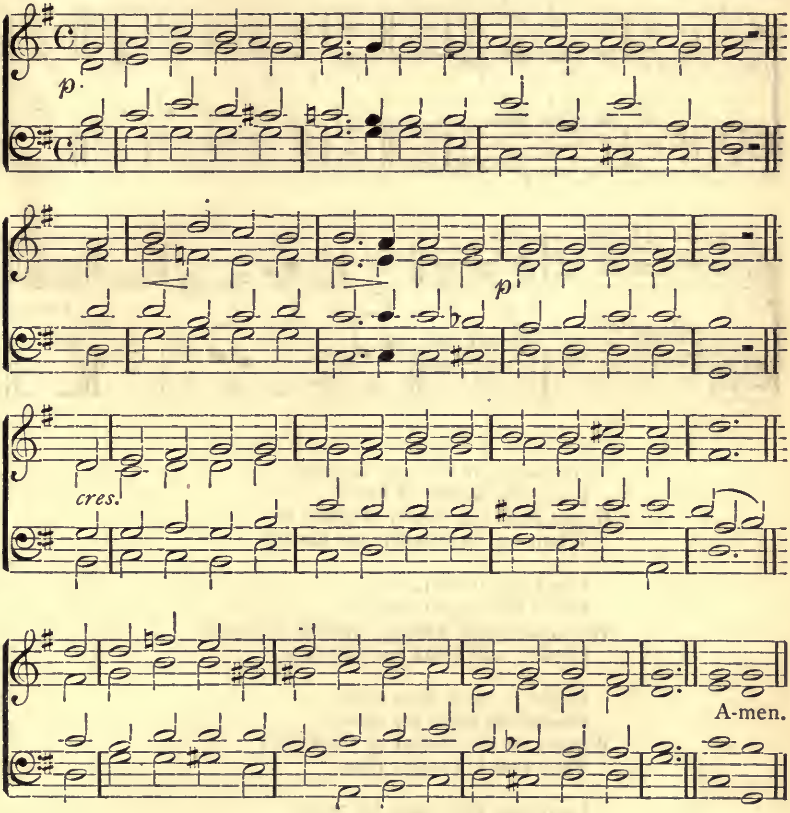
WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the Throne of God,
Seal'd with His Almighty name.

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear. **Amen.**

197. St. Leonard. D.C.M. Dr. H. Hiles.

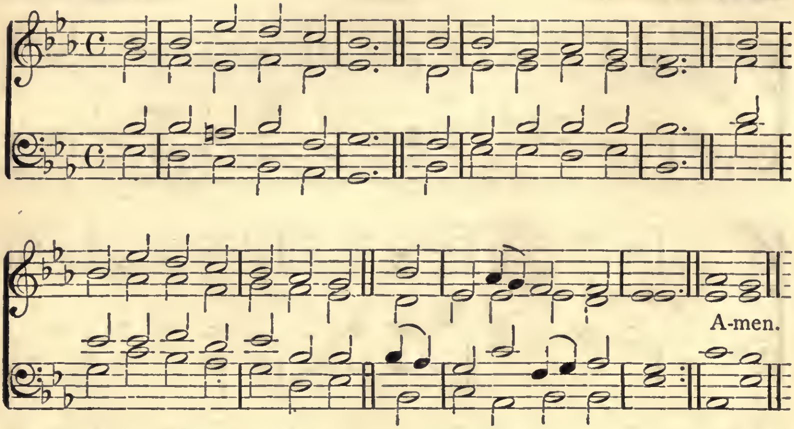


How bright those glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?
Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes, which shine so bright.

Now with triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray ;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb who reigns upon the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment Divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
'Mid pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

198. ETERNITY. S.M. DR. GAUNTLETT.



Oh ! what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss ?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the Cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyr'd Saints, baptiz'd in blood,
Christ's suff'rings shar'd below:

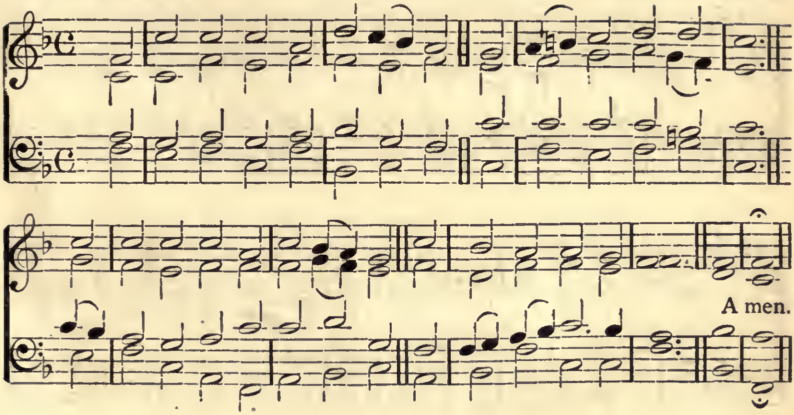
Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

Lord may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here ;

Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where Saints and Angels live.

All glory Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
One God for evermore. Amen.

199. St. George. C.M.



Hark! hark! the voice of ceaseless
praise,
Around Jehovah's throne;
Songs of celestial joy they raise,
To mortal lips unknown.

Upon the sea of glass they stand
In shining robes of light,
The harps of God are in their hand,
They rest not day or night.

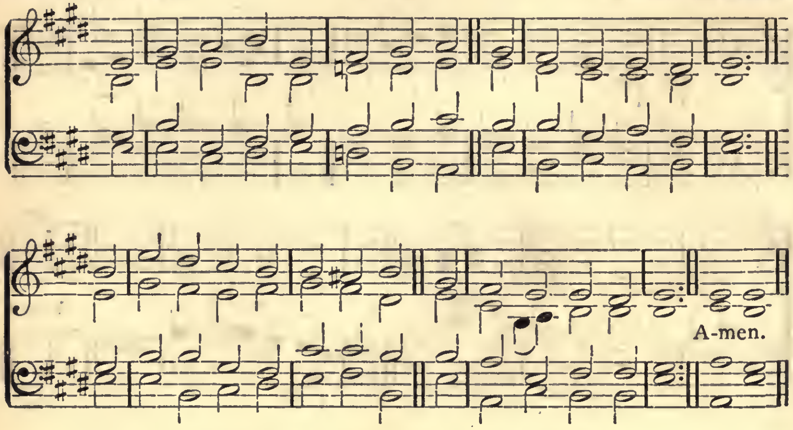
Oh! for an angel's perfect love,
A Seraph's soaring wing,
To sing with thousand saints above
The triumphs of our King.

On earth our feeble voice we try,
In weakness and in shame,
We bless, we laud, we magnify,
We conquer in His name.

But oh! with pure and sinless heart,
His mercies to adore,
My God, to know Thee as Thou art,
Nor grieve Thy Spirit more.

Oh! blessed hope! a "little while"
And we, amidst that throng,
Shall live in our Redeemer's smile,
And swell the angels' song. Amen.

200. French. C.M. Scotch Psalter.



According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

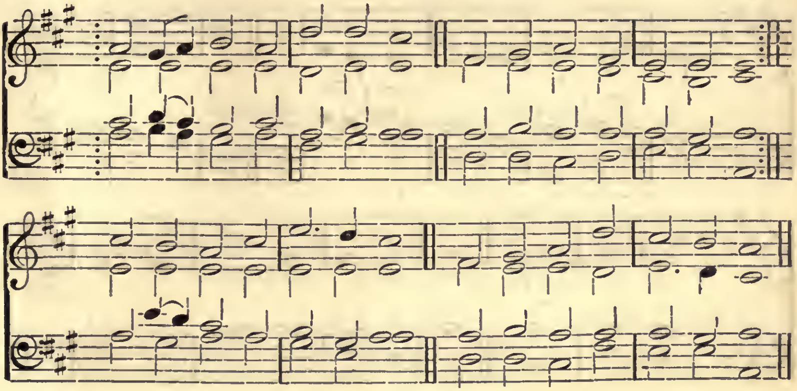
Can I Gethsemane forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Good Lord, remember me. Amen.

201. DIX. 7.7.7.7.7.7. GERMAN.



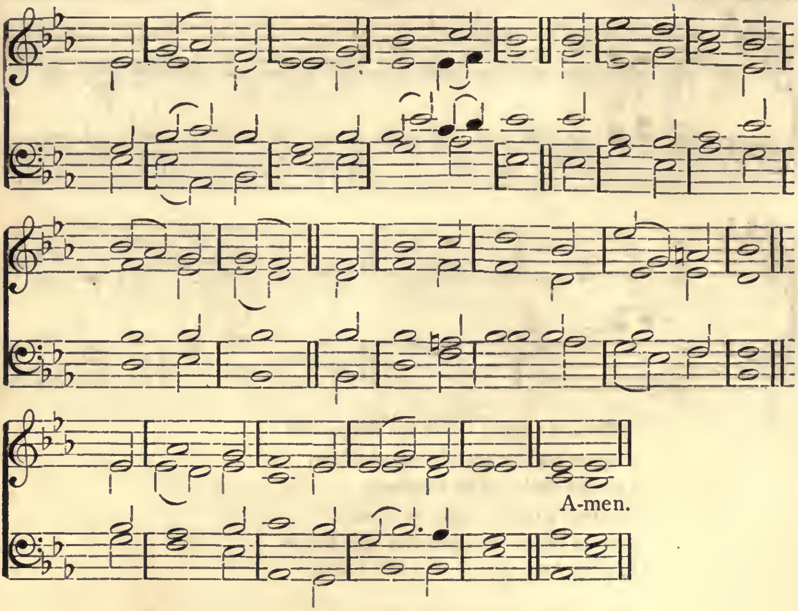
"TILL He come"—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come."

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb:
It is only, "Till He come."

Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness and the tomb,
Only whisper "Till He come."

See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Sever'd only "Till He come." Amen.

202. ROCKINGHAM. L.M. DR. MILLER.



MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

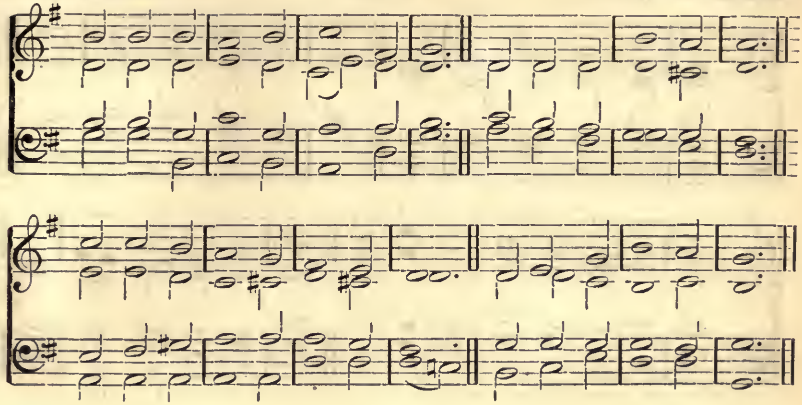
Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

O let Thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Revive Thy dying churches, Lord!
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's love alone can give. Amen.

203. St. Agnes. C.M. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

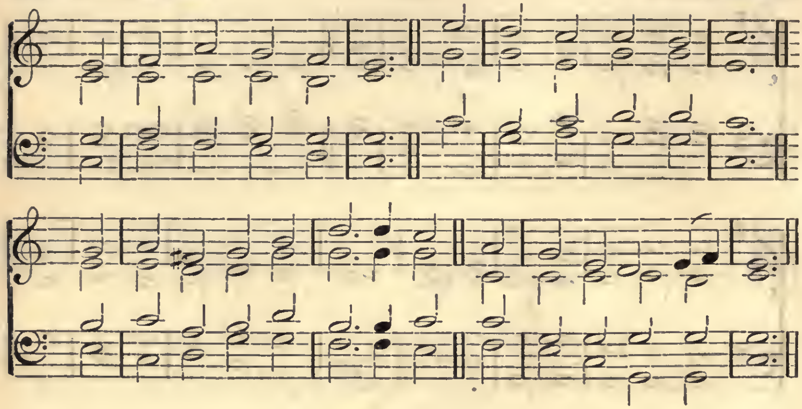
Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

Lord, feast with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

204. St. George. S.M. Dr. Gauntlett.



Sweet feast of love divine:
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of Thee.

Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy Father's breast,
And all Thy grace discern.

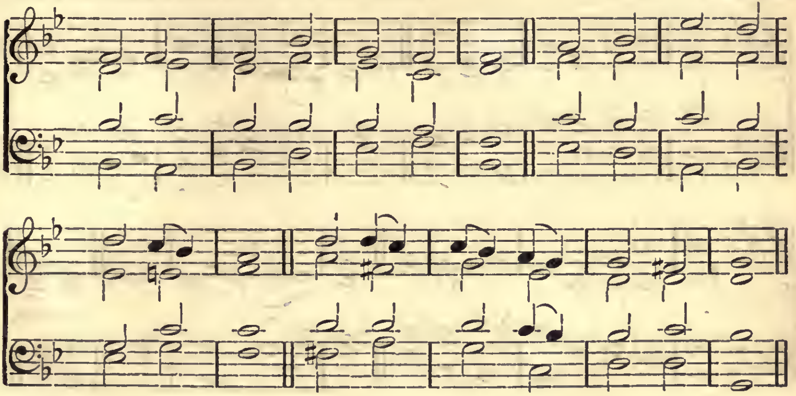
Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of Thy love.

The blood that flow'd for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within
That we are loved of Thee.

O, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet;

To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear;
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare.

205. CONVENT. 7.7.7. ANON



Jesus, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

While in penitence we kneel,
Thy true presence let us feel,
All thy wondrous love reveal.

While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

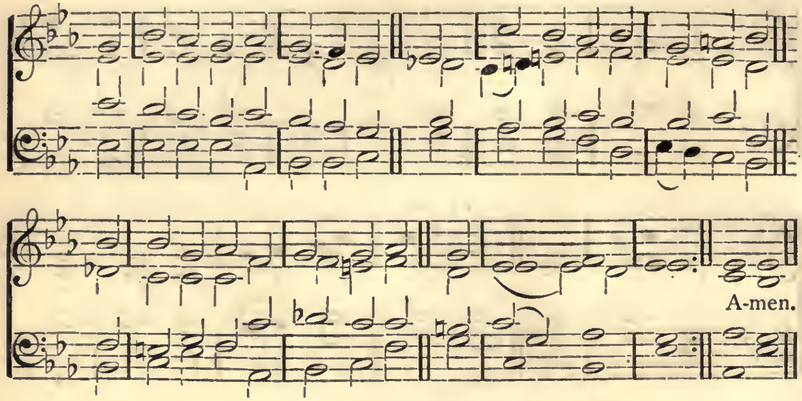
When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flow'd the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

Lead us by Thy pierced hand
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.
Amen.

206. St. Gabriel. 8.8.8.4. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart, Mus. Doc.



By Christ redeem'd, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come.

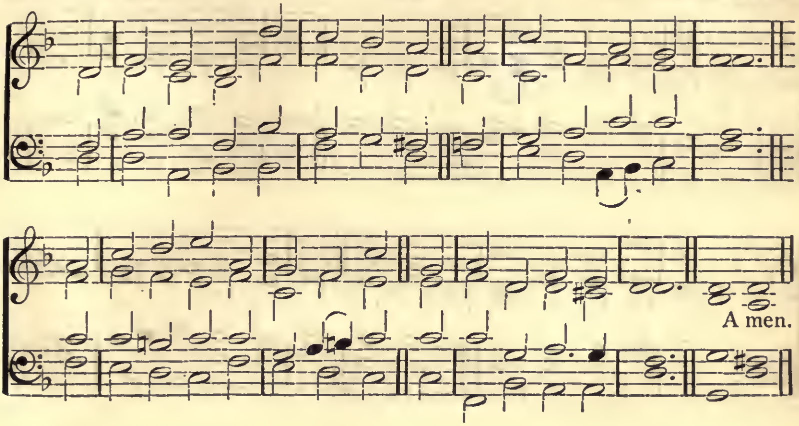
His Body, broken in our stead;
Is shewn in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite;
The shame, the glory by this rite,
Until He come.

O blessed hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate:
But, strong in faith, in patience wait;
Until He come. Amen.

207. St. Mary. C.M. Old Melody.



Lord Jesus, God of grace and love,
Reveal'd on Calvary,
Thou callest from Thy throne above
"This day remember me."

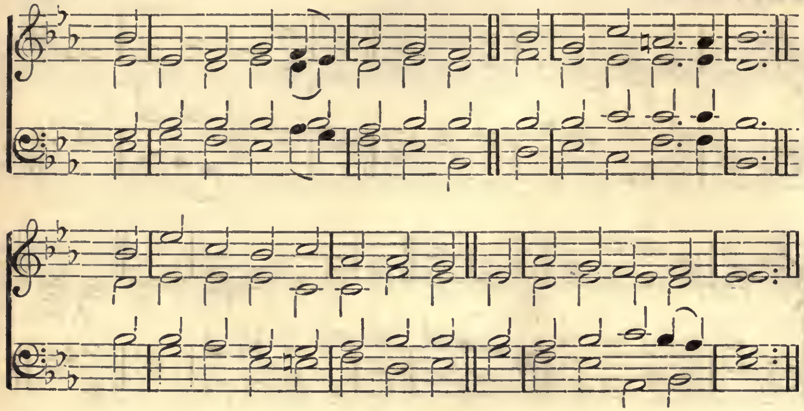
I come, Lord Jesus, to fulfil
Thy last divine command:
O may I ever do Thy will,
And own Thy guiding hand!

I come, Lord Jesus, at Thy call;
Thy saving help I need;
Convicted at Thy cross I fall,
And there my ransom read.

I come, Lord Jesus, to Thy feast;
Unworthy though I be;
By Thy redeeming pow'r released,
I rest all hopes on Thee.

O when I take Thy pledge of love,
Which Thou thyself hast given,
Lord Jesus, plead my cause above!
Remember me in heaven. Amen.

208. ST. BERNARD. C.M. W. RICHARDSON.



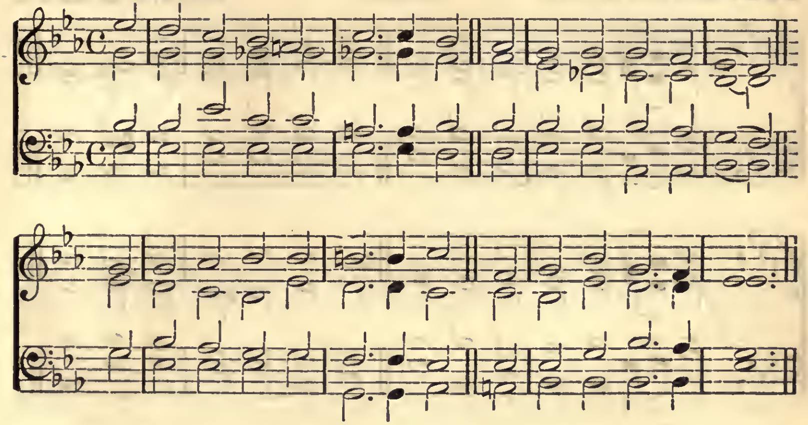
"No, not for these alone I pray!"
The dying Saviour said;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head.

Though to His eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round Him hung
His words of love to hear.

No, not for these alone He prayed,—
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.

Sweet is the thought, when thus we meet,
His feast of love to share;
And mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of His prayer!

209. St. Olave. C.M. J. Barnby.



O here, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease!
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.

Not here, where now we think on Him—
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

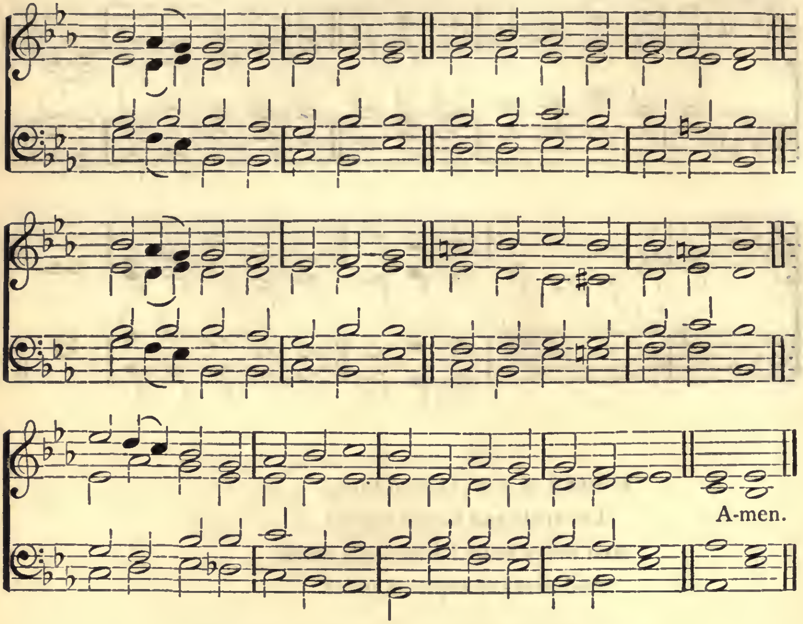
No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace Thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though Thou no more art seen.

"Thy kingdom come:" we watch, we wait
To hear Thy cheering call
When heaven unfolds its glorious gate,
And God is all in all.

210. BREAD OF HEAVEN.

7's 6 lines.

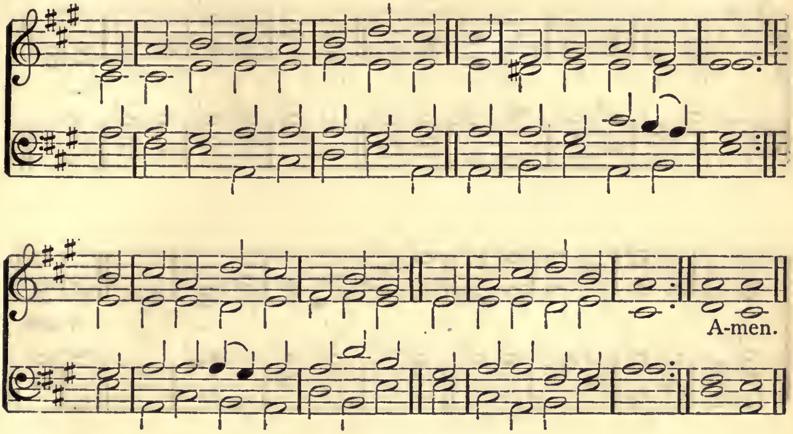
REV. W. D. MACLAGAN.



BREAD of heaven! on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed.
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
For our souls a sacrifice.
Lord! Thy wounds our healing give;
To Thy cross we look, and live.
Jesus may we ever be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee! Amen.

211. ST. JAMES. C.M. R. COURTEVILLE.



IN token that thou shalt not fear
  Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
  And stamp thee His alone.

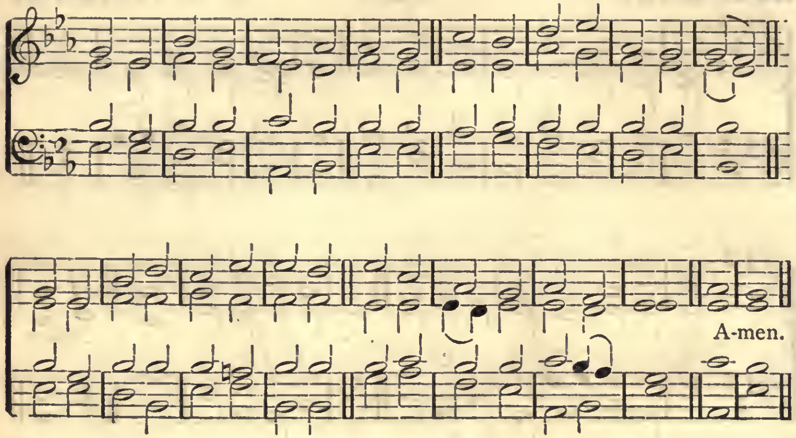
In token that thou shalt not blush
  To glory in His Name
We blazon here upon thy front,
  His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
  Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
  Firm at thy post remain.

In token that thou too shalt tread
  The path He travell'd by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
  And sit thee down on high;

Thus outwardly and visibly
  We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His Cross
  Hereafter share His Crown. Amen.

212. SHARON. 8.7.8.7. DR. BOYCE.



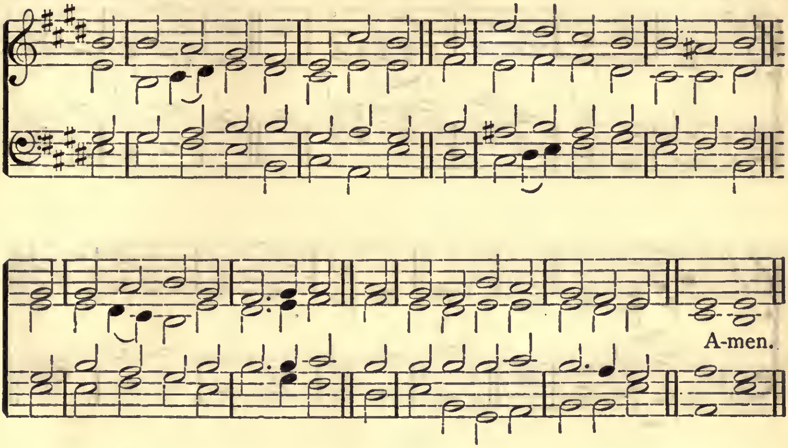
SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
  With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
  While the lambs Thy bosom share:

Now, these little ones receiving,
  Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
  Only there, secure from harm.

Never from Thy pasture roving,
  Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
  Keep them all life's dangerous way.

Then within Thy fold eternal
  Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
  Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen.

213. Melcombe. L.M. S. Webbe.



God of that glorious gift of grace
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near!

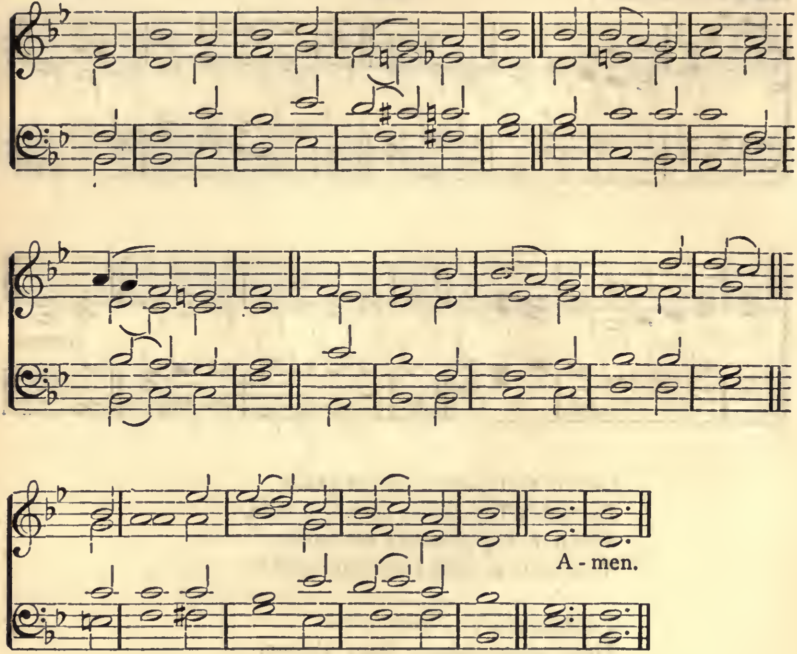
Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given
To be receiv'd and rear'd for Heav'n.

Lent to us for a season, we
Lend him for ever, Lord, to Thee
Assured that if to Thee he live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon his head!
And on his soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon his face!

Make him and keep him Thine own child,
Meek follower of the undefil'd!
Possessor here of grace and love;
Inheritor of Heaven above! Amen.

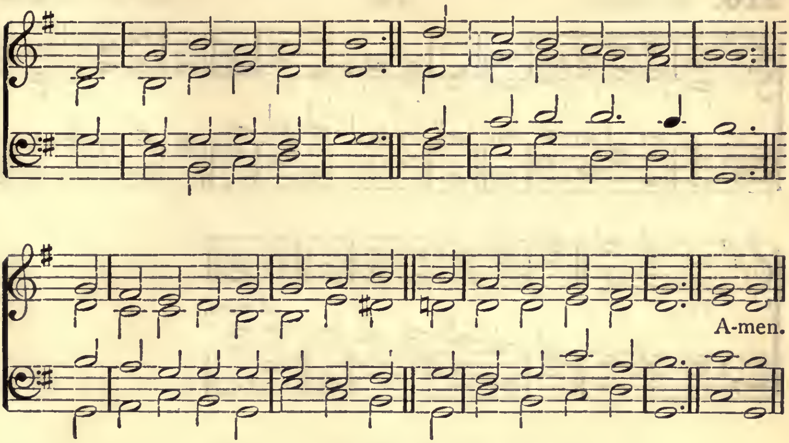
214. WALTON. L.M. ARR. FROM BEETHOVEN



COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits Thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

Pour forth Thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning Blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal this child a child of God. Amen.

215. St. Michael. S.M. Anon.



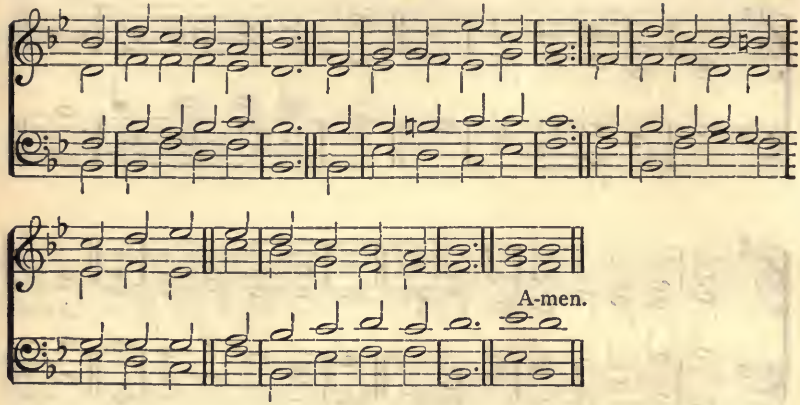
The gentle Saviour calls
Our children to His breast:
He folds them in His gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

"Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to Thee,
Imploring that as we are Thine,
Thine may our offspring be. Amen.

216.

St. John. S.M. King



Stand, soldier of the cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For thy Redeemer's name.

Arise and be baptiz'd,
And wash thy sins away:
Thy faith and hope be realiz'd,
Thy love avouch'd to-day.

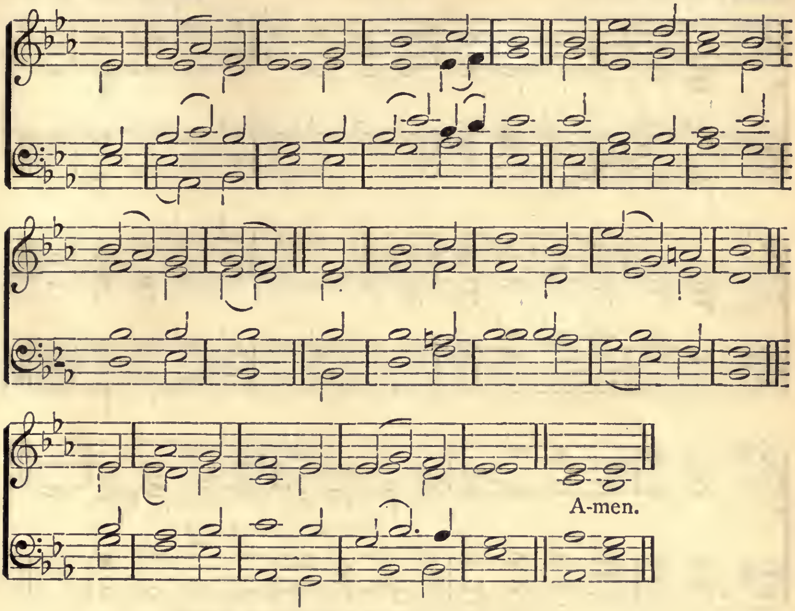
Our heavenly country now,
Our Lord and Master, thine,
Receive imprinted on thy brow
His passion's awful sign.

No more thine own, but Christ's:
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, Seers, Evangelists,
And Martyr throngs enroll'd,—

In God's whole armour strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our Great Captain's feet. Amen.

217. ROCKINGHAM. L.M. W. MILLER, MUS. DOC.



JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of Thee?
Asham'd of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

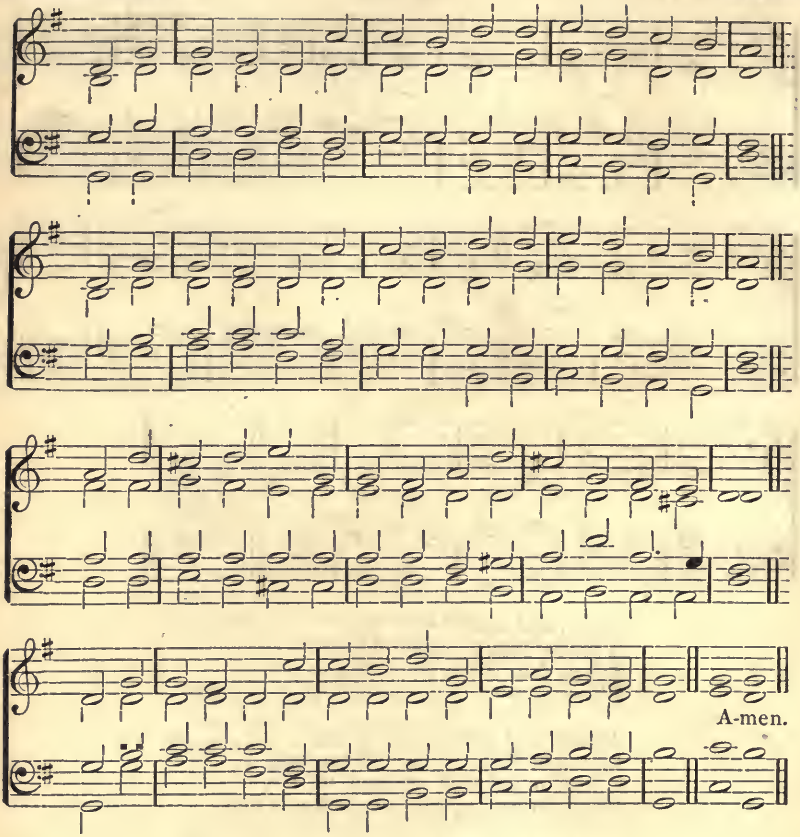
Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Asham'd of Jesus! O as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Asham'd of Jesus! sinful pride;
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And O may this my portion be,
My Saviour not asham'd of me. Amen.

218. FREYBOURG. 8.7.8.7. (D.) GERMAN

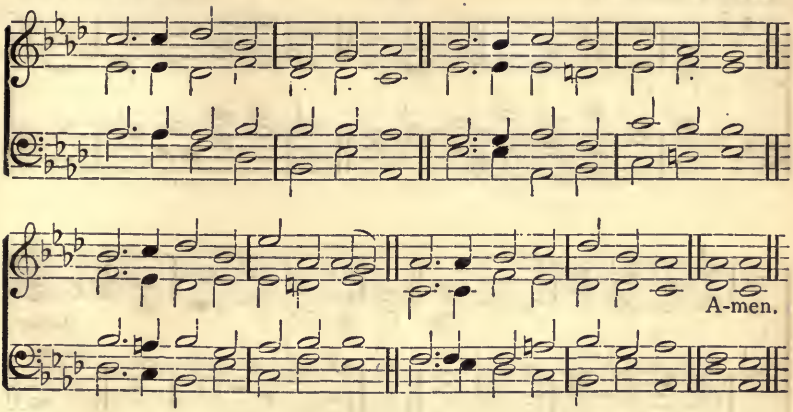


Jesus! I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and Heaven are still my own!

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face and all is bright!

Haste then on from grace to glory
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before Thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there!
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon changed to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise! Amen.

219. NEWINGTON. 7.7.7.7. REV. W. D. MACLAGAN.



THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy Throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

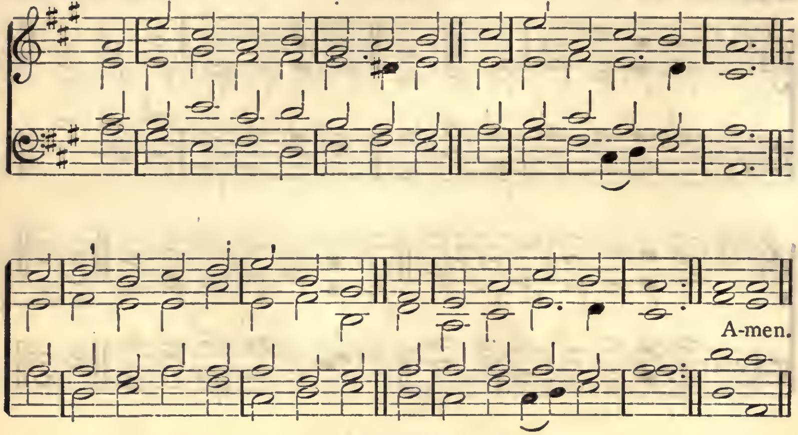
Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the Life, and Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven. Amen.

220. St. Stephen. C.M. Rev'd. W. Jones.



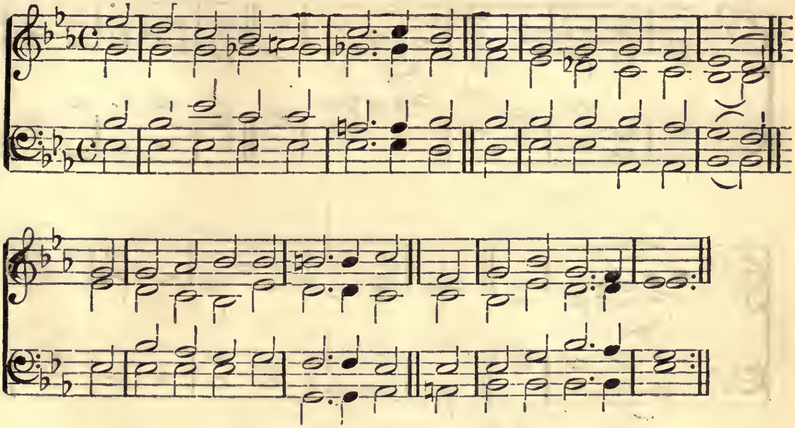
My God accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray
No more from Thee decline.

Before the Cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be All in all.

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious Face,
And worship near Thy Throne.

Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven! Amen.

221. Holy Trinity. G.M. Joseph Barnby.



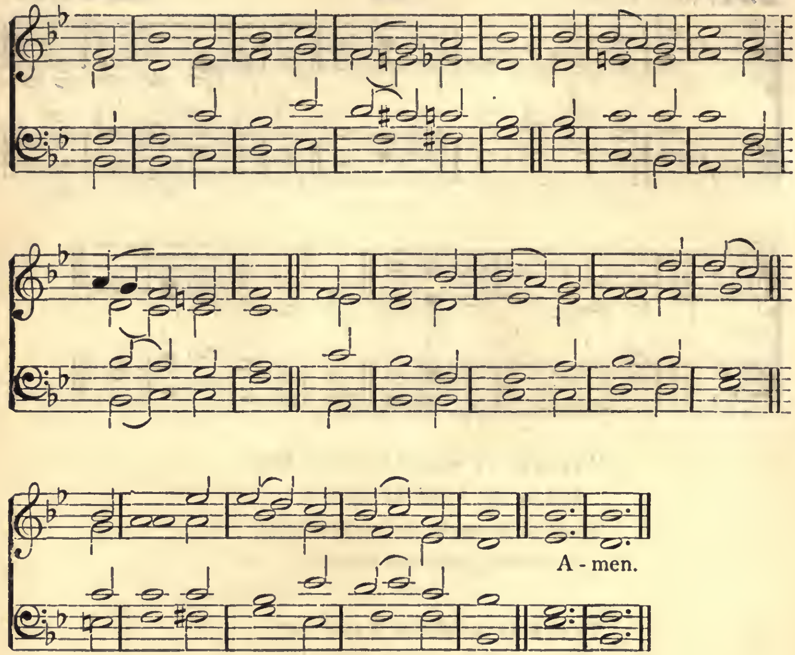
Witness, ye men and angels, now
  Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
  A vow we dare not break:

That, long as life itself shall last,
  Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
  Or ever quit the field.

We trust not in our native strength,
  But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
  Will all our need supply.

Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
  And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
  Turn Thou our prayers to praise. Amen.

222. Walton. L.M. Beethoven.

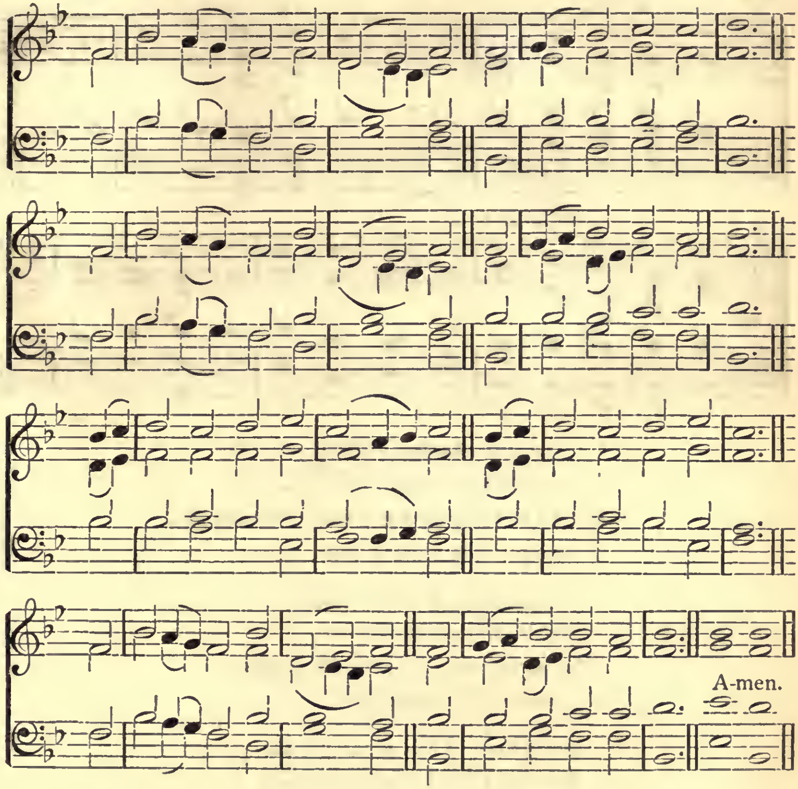


O God, in whose all-searching eye
Thy servants stand, to ratify
The vow baptismal by them made,
When first Thy hand was on them laid;
Bless them, O Holy Father bless,
Who Thee with heart and voice confess;
May they acknowledged as Thine own,
Stand evermore before Thy Throne!

Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the cross unfurl'd,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.

Come, ever blessed Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
May each a living temple be,
Hallow'd for ever, Lord, to Thee:
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine:
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness. Amen.

223. Ellacombe. 7.6. D. German.



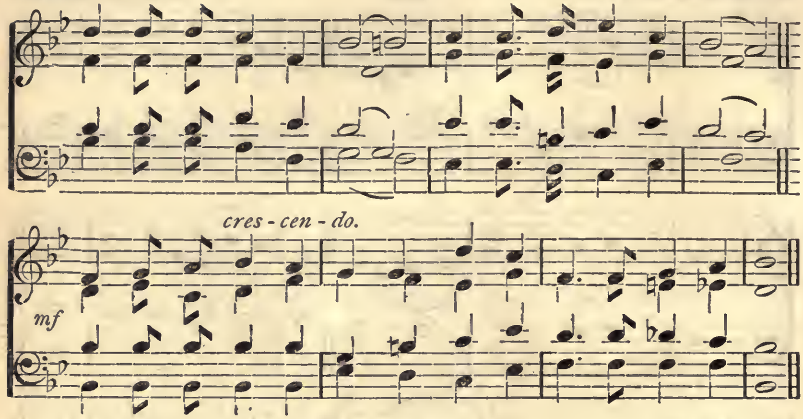
Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true;
The Lord Himself thy leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His loss foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with bread of Heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go, forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
For more are o'er thee watching,
Than human eyes can know!
Trust only Christ thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treach'rous voices,
That lure thy soul astray.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquish'd,
And Heav'n is all possest;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by
And wear in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gath'ring night;
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light:
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers are all past;
Oh! pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last. Amen.

224. St. Paul. S.M. P. R. Maclagan, Mus. Doc.



Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.

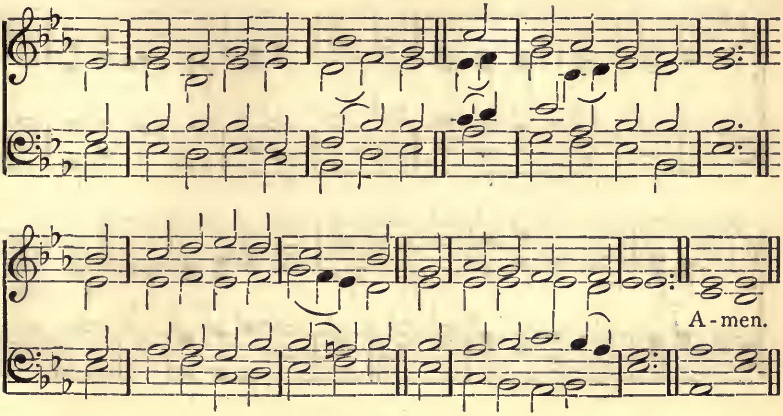
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts pass'd,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

225. VULPIUS. 7.6.7.6. VULPIUS.



O JESUS, I have promised
  To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
  My master and my friend!

I shall not fear the battle
  If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
  If Thou wilt be my guide.

Oh! let me feel Thee near me—
  The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
  The tempting sounds I hear.

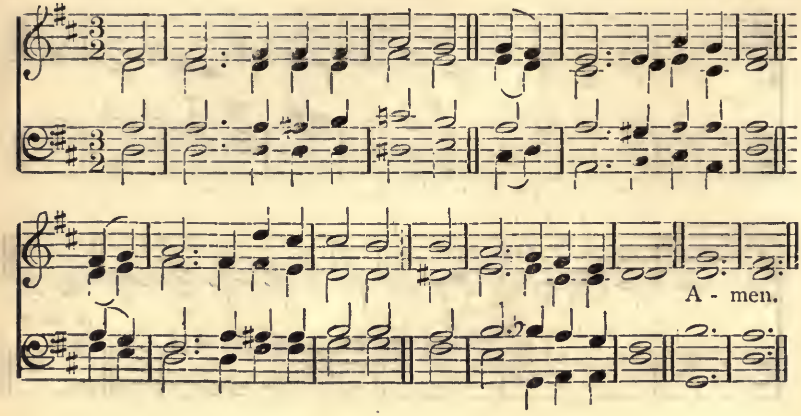
O Jesus, Thou hast promised
  To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory
  There shall Thy servant be;

And Jesus, I have promised
  To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
  My master and my friend!

Oh! let me see Thy foot-marks,
  And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
  Is in Thy strength alone.

Oh! guide me, call me, draw me,
  Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
  My Saviour and my friend! Amen.

226. EDEN. 7.6.7.6. ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.



THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
  That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
  It hath not pass'd away.

Still in the pure espousal
  Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
  The three-fold grace is said:

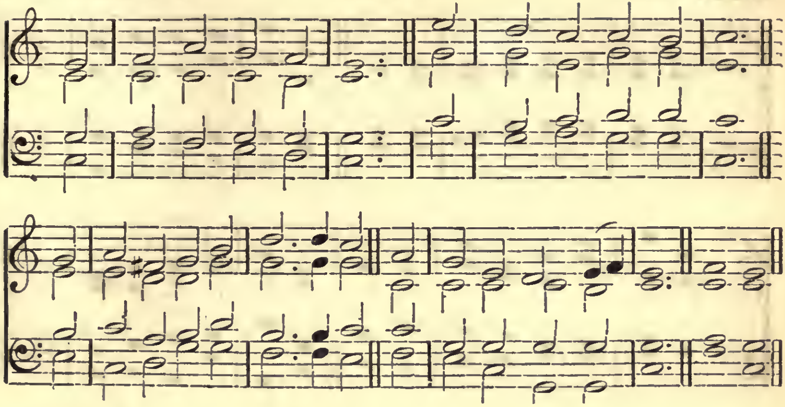
For dower of blessed children,
  For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
  Which naught on earth may break!

Be present, gracious Father,
  To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
  Out of his own pierced side!

Be present, loving Saviour,
  To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
  In Thine eternal bands!

Be present, Holiest Spirit,
  To bless them as they kneel;
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
  The heavenly Spouse dost seal! Amen.

227. St. George. S.M. Dr. Gauntlett.



How welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deign'd in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage-day!

And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

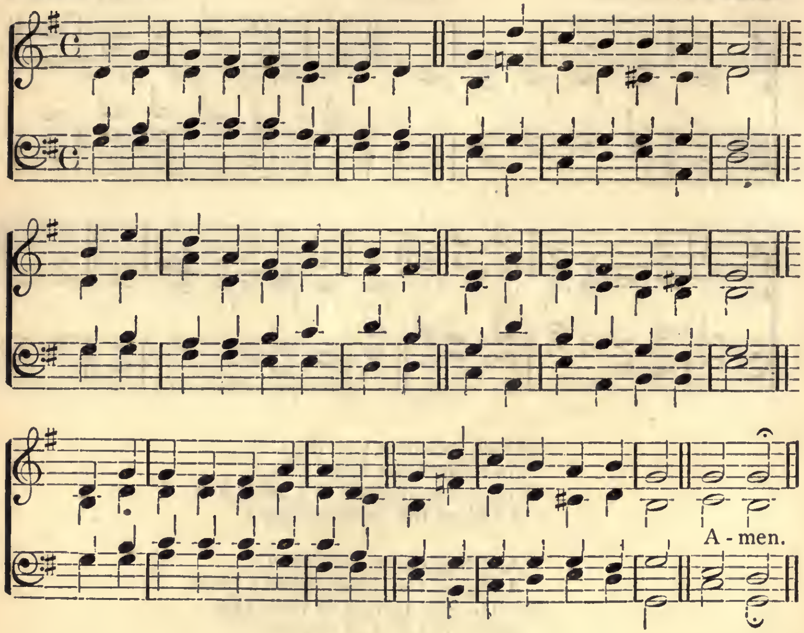
His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

Oh, bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced side.

Before Thy heavenly Throne
This mercy we implore;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore. Amen.

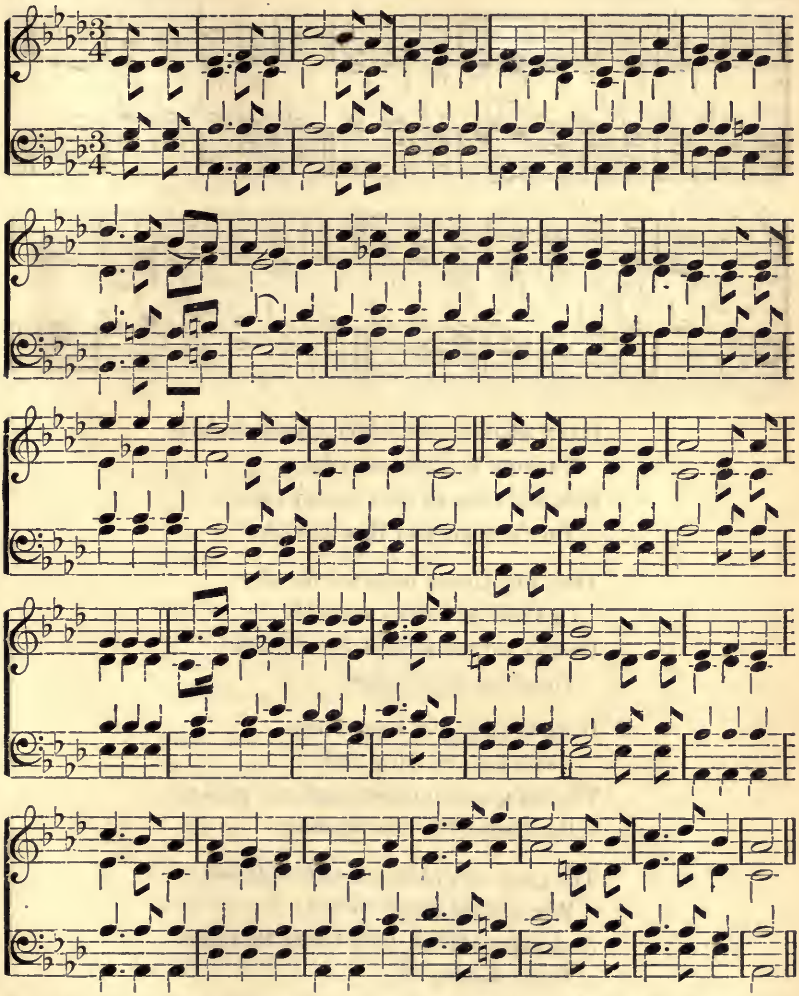
228. VERONA. 7's 6 lines. J. H. DEANE.



DEIGN this union to approve,
And confirm it, God of love,
Bless Thy servants; on their head
Now the oil of gladness shed;
In this holy bond, to Thee
Let them consecrated be.

In prosperity, be near,
To preserve them in Thy fear;
In affliction, let Thy smile
All the woes of life beguile;
And when every change is past,
Take them to Thyself at last. Amen.

229. SCOTIA. P.M.



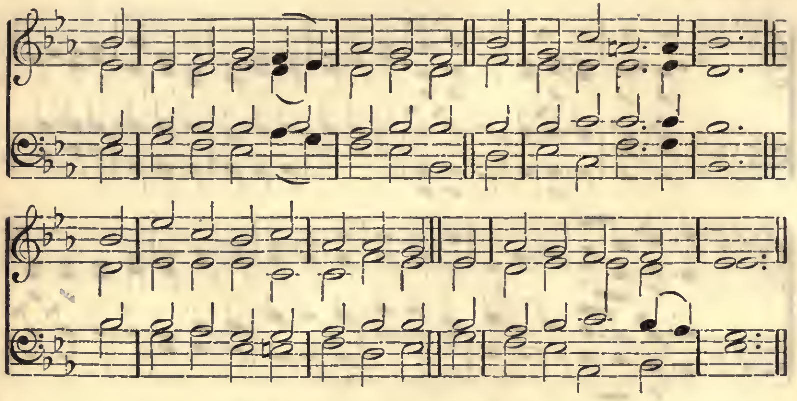
THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour hath pass'd through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom!

Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died!

Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song!

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide!
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

230. St. Bernard. C.M. W. Richardson.



Hear what the voice from heaven declares
To those in Christ who die:
Released from all their earthly cares,
They'll reign with Him on high.

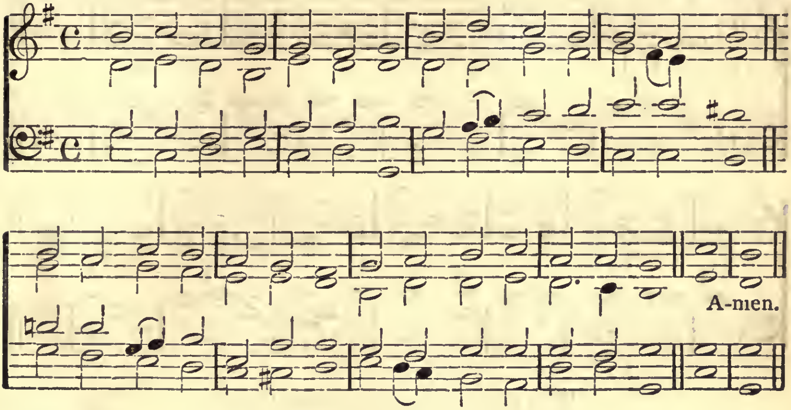
Then why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to His arms.

If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and power,
But Christ, our ransom, died.

The grave of all His saints He bless'd,
When in the grave He lay;
And, rising thence, their hopes He raised
To everlasting day.

Then, joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing,
"Where is thy victory, O grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?"

231. ST. THOMAS. 7.7.7.7. E. H. THORNE.



CHRIST will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.

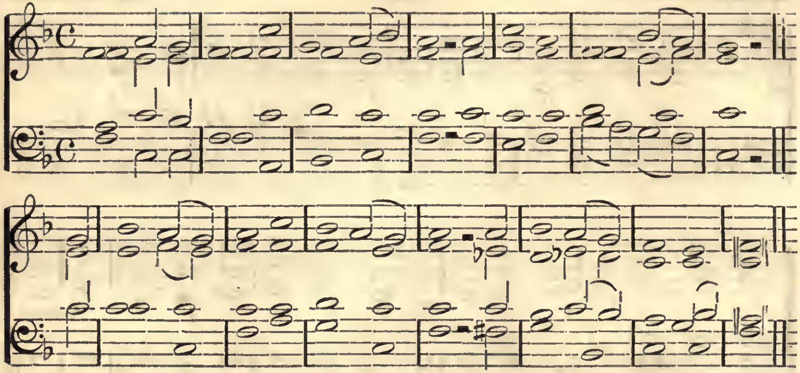
Day by day the voice saith, "Come,"
Enter thine eternal home:
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.

Had He asked us, well we know
We should cry, O spare this blow!
Yea, with streaming tears should pray,
Lord, we love *him*, let *him* stay.

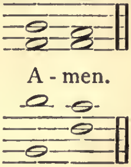
But the Lord doth nought amiss,
And since He hath ordered this,
We have nought to do but still
Rest in silence on His will.

Many a heart no longer here,
Ah, was all too inly dear!
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our all in all. Amen.

232. PEACE. C M. W. SIEBOTH.



Why do we mourn departing friends,
  Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
  To call them to His arms.



Are we not tending upward too,
  As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
  To keep us from our love.

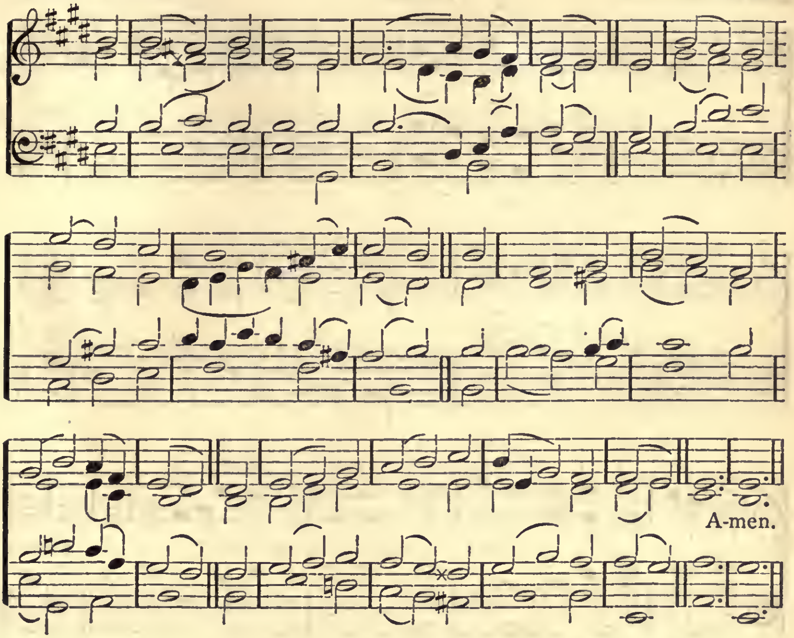
Why should we tremble to convey
  Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
  And left a long perfume.

The graves of all His saints He blest,
  And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
  But with the dying Head?

Thence He arose, ascending high,
  And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
  At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
  And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground!
  Ye saints, ascend the skies! Amen.

233. ST. VINCENT. L.M. J. UGLOW.



How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!

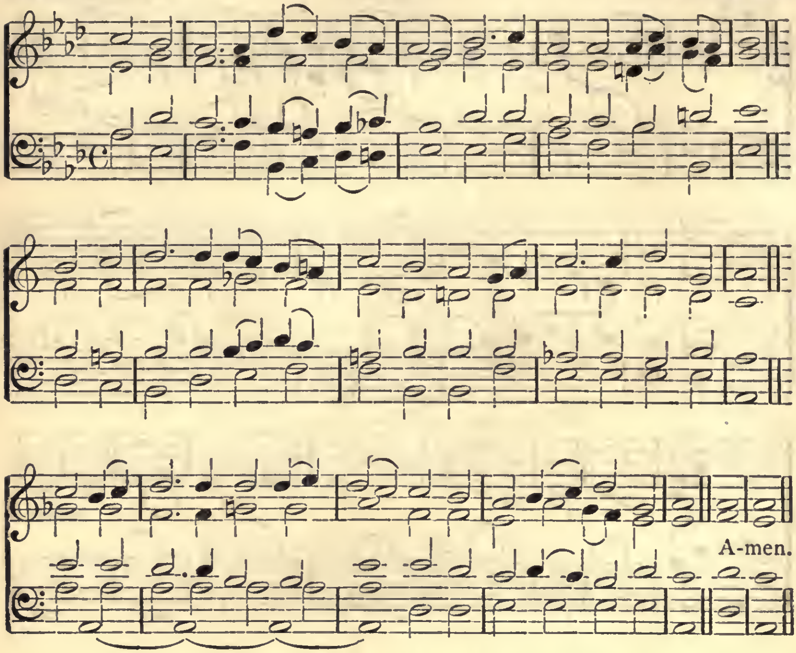
Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
And faith, rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.

There is a radiance in his eye,
A smile upon his wasted cheek,
That seems to tell of glory nigh
In language that no tongue can speak.

A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near
To bear him to their bright abode.

O Lord, that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, Thy face to see,
Impress thine image on our hearts,
And teach us now to walk with thee. Amen.

234. Requiem. 7.7.7.7.7.7. W. Schultes.



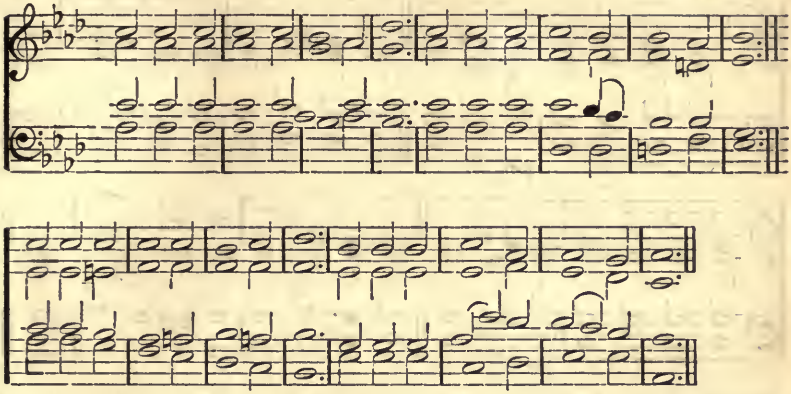
EARTH to earth, and dust to dust,
Lord, we own the sentence just;
Head and tongue, and hand and heart,
All in guilt have borne their part;
Righteous is the common doom,
All must moulder in the tomb.

Like the seed in spring-time sown,
Like the leaves in autumn strown,
Low these goodly frames must lie,
All our pomp and glory die;
Soon the spoiler seeks his prey,
Soon he bears us all away.

Yet the seed, upraised again,
Clothes with green the smiling plain;
Onward as the seasons move,
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove;
And shall we forgotten lie,
Lost for ever, when we die?

Lord from nature's gloomy night
Turn we to the Gospel's light;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave
Thou wilt all Thy people save;
Ransom'd by Thy Blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust. Amen

235. PENTECOST. L.M. W. BOYD.



ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

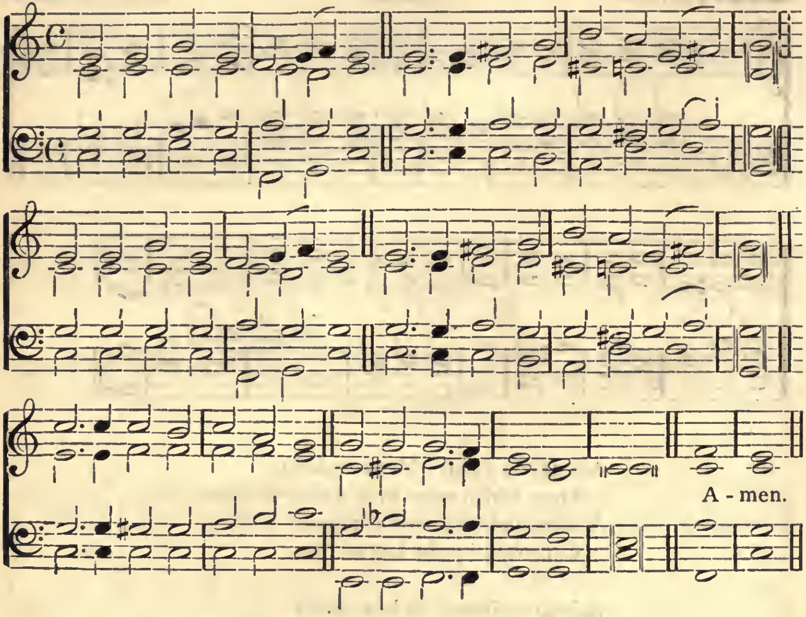
Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

236 CONSOLATION. 7.8.7.8.7.7. W. B. GILBERT.

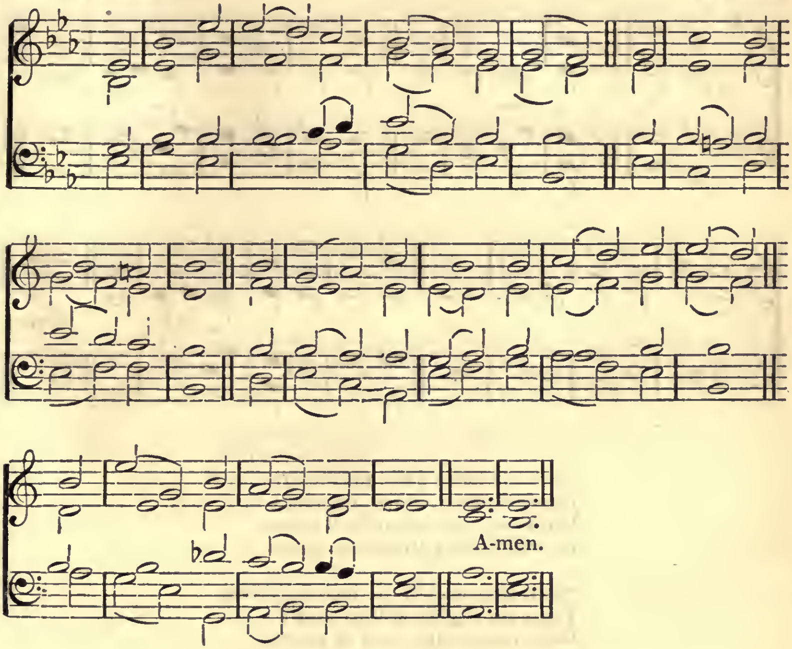


TENDER Shepherd, thou hast still'd
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sign of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love. Amen.

237. ABRIDGE. C.M. ISAAC SMITH.



Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief
Which view a Saviour nigh?

What though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead?

Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue,–

Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and His voice
Still animates our heart.

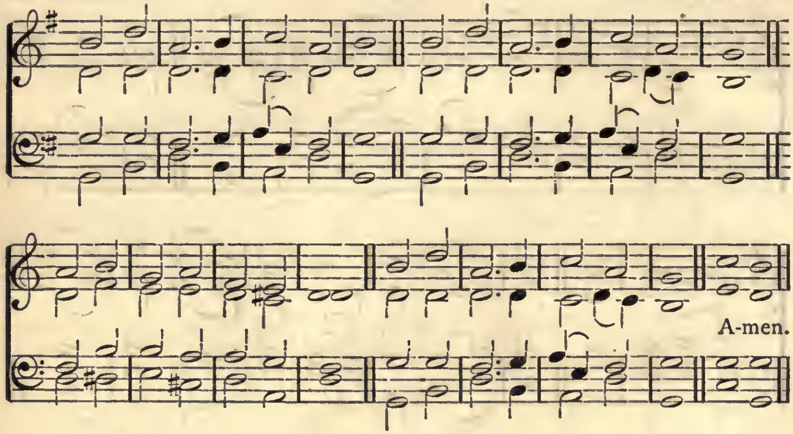
"Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord;
"My Church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust. Amen.

238.

7.7.7.7.

GERMAN HYMN



ON the waters dark and drear,
Jesus, Saviour, Thou art near;
With our ship where'er it roam,
As with loving friends at home.

Thou hast walk'd the heaving wave,
Thou art mighty still to save;
With one gentle word of peace,
Thou canst bid the tempest cease.

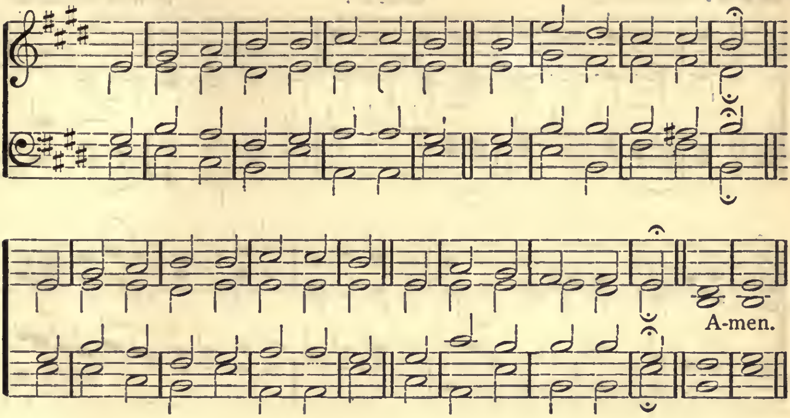
Safely from the boisterous main
Bring us back to port again;
In our haven we shall be,
Jesus if we have but Thee.

Only by Thy power and love
Fit us for the port above;
Still the deadly storm within,
Gusts of passion, waves of sin.

So when breaks the glorious dawn
Of the Resurrection morn,
When the night of toil is o'er,
We shall see Thee on the shore.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Praise unending unto Thee,
Now and evermore shall be. Amen.

239. TALLIS. C.M. TALLIS.



THE ark of God in safety rode
Upon the foaming waves;
The hand of God is with us still,
He loves us and He saves.

A way was open'd in the sea,
Parted by Moses' rod;
The stormy surge a highway is
To all who trust in God.

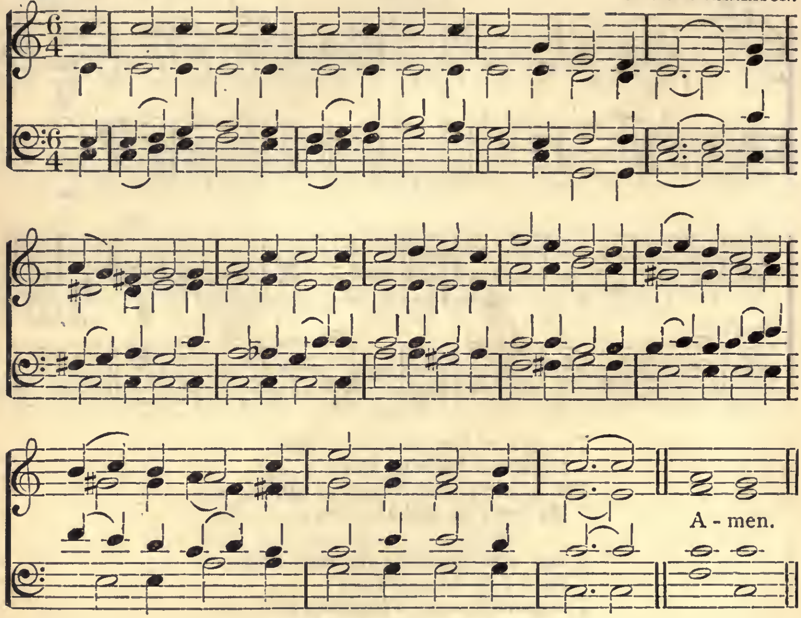
O Thou whose way is on the waves,
Defend us on the deep;
Our queen, our country, all we love,
Bless, and in safety keep.

Each at his post, the work assigned
In order we fulfil;
So may we in the bark of Christ
Obey His holy will.

The helmsman steers us through the storms
And quicksands to the shore;
Christ at the helm His vessel guides
To peace for evermore.

Our ship may founder; but the sea
Will one day yield its dead;
And all Christ's loyal crew will then
Be safe with Christ their head.
Amen.

240. MONTREAL. 8.6.8.8.8.6. J. W. F. HARRISON.



DEEP down beneath the unresting surge,
There is a peaceful tomb;
Storm raves above, calm reigns below,
Safe, safe from ocean's wreck and woe;
Safe from its tide's unceasing flow,
The peaceful find a home.

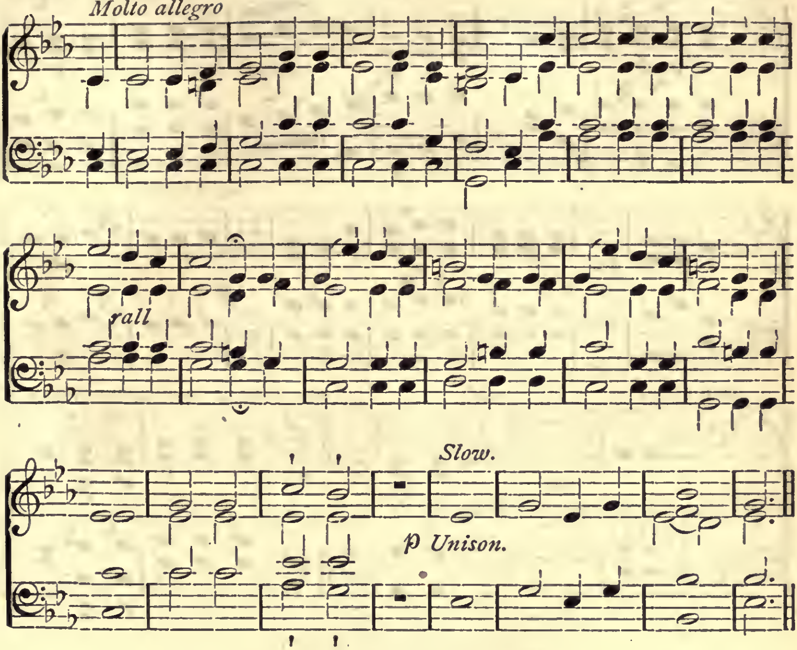
Who dies in Christ the Lord dies well,
Though on the lonely main:
As soft the pillow of the deep,
As tranquil the uncurtain'd sleep,
As on the couch where fond ones weep;
And they shall rise again.

The cold sea's coldest, hidden depths
Shall hear the trump of God:
Death's reign on sea and land is o'er;
God's treasured ones he must restore;
God's buried gems he holds no more
Beneath or wave or clod.

O'er this loved clay God sets His watch;
The angels guard him well;
Till summon'd by the trumpet loud,
Like star emerging from the cloud,
Or blossom from its sheltering shroud,
He leaves his ocean-cell.

Oh Jesus Christ! Oh risen Lord!
Let life, nor death prevail:
Make haste, great Conqueror, make haste;
Call up the dead of ages past;
Gather Thy precious gems at last
From ocean's deepest vale. Amen.

241. GENNESARET. P.M. G. F. HARDWICKE.

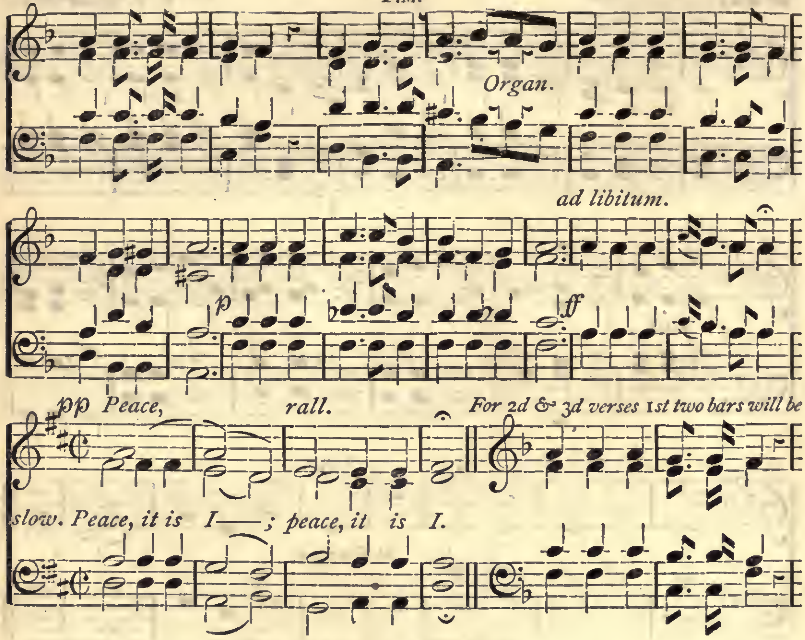


WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our maker: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy Spirit Thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

242. EUROCLYDON. P.M. REV. G. W. TORRANCE.



For 2d & 3d verses 1st two bars will be slow.

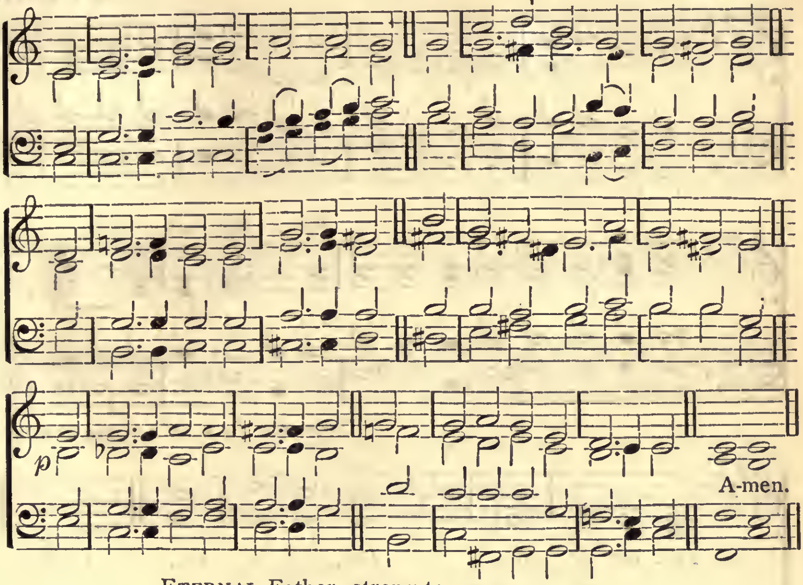
FIERCE was the wild billow,
  Dark was the night,
Oars labour'd heavily,
  Foam glitter'd white,
Trembled the mariners,
  Peril was high;
Then said the God of God,—
  "Peace! It is I."

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
  Lower thy crest!
Wail of the tempest-wind
  Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
  Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
  "Peace! It is I."

Jesus deliverer,
  Near to us be;
Soothe Thou our voyaging
  Over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death,
  Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, Thou Truth of Truth,
  "Peace! It is I."

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

243. MELITA. 8's 6 lines. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.



ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

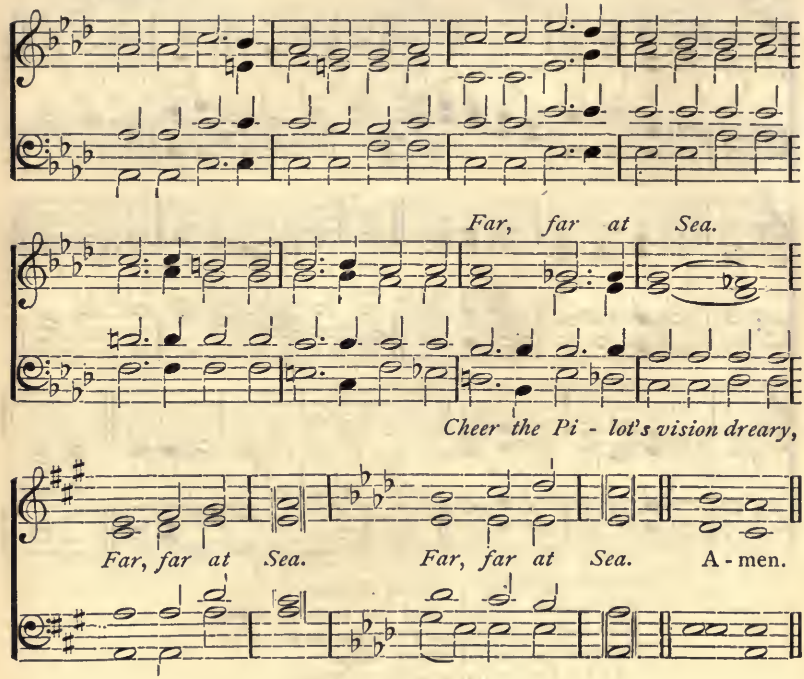
O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hush'd their raging at Thy word,
Who walkest on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour
From rock and tempest, fire and foe
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

244. Essarre. 8.7.8.4. S. F. Riley.



Star of peace! to wanderers weary,
  Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
    Far, far at sea.

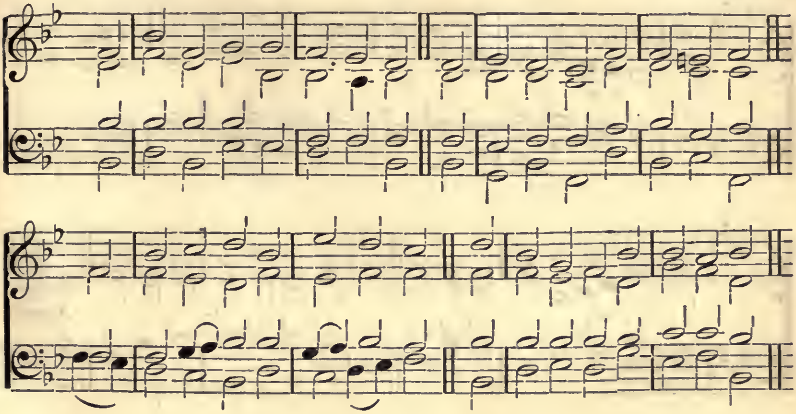
Star of hope! gleam on the billow,
  Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
    Far, far at sea.

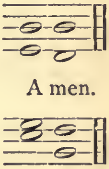
Star of faith! when winds are mocking
  All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
    Far, far at sea.

Star divine! oh, safely guide him,—
  Bring the wanderer home to Thee!
Sore temptations long have tried him,
    Far, far at sea. Amen.

LAYING OF A CORNER STONE.

245. WINCHESTER, (New.) L.M. CRASSELIUS.





THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
  We build the temple Lord to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day
  To guard this house and sanctuary.

Here when Thy people seek Thy face,
  And dying sinners pray to live:
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
  And when Thou hearest, O forgive.

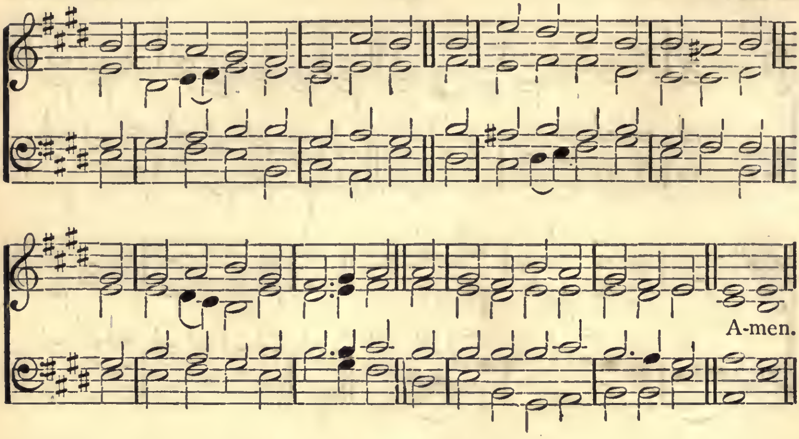
Hear, when Thy messengers proclaim
  The blessed gospel of Thy Son:
Still by the power of His great name
  Be mighty signs and wonders done.

When children's voices raise the song,
  Hosanna to their heavenly King;
Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong,
  Hosanna, let the angels sing.

But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
  Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
  And here the Holy Spirit rest?

That glory never hence depart!
  Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come in every heart,
  In every bosom fix Thy throne. Amen.

246. MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



O LORD of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;

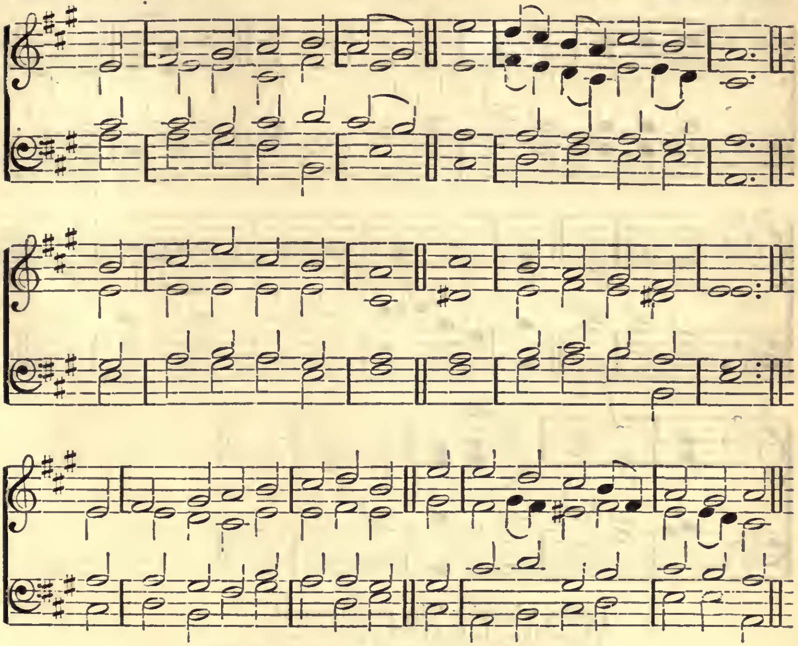
Grant that all we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.

Endue the creatures with Thy grace
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

To Thee they all pertain; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne
We but present Thee with Thine own.

The heads that guide, endue with skill;
The hands that work preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day. Amen.

247. HAREWOOD. P.M. S. S. WESLEY, MUS. DOC.



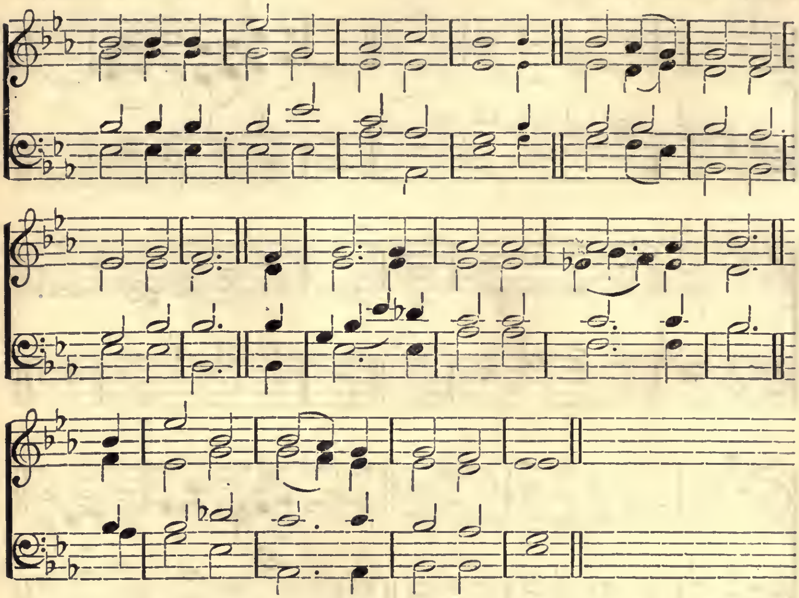
CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are fill'd;
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

O then with hymns of praise
These hallow'd courts shall ring,
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
That glorious name.

Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are call'd away.

248. IMPROMPTU. L. M. P. R. MACLAGAN, MUS. DOC.



JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

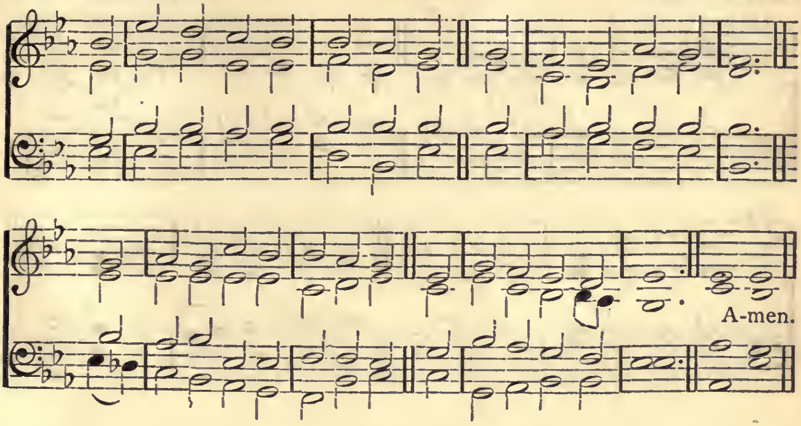
Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

249. St. Peter.

C.M.

A. R. Reinagle.



Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display:
As Thou hast given a place for prayer
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

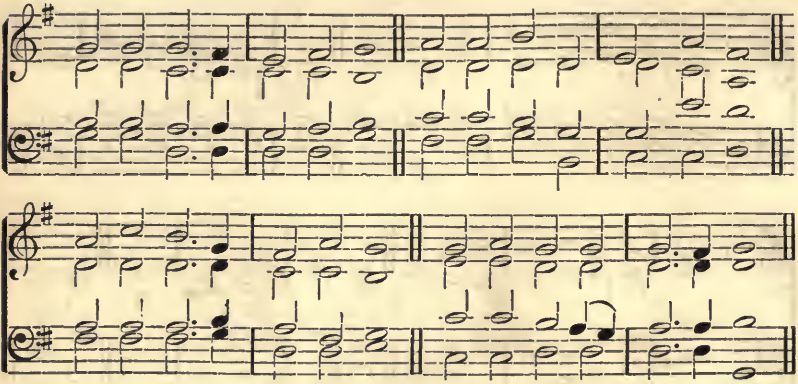
May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow. Amen.

250 St. Bees.

7.7.7.7.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



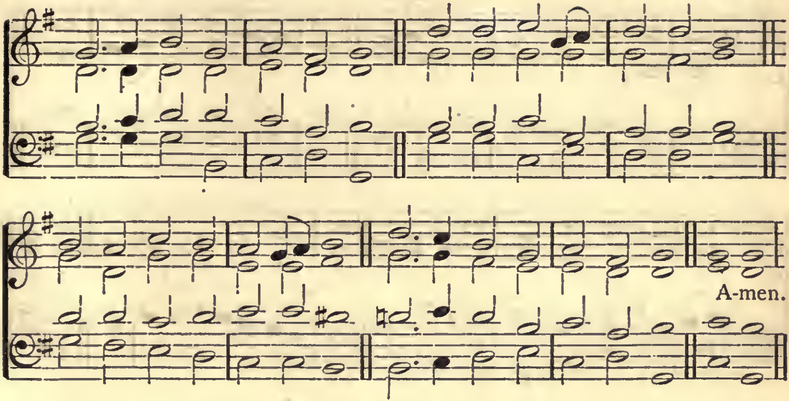
Lord of hosts! to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer!

Let the living here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest!

Here may this Thy temple stand
While the sea shall gird the land!
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure!

Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply!
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end!

251. REDHEAD. 7.7.7.7. ANCIENT MELODY.



SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armor bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurl'd;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

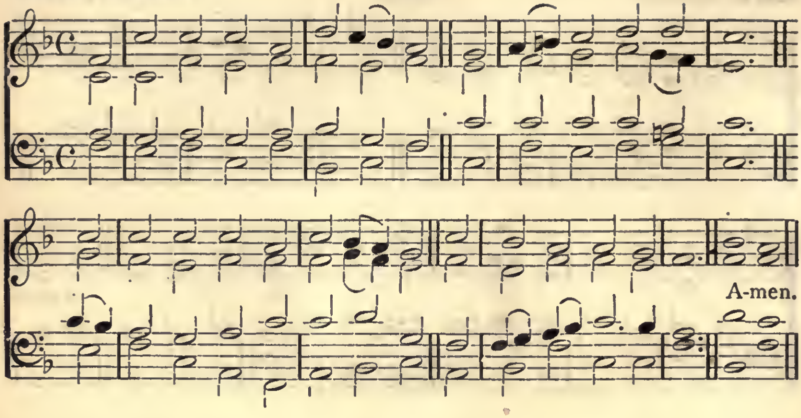
Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless; seek the stray'd;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God array'd,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurl'd,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord. Amen.

252. ST. GEORGE. C.M.

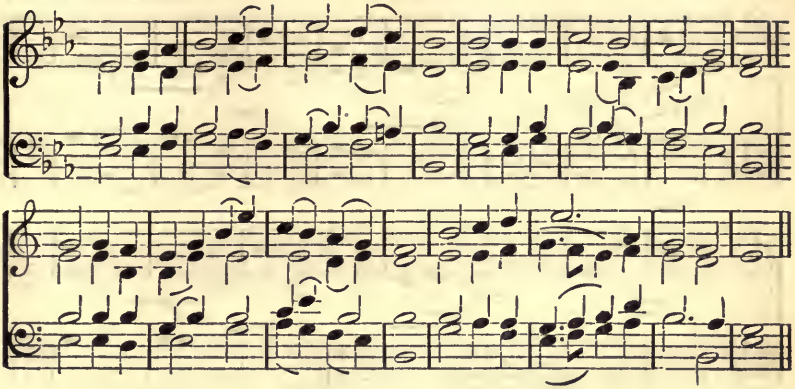


SALVATION! oh! the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears!

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace Divine,
To see a heavenly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound! Amen.

253. DUKE ST. L.M.



JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head:
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

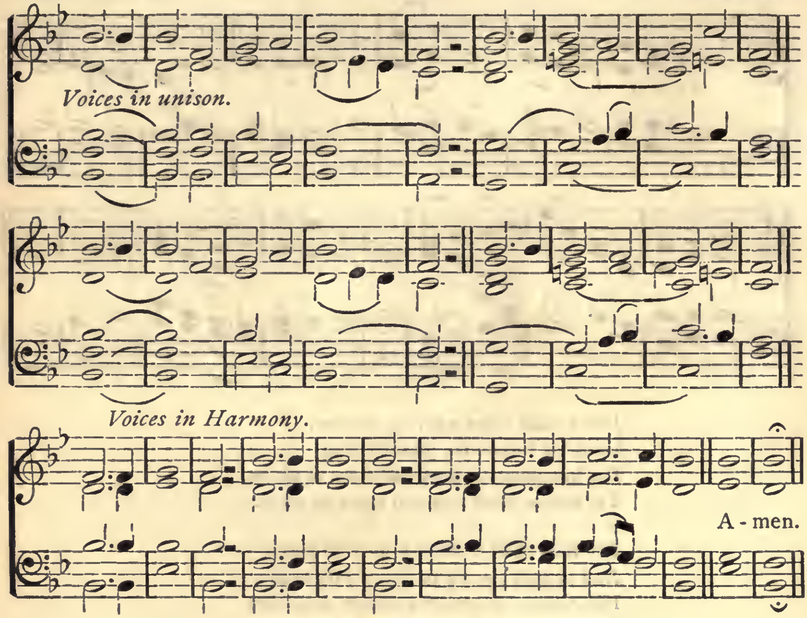
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen!

254. Gilbert. 8.7.8.7.8.7. W. B. Gilbert Mus. Bac.



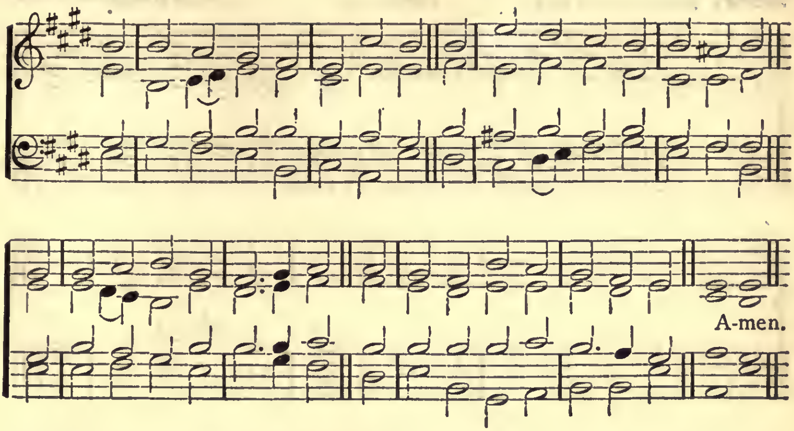
Souls in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew—
Thousand voices
Call us, o'er the waters blue.

Christians, hearken! None has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us when we stand
In the judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten;
Light of nations! lead us o'er:
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before. Amen.

255. Melcombe. L.M. S. Webbe.



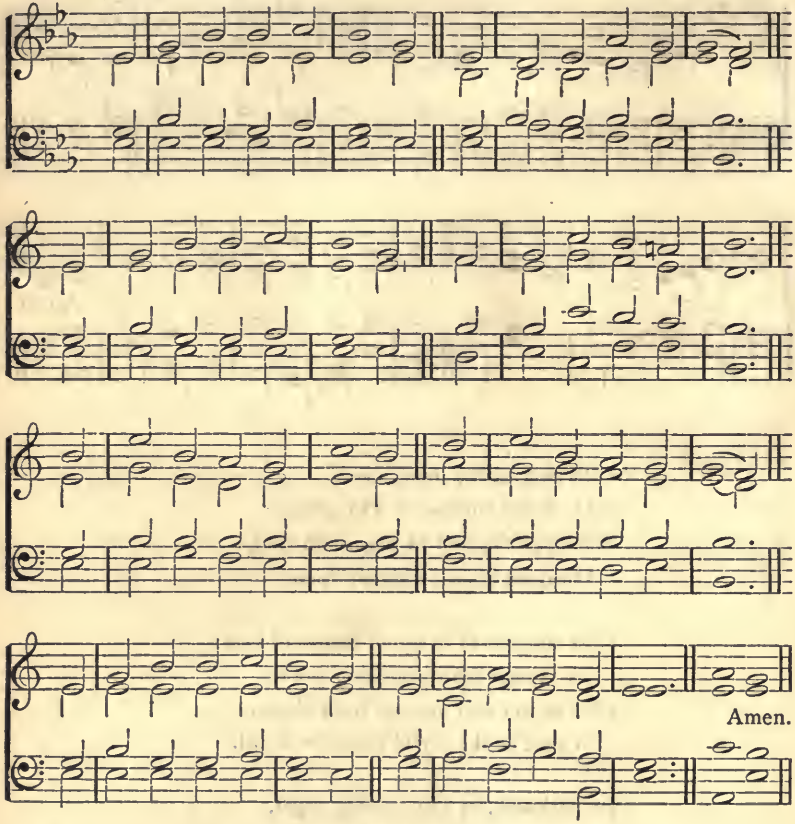
O Spirit of the living God,
  In all the fulness of Thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
  Descend upon our fallen race.

Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love
  To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
  Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,
  Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
  Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations far and nigh,
  The triumphs of the Cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
  Till every kindred call Him Lord. Amen.

256. Missionary Hymn. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc.



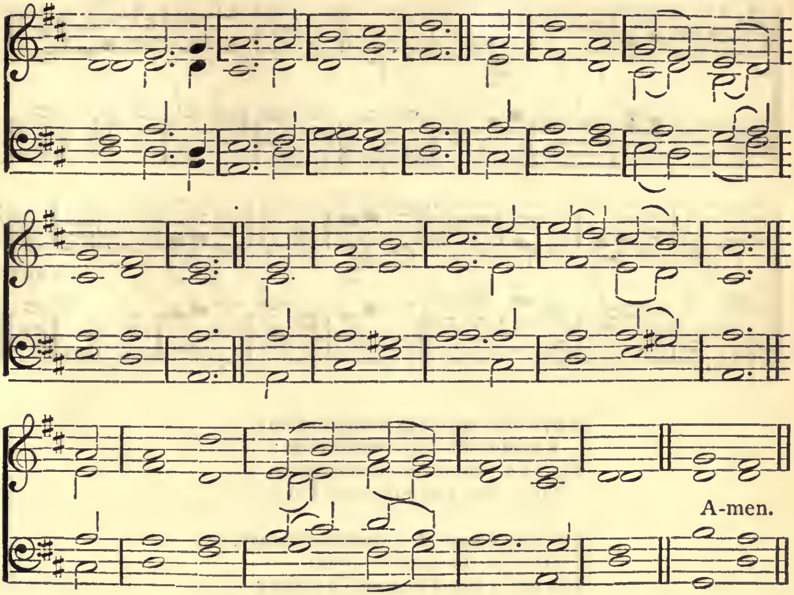
From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

257. TRURO. L.M. DR. BURNEY.



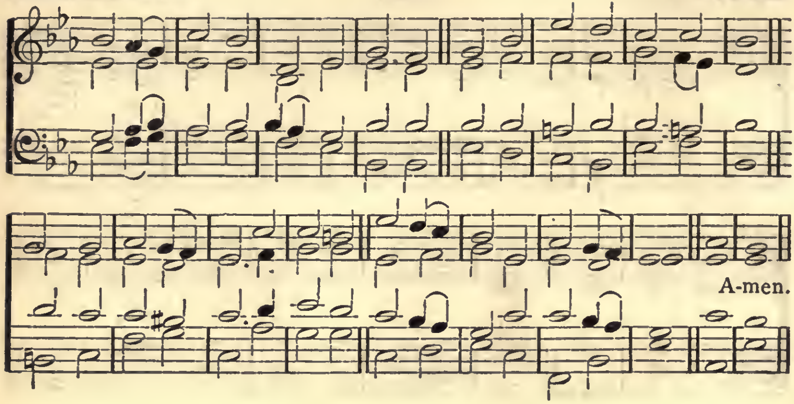
ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

Let Sion's time of favor come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all. Amen.

258. Atonement. 8.7.8.7. G. W. Torrance



Saviour, sprinkle many nations,
  Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations,
  Draw the nations unto Thee.

Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
  Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
  And Thy mercy manifold.

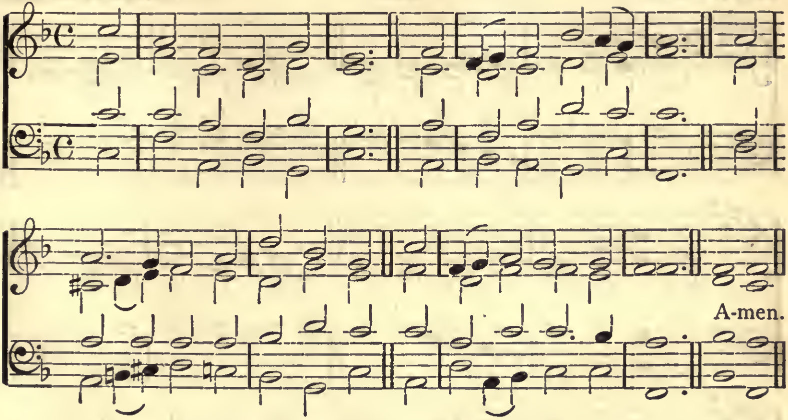
Far and wide, though all unknowing,
  Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
  Human hearts in Thee would rest.

Thirsting as for dews of even,
  As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
  Thee, as man for sinners slain.

Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
  Stretch'd the hand, and strain'd the sight,
For Thy Spirit new creating,
  Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.

Give the word! and of the preacher
  Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
  Glory to the Lamb be sung! Amen.

259. STEGGALL. S.M. DR. STEGGALL.



To bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine:

That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

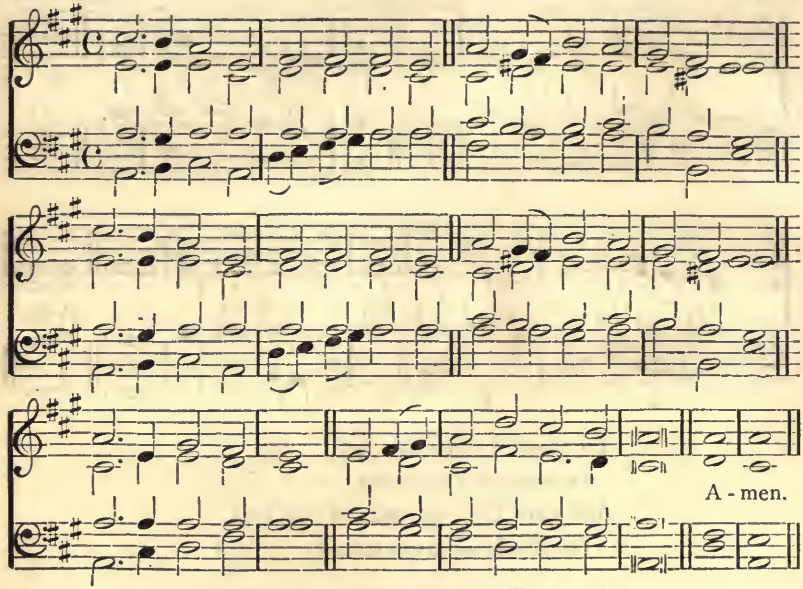
Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.

Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power. A-men.

260. St. Louis.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

W. B. Gilbert.



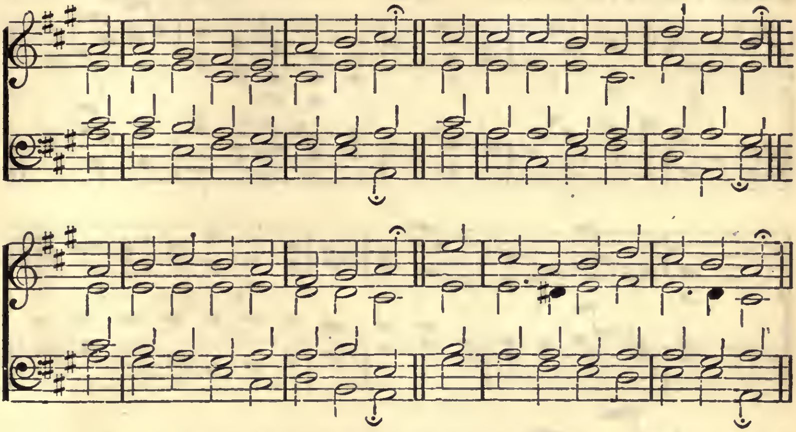
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul! be still,—and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the dark benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole!

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer,—never cease;
May Thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around. Amen.

261. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.



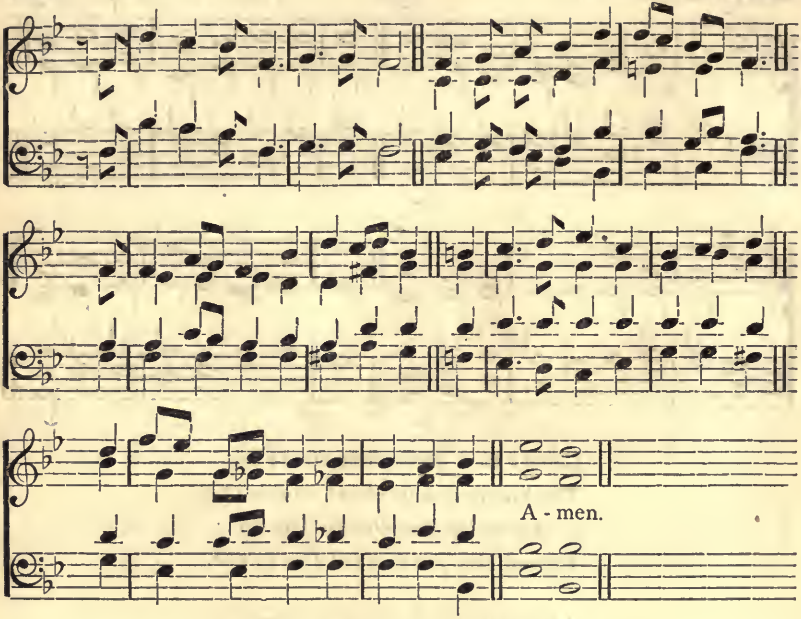
GREAT God, whose universal sway,
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son;
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in His days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from His throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

262. "Uplift the Banner." L.M. J. W. F. Harrison.



Uplift the banner! Let it float
  Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
The sun shall light its shining folds,
  The Cross on which the Saviour died.

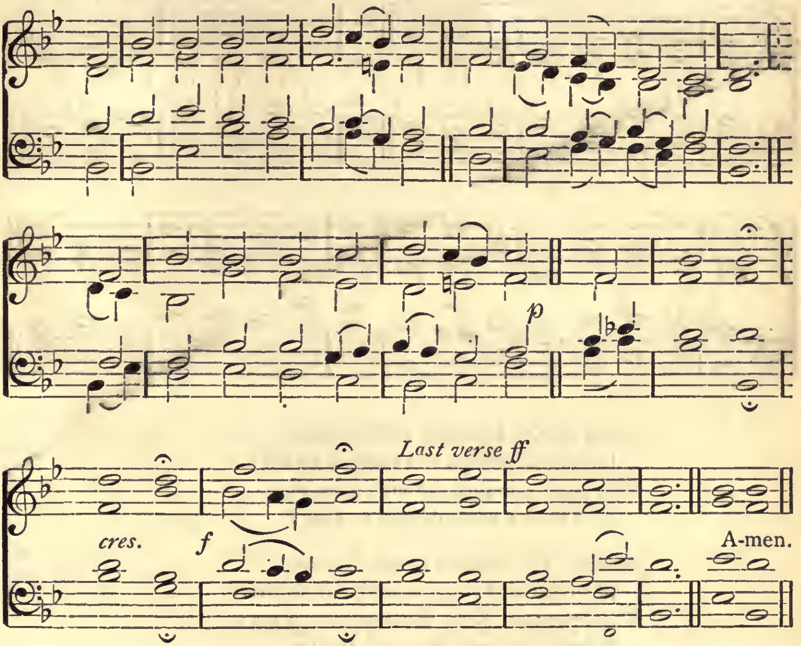
Uplift the banner! Angels bend
  In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
  The wonder of the love Divine.

Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
  Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
  Their spirits kindle in its light.

Uplift the banner! Let it float
  Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide:
Our glory only in the Cross,
  Our only hope the Crucified.

Uplift the banner! wide and high,
  Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
  We conquer only in that sign. Amen.

263. MILE'S LANE. C.M. L. W. SHRUBSOLE.



ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

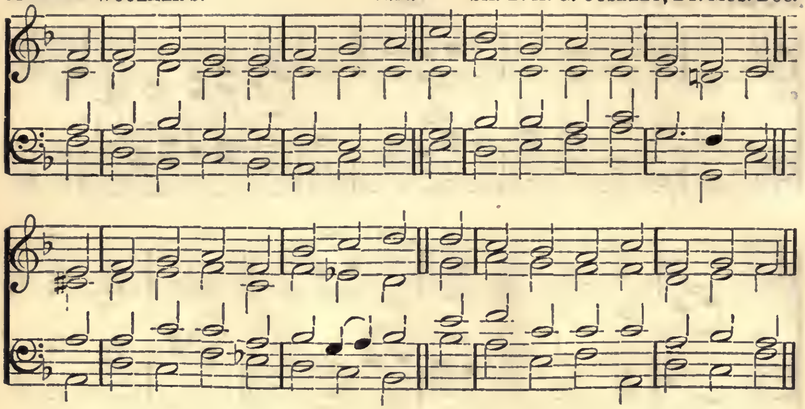
Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every kindred, every tribe,
And all that on Him call,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all! Amen.

264. WOOLMER'S. L.M. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY, BT. MUS. DOC.



HIGH on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song denies to sing?

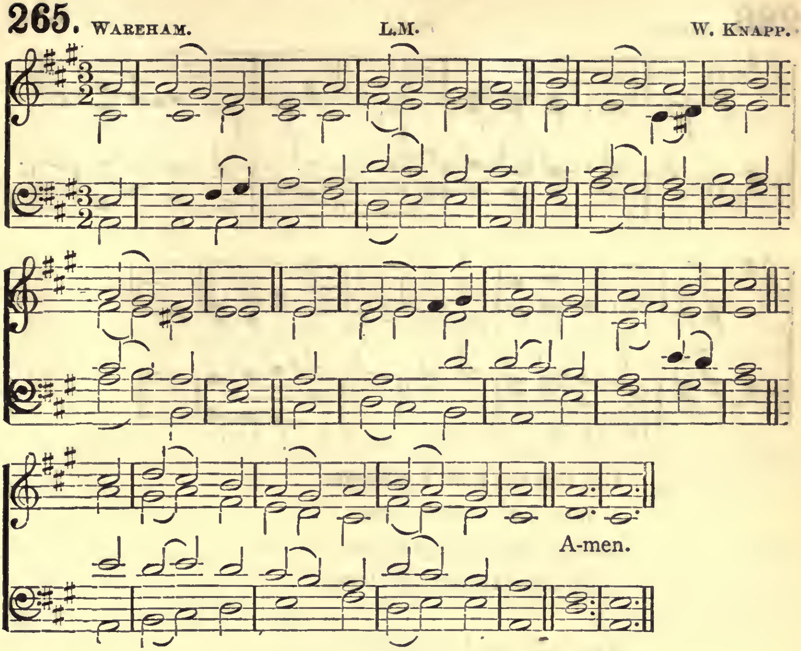
Awake! thy loudest raptures raise:
Let harp and voice unite their strains;
Thy promised King His sceptre sways;
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.

By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

Then why, on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song delays to sing?

265. WAREHAM. L.M. W. KNAPP.



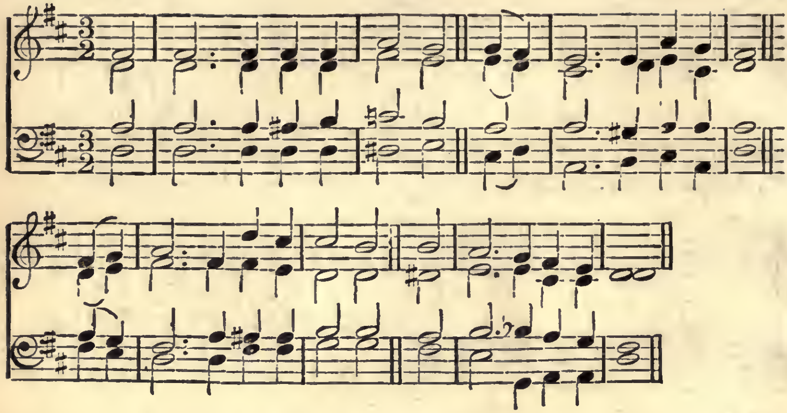
O WHY should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
  Still roam the scorning world around;
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd,
  Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground ?

O God of Israel, view their race ;
  Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
  To hail in Christ their promised King.

The veil of darkness rend in twain,
  Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive-branch again
  To its own parent stock unite.

Haste, glorious day, expected long,
  When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise
With eager feet one temple throng,
  One God with grateful rapture praise.

266. EDEN. 7.6.7.6. ADAM.



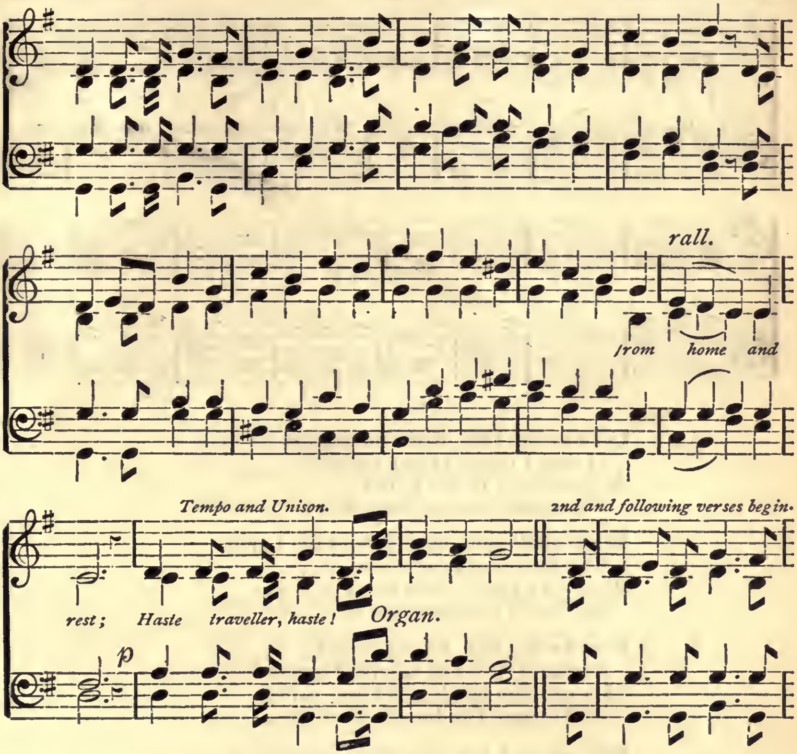
OH, that the Lord's salvation
  Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
  To lead His outcasts home!

How long the holy city
  Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
  Re-build her walls again.

Let fall Thy rod of terror;
  Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
  Release the fetter'd heart.

Let Israel, home returning,
  Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
  And bind Thy Church to Thee.

267. HASTE. P.M. G. F. HARDWICKE.



HASTE, traveller, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest;
Haste, traveller, haste!

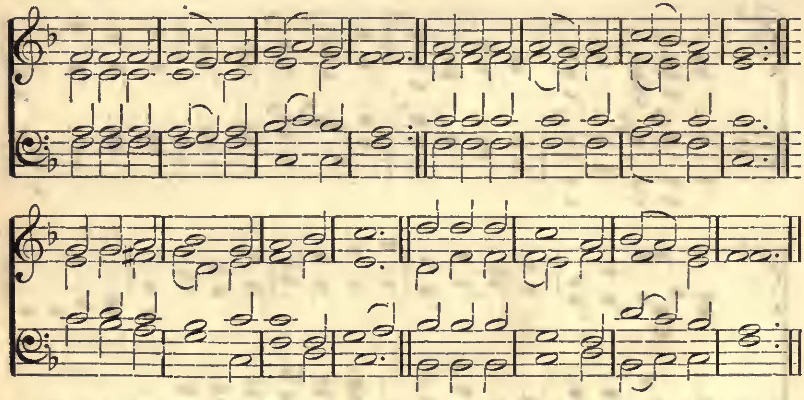
O far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way;
And Christ the Light, thy setting Sun,
Sinks ere thy morning is begun;
Haste, traveller, haste!

Awake, awake! pursue thy way
With steady course, while yet 'tis day;
While thou art sleeping on the ground,
Danger and darkness gather round;
Haste, traveller, haste!

The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, no refuge near;
Haste, traveller, haste!

O yes! a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain,
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come;
Haste, traveller, haste!

268. Hursley. L.M. Old Tune.



O that my load of sin were gone!
  O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
  To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
  The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, Thou know'st I am;
  Yet still I cannot come to Thee.

Rest for my soul I long to find;
  Saviour! (if mine indeed Thou art,)
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
  And stamp Thy image on my heart!

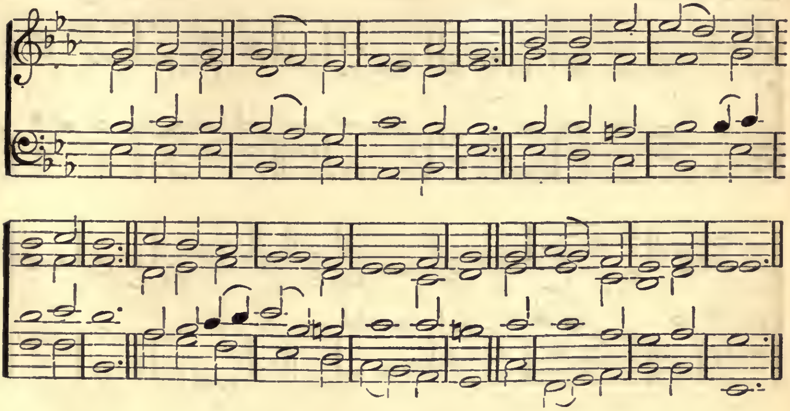
Fain would I learn of Thee, my God,
  Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
  The labour of Thy dying love.

This moment would I take it up,
  And after my dear Master bear;
With Thee ascend to Calvary's top,
  And bow my head and suffer there.

I would; but Thou must give the power,
  My heart from every sin release:
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
  And fill me with Thy perfect peace!

Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
  Nor let Thy chariot-wheels delay:
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
  My God, my Saviour, come away!

269. TRUST. P.M. REV. G. W. TORRANCE.



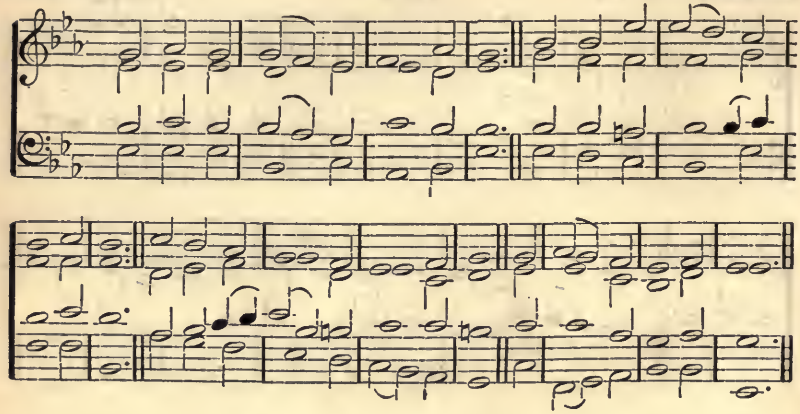
JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love or joy or inward grace
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

Burden'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
Christ brings relief to hearts opprest;
O weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but worthless dross;
His grace o'erpays all earthly loss;
O needy sinner, come.

Come hither! bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come!

270. TRUST. 8.8.8.6. REV. G. W. TORRANCE.



JUST as I am,—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

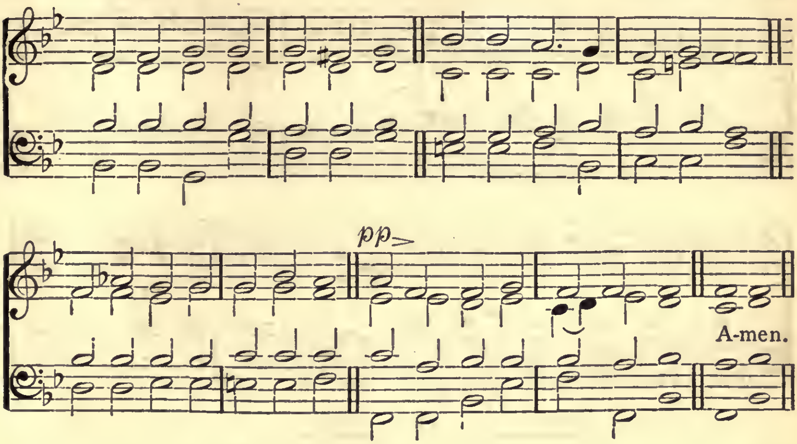
Just as I am,—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

271. BUTTERBY. 7.7.7.7. REV. J. B. DYKES.



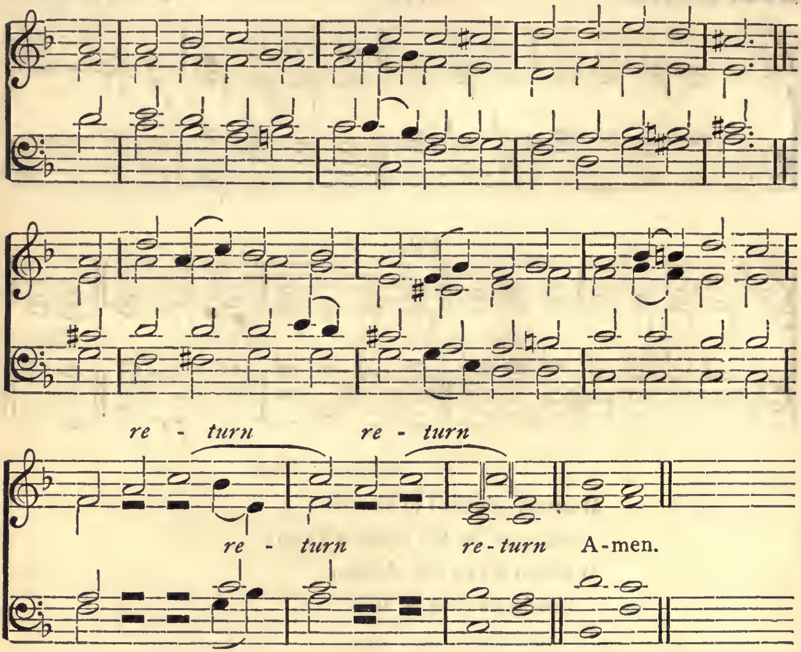
HASTEN, sinner! to be wise;
  Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
  Harder is it to be won.

Hasten, mercy to implore;
  Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
  Ere this evening's stage be run.

Hasten, sinner! now return;
  Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
  Ere salvation's work is done.

Hasten, sinner! to be blest;
  Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
  Ere the morrow is begun. Amen.

272. Prodigal. 8.6.8.6.4. J. W. F. Harrison.



Return, O wanderer, to thy home;
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.
Return! Return!

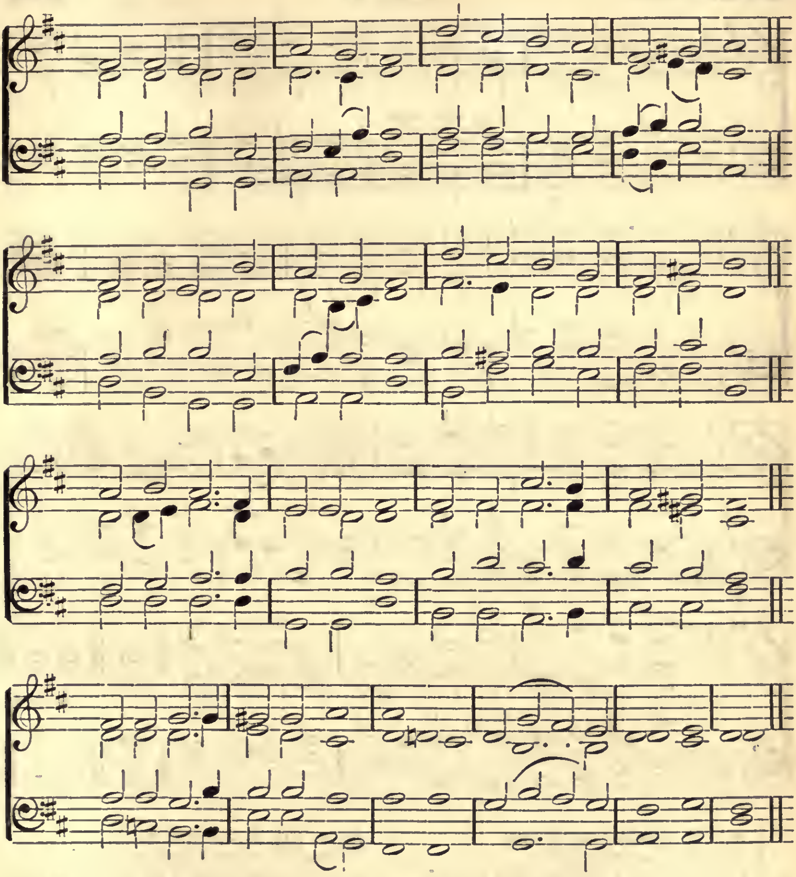
Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
"The Spirit and the Bride say Come,"
Oh, now for refuge flee!
Return! Return!

Return, O wanderer, to thy home;
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
Return! Return! Amen.

273.

7's. (Double.)

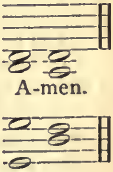
REV. J. B. DYKES.



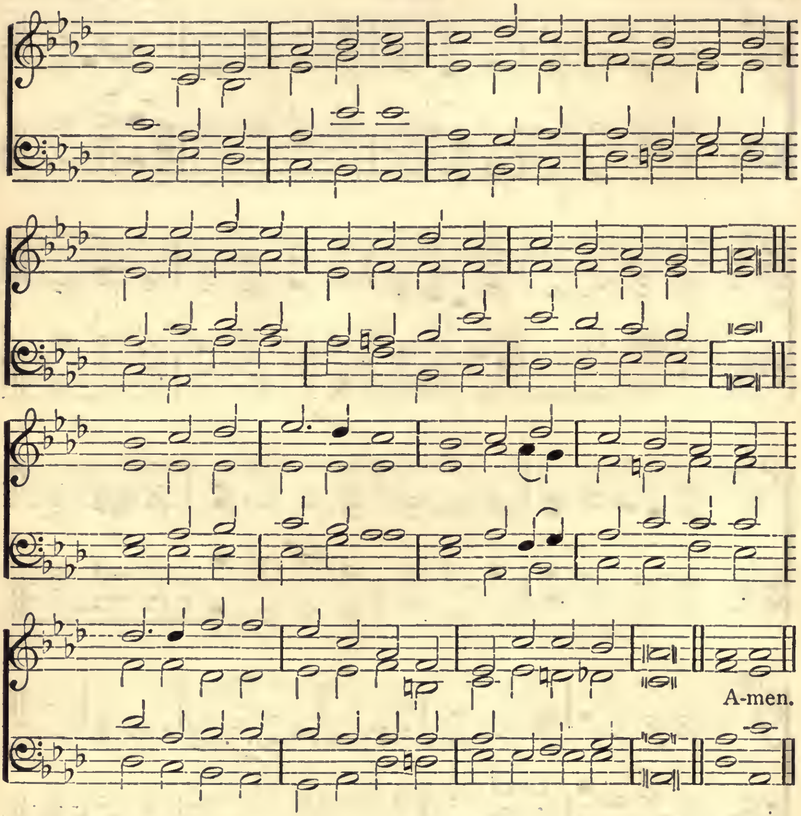
SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live:
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of His own hands:
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live,
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace His love:
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die? Amen.



274. HEBRON. D.S.M.



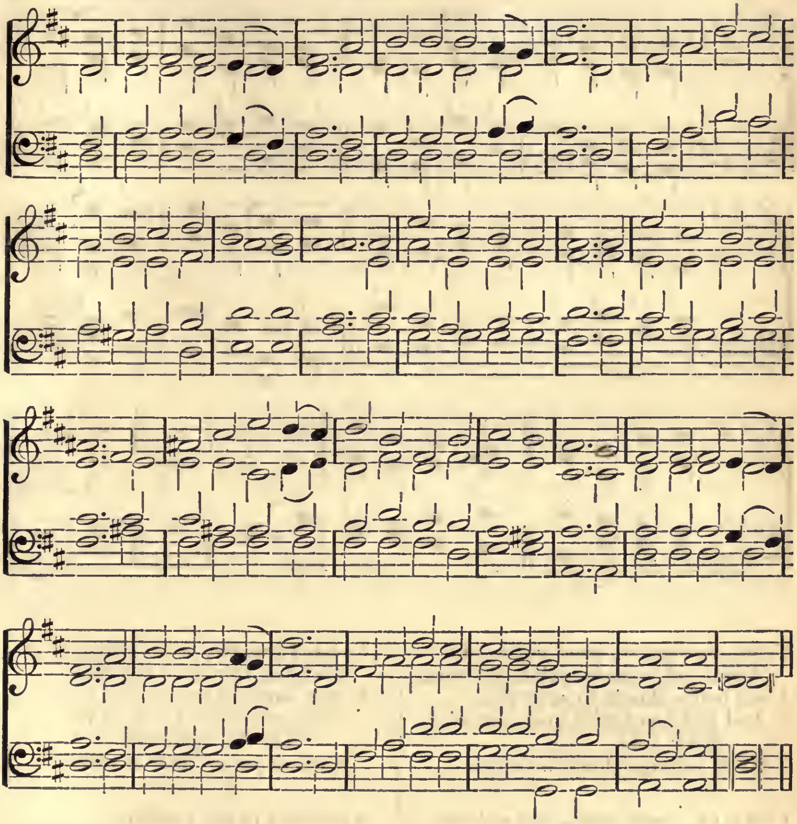
I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul.
'Twas He that wash'd me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controll'd;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferr'd to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home. Amen.

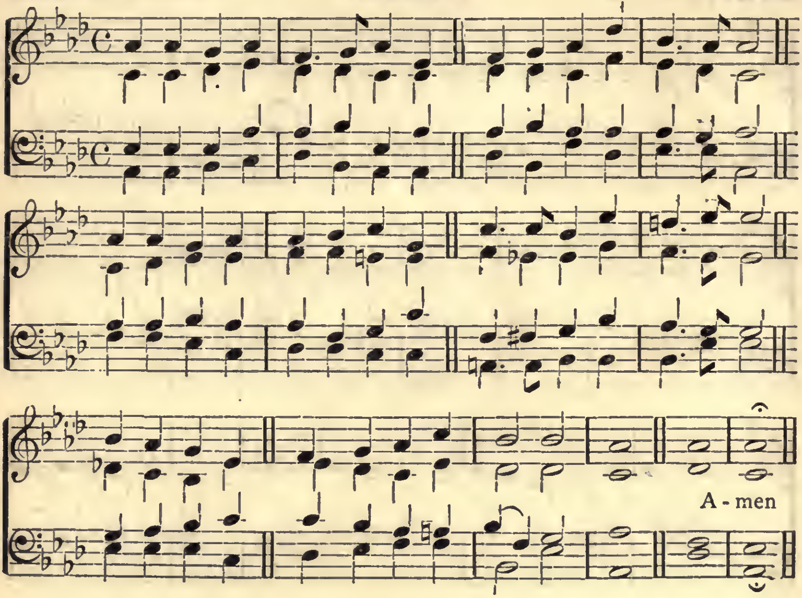
275. CRUCIFIXUS. 6.6.6.6.6.6. (D.) ANON.



CLING to the Crucified:
His death is life to thee,
Life for eternity.
His pains thy pardon seal;
His stripes thy bruises heal;
His Cross proclaims thy peace,
Bids every sorrow cease.
His blood is all to thee,
It purges thee from sin;
It sets thy spirit free,
It keeps thy conscience clean.
Cling to the Crucified.

Cling to the Crucified:
His is a heart of love,
Vast as the heavens above;
Its depths of sympathy
Are all awake for thee:
His countenance is light,
Even in the darkest night.
That love shall never change,
That light shall ne'er grow dim;
Charge thou thy faithless heart
To find its all in Him.
Cling to the Crucified.

276. St. Raphael. 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. Hopkins.



Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
  Weak and wounded, sick and sore.
Jesus ready stands to save you,
  And His heart with love runs o'er:
    He is able,
  He is willing: doubt no more.

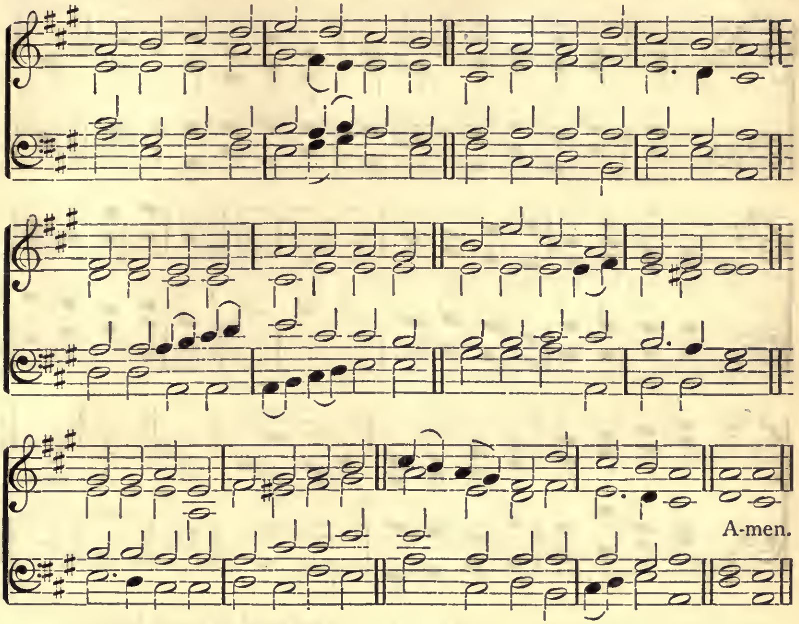
Come, ye needy, come, and welcome,
  God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
  Every grace that brings you nigh,
    Without money,
  Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
  Lost and ruin'd by the fall,
If you tarry till you're purer,
  Your will never come at all:
    Not the righteous,
  Sinners Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the garden,
  You Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
  Hear Him cry before He dies
    "It is finish'd!"
  Sinners, will not this suffice?

Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
  Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on him—venture wholly,
  Let no other trust intrude;
    None but Jesus
  Can do helpless sinners good. Amen.

277. ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN. 8.7.8.7.8.7.



JESUS, Lord, we kneel before Thee :
  Bend from heav'n Thy gracious ear :
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
  Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
    By Thy mercy,
  O deliver us good Lord!

Taught by Thine unerring Spirit,
  Boldly we draw nigh to God!
Only in Thy spotless merit,
  Only through Thy precious blood :
    By Thy mercy,
  O deliver us, good Lord!

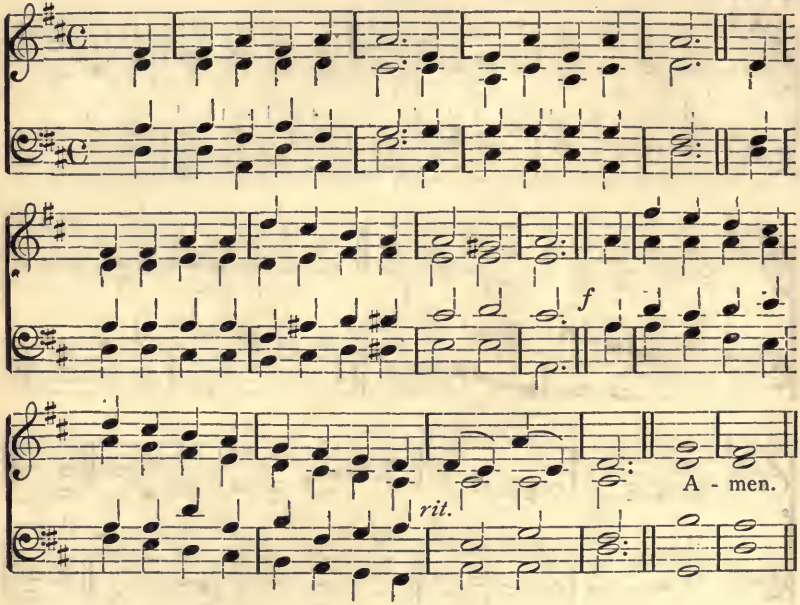
From the depth of nature's blindness,
  From the hard'ning power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
  From the pride that lurks within,
    By Thy mercy,
  O deliver us, good Lord!

When temptation sorely presses,
  In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
  In each dark and trying hour,
    By Thy mercy,
  O deliver us, good Lord!

In the weary night of sickness,
  In the throes of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
  When the creature's help is vain;
    By Thy mercy,
  O deliver us, good Lord!

In the solemn hour of dying,
  In the awful Judgment-day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
  Find Thee still our hope and stay;
    By Thy mercy,
  O deliver us, good Lord! Amen.

278. "Safe Home." 6.6.6.6.8.8. Arthur Sullivan.



Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shatter'd deck,
Torn sails, provision short,
And only not a wreck;
But oh, the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er!

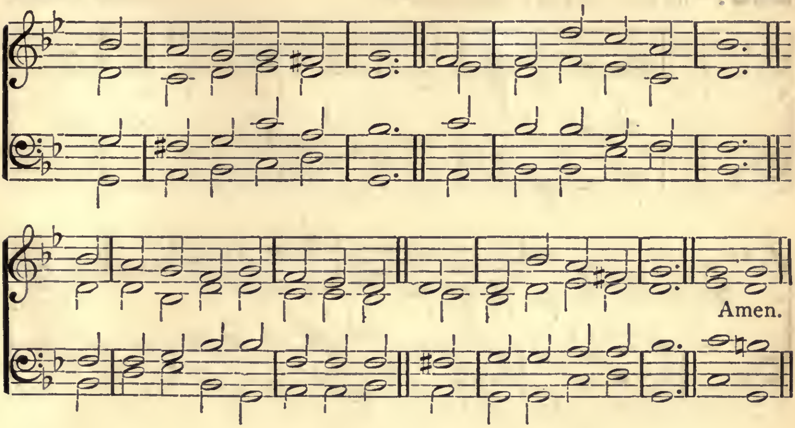
The prize, the prize secure!
The warrior nearly fell;
Bore all he could endure,
And bore not always well.
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

No more the foe can harm;
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he fail'd—
How nearly had that foe prevail'd!

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penn'd;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home!—
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins and doubts and fears!
What matter now, when (so men say)
The king has wiped those tears away?
Amen.

279. Aston. S.M. J. Heywood.



Out of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I fall,
Be merciful to me;

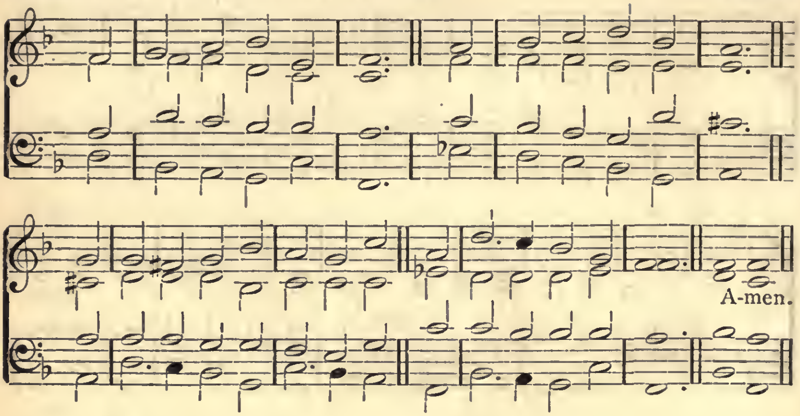
Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious Name.

Lord there is mercy now,
As ever was with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow,
Be merciful to me! Amen.

280. "We give Thee but Thine own." S.M.

E. H. Thorne.



We give Thee but Thine own,
What'er the gift may be :
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

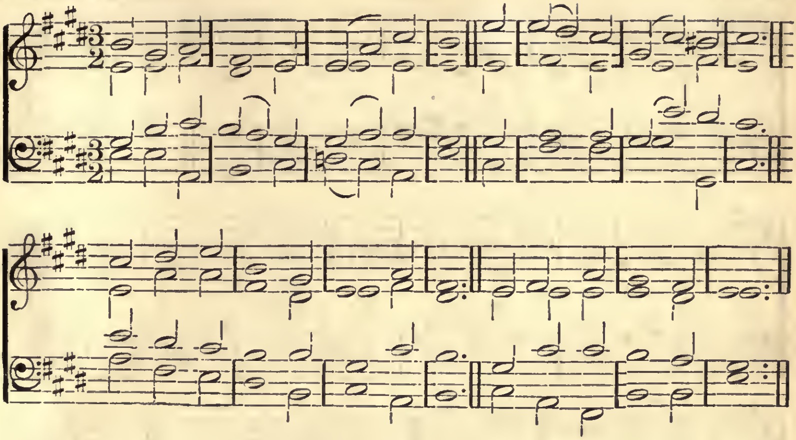
O ! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be ;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

281. ARMAGH. C.M. J. TURLE.



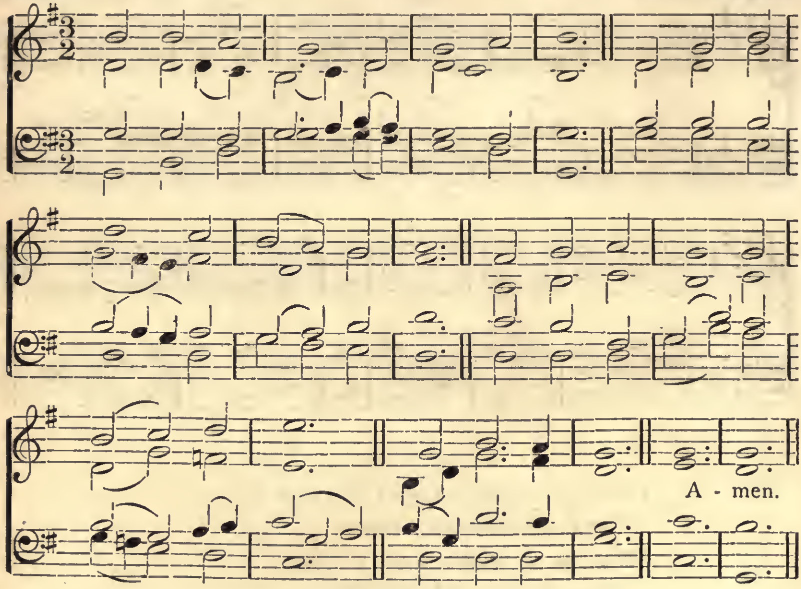
FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
 Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
 When all the worlds are Thine?

But Thou hast needy brethren here,
 Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
 Before Thy Father's face.

In their sad accents of distress
 Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
 And visited, and cheer'd.

Thy face with reverence and with love
 We in Thy poor would see;
For, while we minister to them,
 We do it Lord, to Thee.

282. ALMSGIVING. 8.8.8.4. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.



O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal airs,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

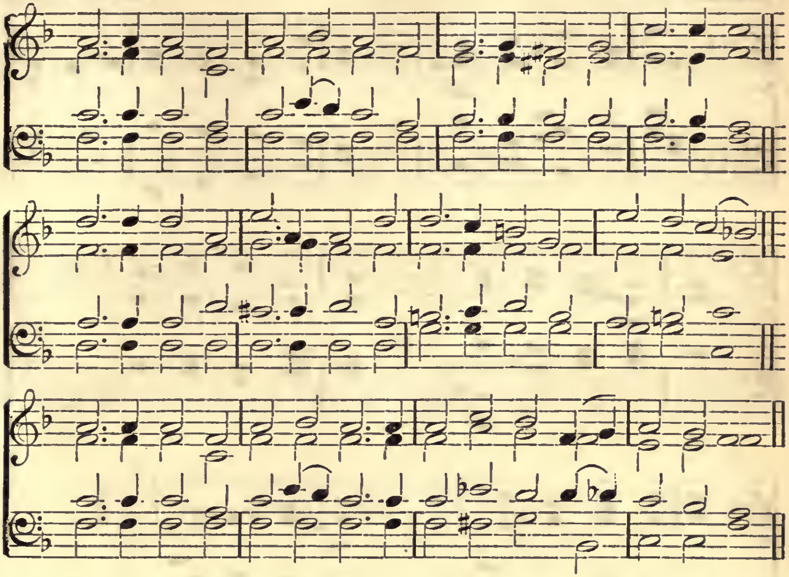
For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly we will give to Thee,
Who givest all.

To thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all. Amen.

283. Messis. 8.7.8.7.7.8. J. W. F. Harrison.



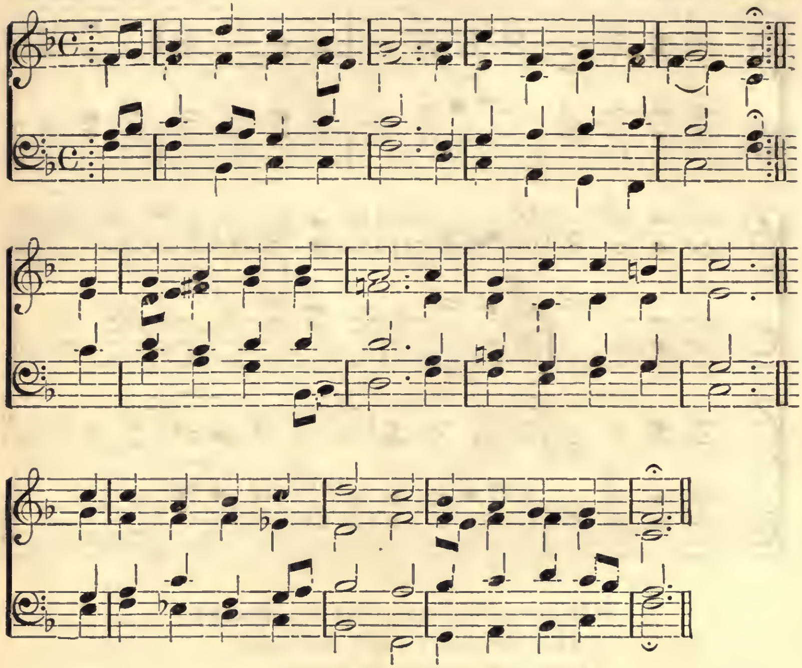
"When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scatter'd ears behind—
This thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

"When thine olive-plants increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er the plain;
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But search not the boughs again—
This thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

"When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens thine autumnal scene;
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean—
So thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless."

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR PEACE.

284. BRUNSWICK. P.M. GERMAN.



LORD God, we worship Thee
In loud and happy chorus
We praise Thy love and power,
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us!
To heaven our song shall soar,
For ever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er;
Lord God, we worship Thee!

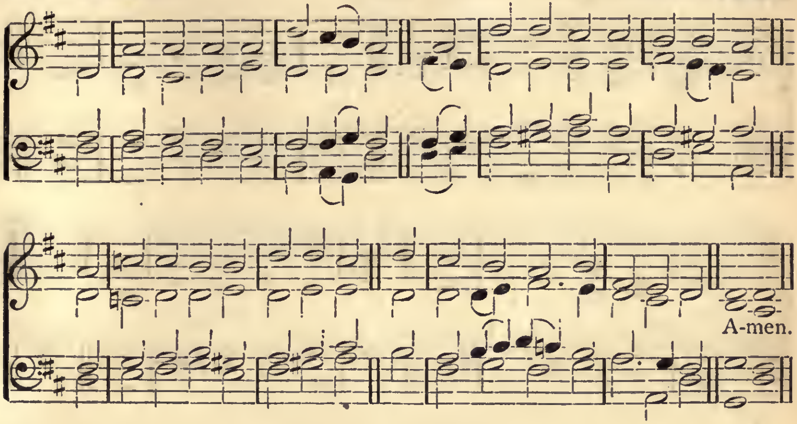
Lord God, we worship Thee!
For Thou our land defendest:
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest;
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

Lord God, we worship Thee!
Thou didst indeed chastise us;
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us;
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:—
Lord God, we worship Thee!

Lord God, we worship Thee!
And pray Thee, who hath blest us,
That we may live in peace,
And none henceforth molest us.
Oh, crown us with Thy love;
Fulfil our cry to Thee;
O Father, grant our prayer;
Lord God, we worship Thee.

AFTER PESTILENCE.

285. St. Oswald. L.M. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



O god whose angel stayed his hand
  Where David knelt by Ornan's floor,
That through Thine Israel's mourning land
  The voice of health might sound once more;

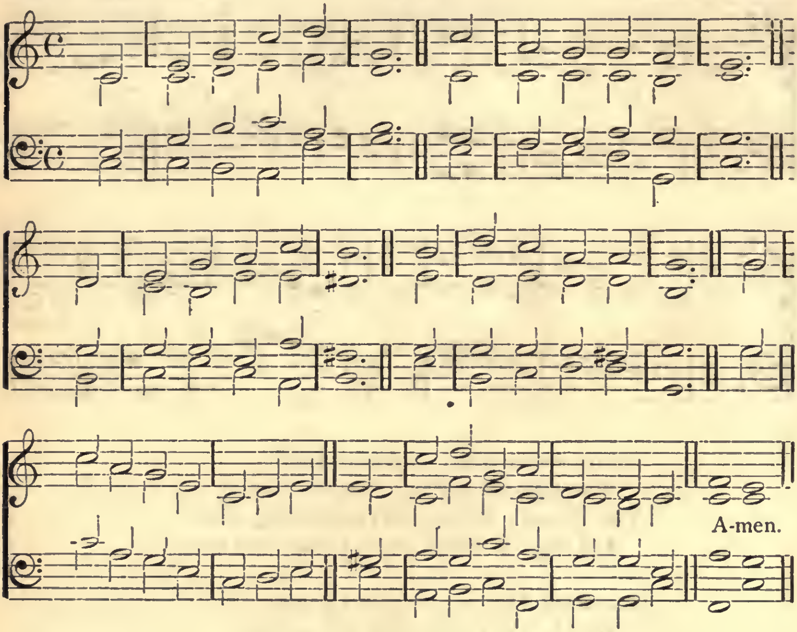
We thank Thee for Thy pitying care,
  Who in Thy chastenings still art love;
With whom the Son of David's prayer
  Prevails upon the Mount above.

Thy wisdom did not spare the rod,
  Sore smiting, as to Thee seem'd best;
But oh! our Father and our God,
  Thou lovest whom Thou chastenest!

And One there stood, when none could save,
  Between the living and the dead,
The incense of His prayer to wave,
  And plead the blood Himself had shed.

The living praise Thee, Lord, to-day:
  Our dear ones on the eternal shore
We leave to Thee; and only pray
  That we may fear and love Thee more. Amen.

286. CHRIST CHURCH. P.M. DR. STEGGALL.



BEFORE the Lord we bow,
  The God who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
  Boundless in power and love;
    Our thanks we bring
      In joy and praise,
      Our hearts we raise
    To heaven's high King.

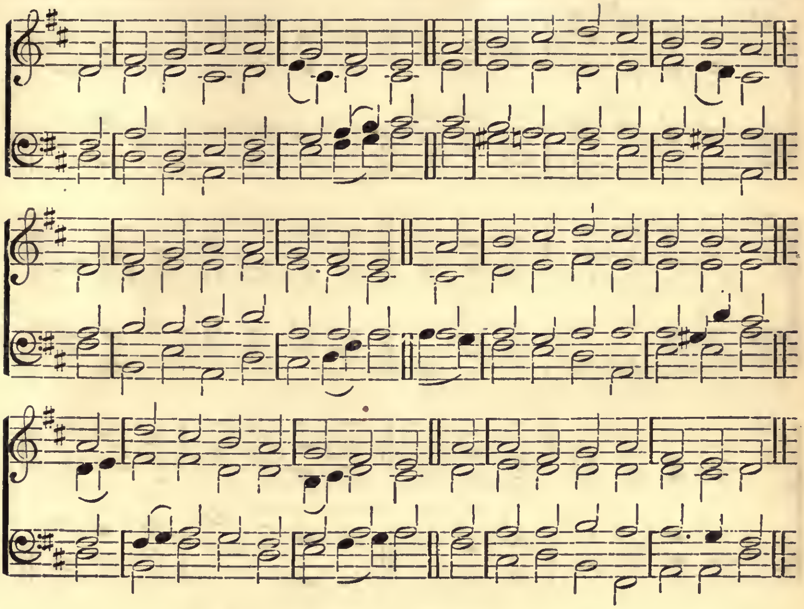
The nation Thou hast blest
  May well Thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
  Protected by Thy care.
    For this fair land,
      For this bright day,
      Our thanks we pay—
    Gifts of thy hand.

May every mountain height,
  Each vale and forest green,
Shine in Thy word's pure light,
  And its rich fruits be seen!
    May every tongue
      Be tuned to praise,
      And join to raise
    A grateful song.

Earth! hear Thy Maker's voice,
  The great Redeemer own,
Believe, obey, rejoice,
  And worship Him alone;
    Cast down Thy pride,
      Thy sin deplore,
      And bow before
    The Crucified.

And when in power He comes,
  O may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
  Send forth a glorious band;
    A countless throng
      Ever to sing
      To heaven's high King
    Salvation's song. Amen.

287. MILAN. 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. H. SCHEIN.



LORD of the harvest! once again
We thank Thee for the ripen'd grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

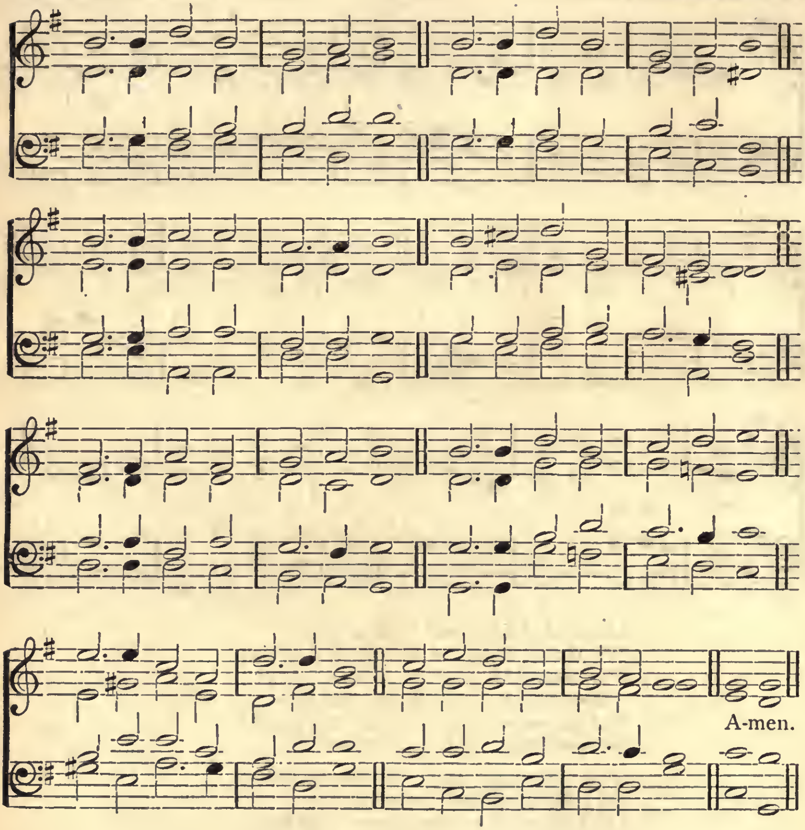
The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnish'd by the King of kings:
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task;
So shall Thine angels issue forth;
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
Playthings of sun and storm no more,
Be gather'd to their Father's store.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed;
Supply our fainting spirits' need!
O Bread of Life! from day to day,
Be Thou their comfort, food, and stay!

HARVEST.

288. St. George's (Windsor.) 7's D. Sir George Elvey, Mus. Doc.



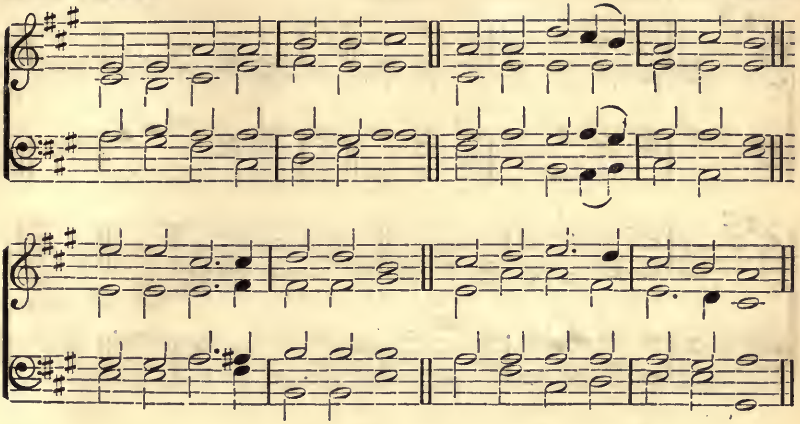
Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter-storm begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own Temple, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

What is earth but God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield?
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
Ripening with a wondrous power,
Till the final Harvest-Hour;
Grant, O Lord of Life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

For we know that Thou wilt come,
And wilt take Thy people home;
From Thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
And Thine angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In Thy garner evermore.

Come then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home!
Let Thy saints be gather'd in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin:
All upon the golden floor
Praising Thee for evermore:
Come, with thousand angels come;
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home! Amen.

289. Hart's. 7.7.7.7 Hart.



Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

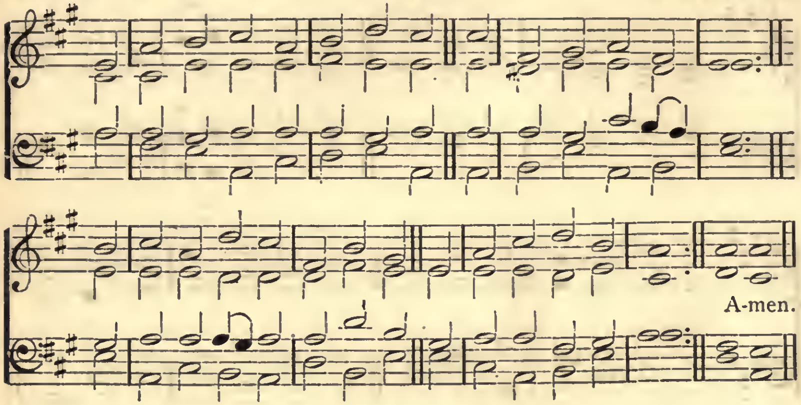
For the blessings of the field;
For the store the gardens yield;
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

Clouds that drop refreshing dews;
Suns that genial heat diffuse;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:

All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From its overflowing stores:

These, great God, to Thee we owe,
Source, whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

290. ST. JAMES. C.M. R. COURTEVILLE.



FATHER of mercies, God of love,
  Whose gifts all creatures share,
The rolling seasons as they move
  Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
  The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
  And sent the early rain.

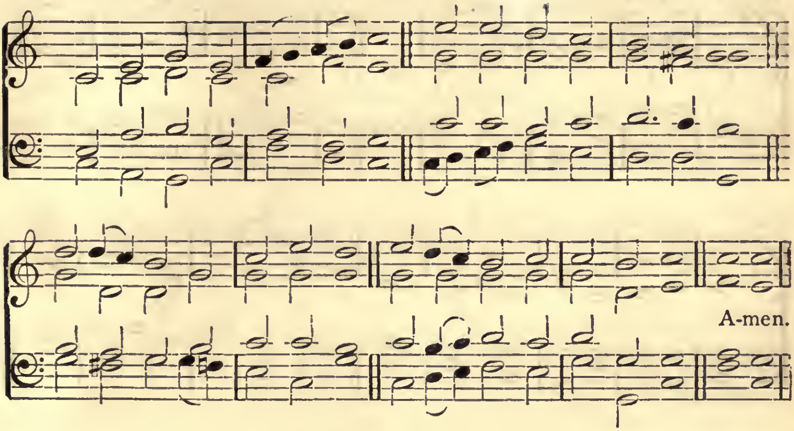
The spring's sweet influence Lord, was Thine,
  The seasons knew Thy call;
Thou mad'st the summer sun to shine,
  The summer dews to fall.

Thy gifts of mercy from above
  Matured the swelling grain;
And now the harvest crowns Thy love,
  And plenty fills the plain.

Oh, ne'er may our forgetful hearts
  O'erlook Thy bounteous care;
But what our Father's hand imparts
  Still own in praise and prayer.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
  The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
  And shall be evermore. Amen.

291. MONKLAND. 7.7.7.7. ARR. BY J. WILKES.



PRAISE, O praise, our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing,
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run,
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

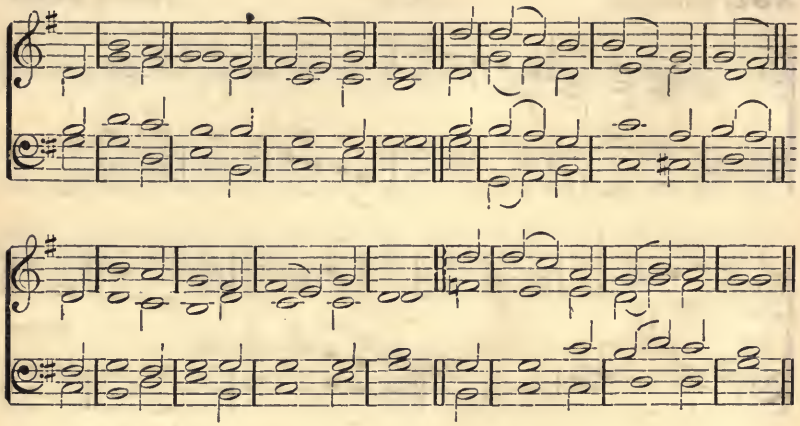
Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain,
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him for our harvest-store;
He hath fill'd the garner floor
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in one!
Amen.

292. Belmont. C.M. S. Webbe.



O Fount of Mercy, God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When 'neath the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

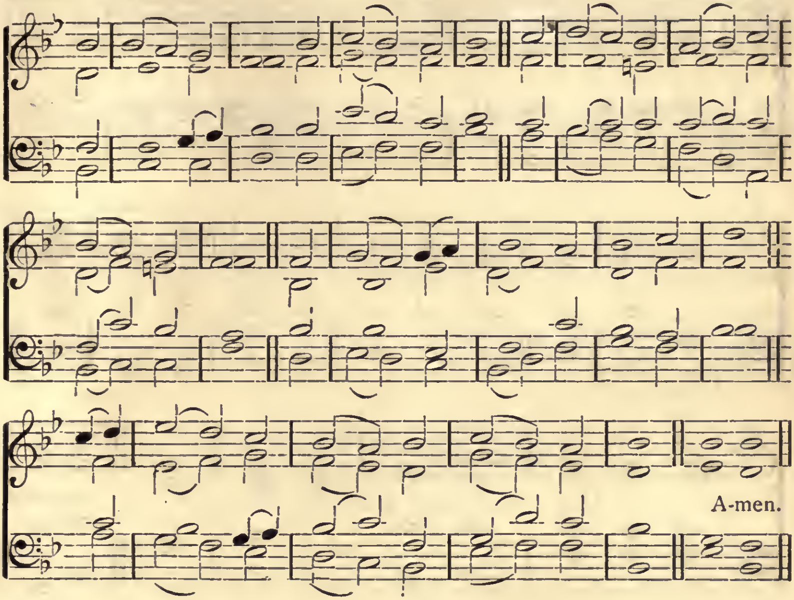
The spring's sweet influence was Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Then let him not forget to own
From whom his blessings flow!

O Fount of love! our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise:
And all created nature join,
In sweet harmonious praise!

293. WAREHAM. L.M. W. KNAPP.



IT is the Lord: behold His hand
That holds on high a chastening rod:
A warning whisper thrills the land,
"Be still, and know that I am God."

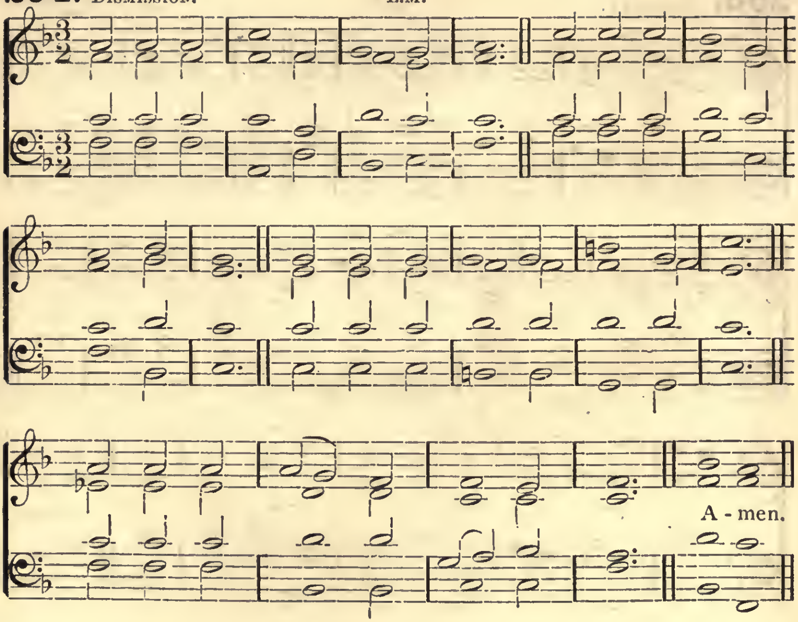
Shall we, like guilt-struck Adam, hide
In darkest shade our conscious fears?
For who His coming may abide?
Or who shall stand, when He appears?

No; let us throng around His seat:
No; let us meet Him face to face;
Prostrate our spirits at His feet,
Confess our sins, and sue for grace.

Who knows but God will hear our cries,
Turn swift destruction from our path,
Restrain His judgments, or chastise
In tender mercy, not in wrath?

He will, He will, for Jesus pleads;
Let heaven and earth such love record;
For us, for us, He intercedes:
Our help is nigh, that help the Lord. Amen.

294. Dismission. L.M.



O God of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful men restrain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

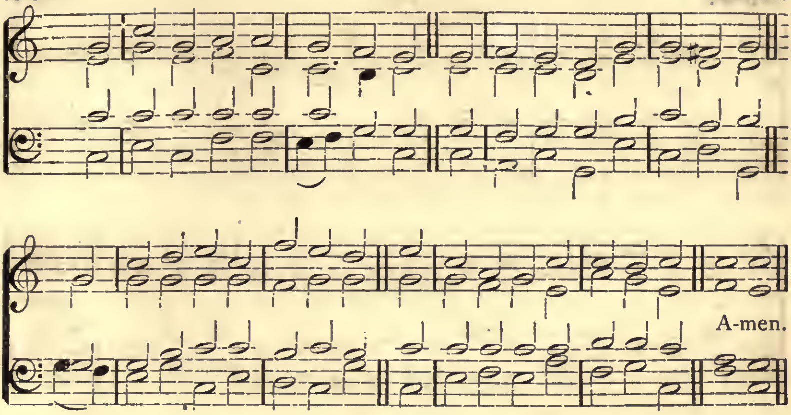
Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again. Amen.

295.

C.M. **Redhead.**



Almighty Lord, before Thy throne
  Thy mourning people bend,
For on Thy pardoning grace alone
  Our prostrate hopes depend.

Dire judgments from Thy heavy hand
  Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
  And still we live to pray.

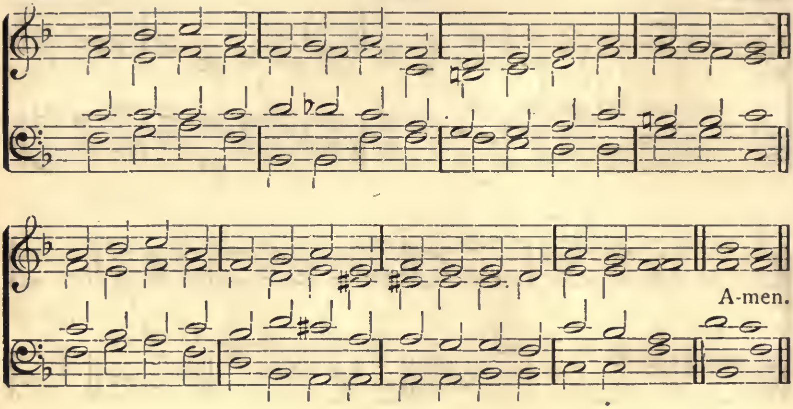
How lost, alas, is truth divine
  In error, guilt, and shame,
While careless thousands, bold in sin,
  Disgrace the Christian name!

O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
  By Thy subduing grace;
So shall our hearts obey Thy word,
  And we shall see Thy face.

If famine, plague, or foes invade,
  We shall not sink in fear,
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
  When Thou, O God, art near. Amen.

296.

8.7.8.7. **St. Jude.**



God, Creator and Preserver;
  God, who feedest man and beast:
God, whose tender mercy careth
  For the weakest and the least;

Shall we not in trustful patience
  Cast our cares upon Thee now?
Shall we not, in meek submission
  To Thy righteous judgments bow?

Though the earth withholds her increase,
  Though the heaven restrains its dew,
Though his hand the reaper fills not,
  Yet we know that Thou art true.

Not in vain the mighty promise
  From beneath the bow of peace
Told us, while the earth remaineth,
  Seed-time, harvest, shall not cease.

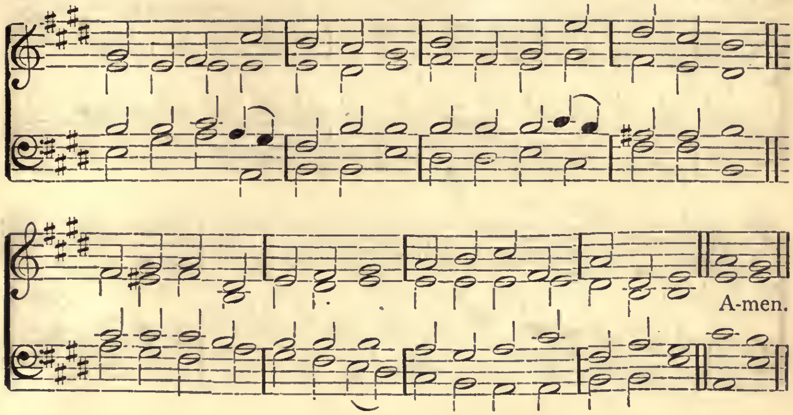
But our sins have stayed Thy blessing;
  Our rebellions drawn Thy sword:
Pity now Thy mourning people,
  Think upon Thy covenant, Lord!

So the sunshine of Thy bounty
  Once again shall dry our tears;
And Thy gracious hand restore us
  All our canker-eaten years! Amen.

297.

7.7.7.7.

J. ADCOCK.



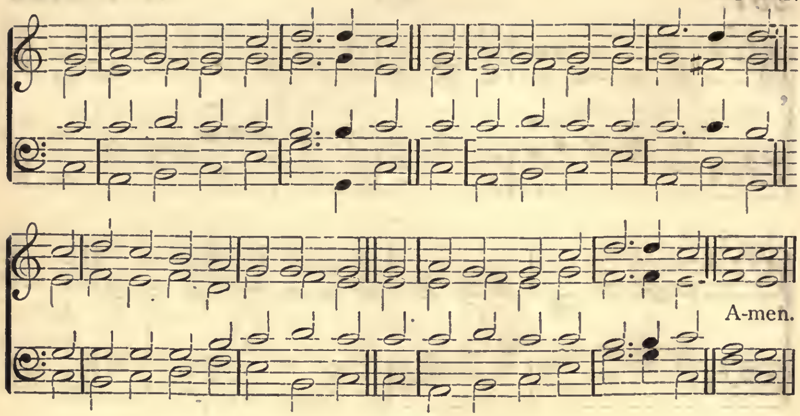
THOU that sendest sun and rain,
Ruling over land and sea,
May we ne'er of Thee complain,
Ne'er whate'er our lot may be.

Whether sun or rain in turn
Ripen or destroy the grain,
May we still this lesson learn—
Ne'er to murmur or complain.

Fewer flocks or fewer herds,
Scanty though our store may be,
Still we seem to hear the words,
"Trust, ye faithful, trust in Me."

All we have we know is Thine,
Thine to give and take away;
Feed us then with food divine,
Feed us this and every day. Amen.

298. REDHEAD. L.M. REDHEAD.



AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay Thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if the last;
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

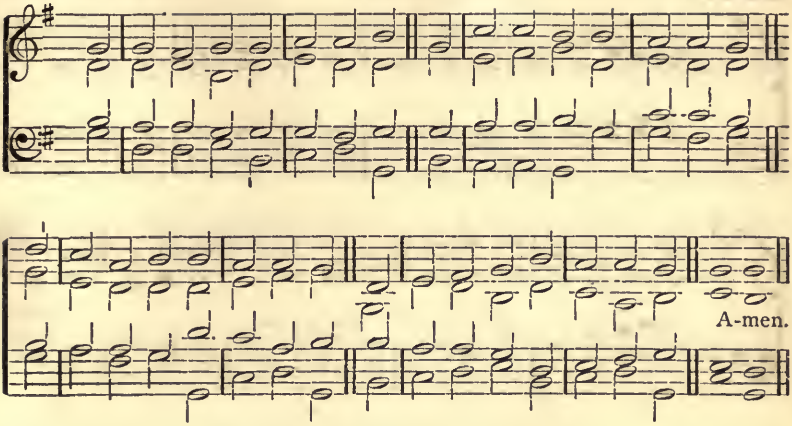
Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to th' eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion me inspire;
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight;
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will—
O, may I never more do ill. Amen.

299. CANON. L.M. TALLIS



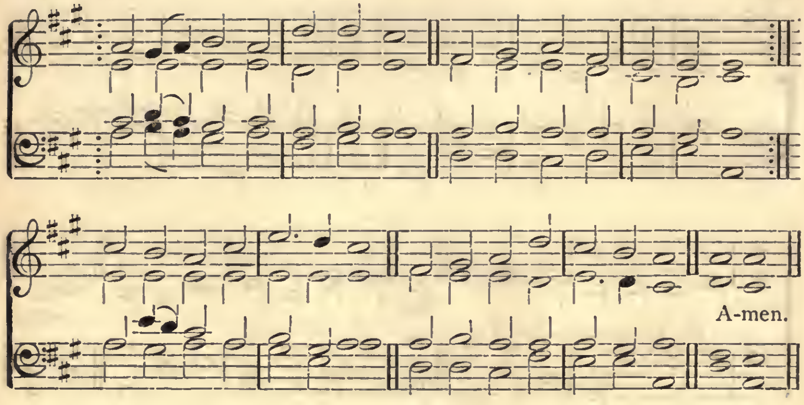
GLORY to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me, while I slept,
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

300. DIX. 7.7.7.7.7.7. DIX.

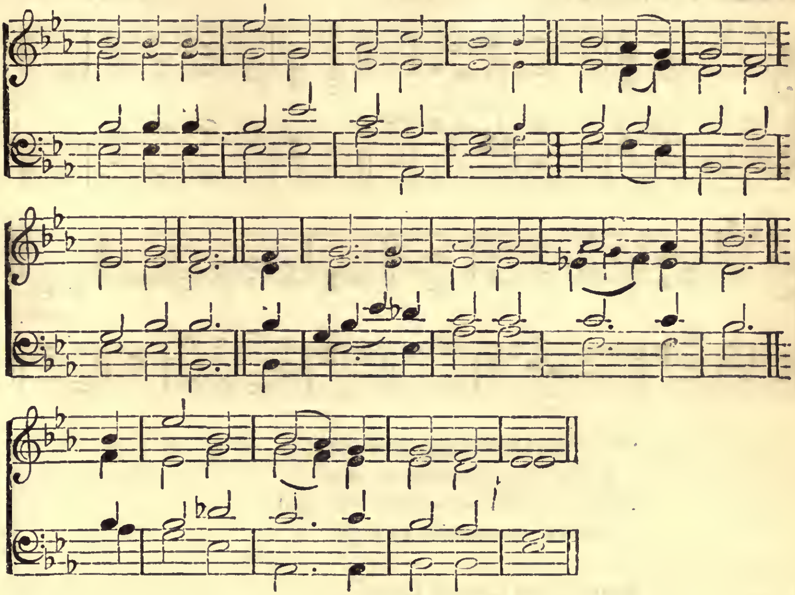


CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
  Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
  Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near!
Day-star, in my heart appear!

Dark and cheerless is the morn
  Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
  Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Cheer my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,
  Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, O Thou Light Divine,
  Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day! Amen.

301. Impromptu. L.M. P. R. Maclagan, Mus. Doc.



New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

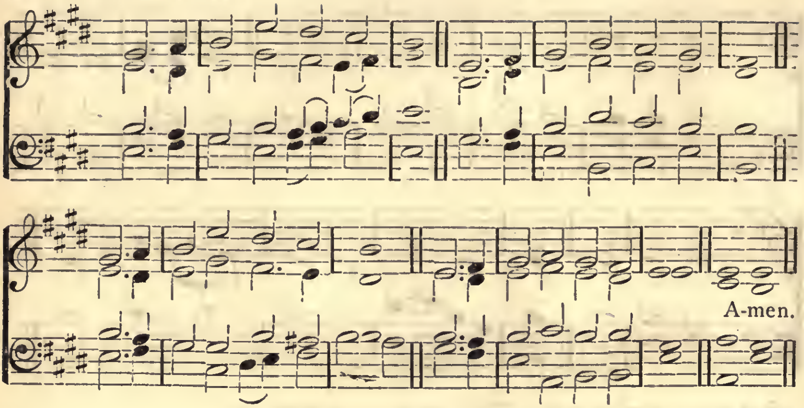
New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find.
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves : a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

302. Holy Innocents. 7.7.7.7.



"See the Day-Spring from afar,
Usher'd by the morning star!"
Haste; to Him who sends the light,
Hallow the remains of night.

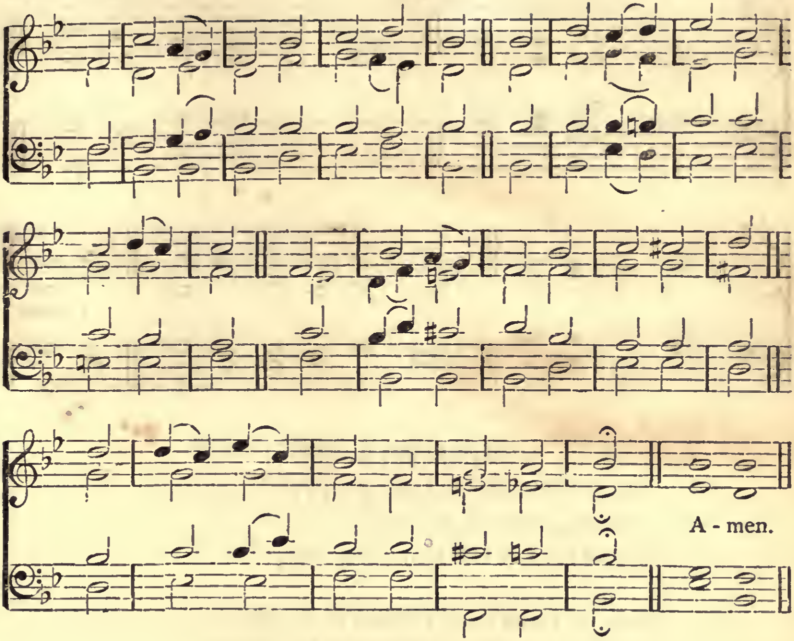
Beam of the Eternal Beam,
He in God, and God in Him!
Strive we Him in us to see,
Transcript of the Deity.

Burst we, then, the bands of death,
Raised by His all-quick'ning breath;
Long we to be loosed from earth
Struggle into second birth.

Tho' the outward man decay,
Formed within us day by day,
Still the inner man we view,
Christ creating all things new.

Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Suffer us no more to stray:
Give us, Lord, and ever give,
Thee to know, in Thee to live. Amen.

303. NAPOLI. L.M. J. W. F. HARRISON.



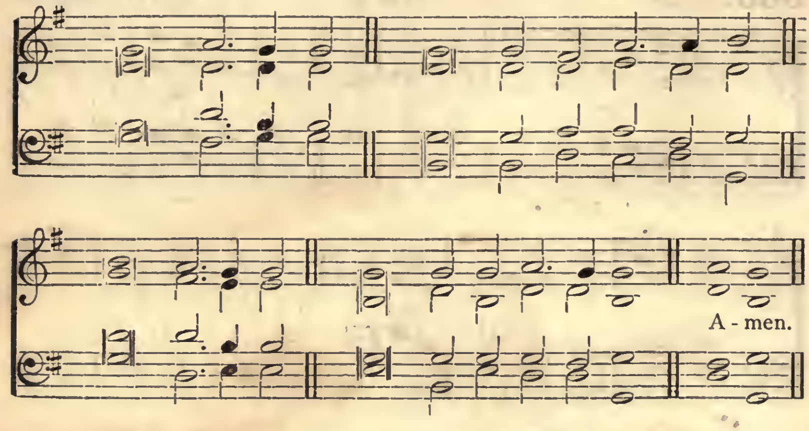
FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see:
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day. Amen.

304. Jam Lucis. L.M. Ancient Plain Song.



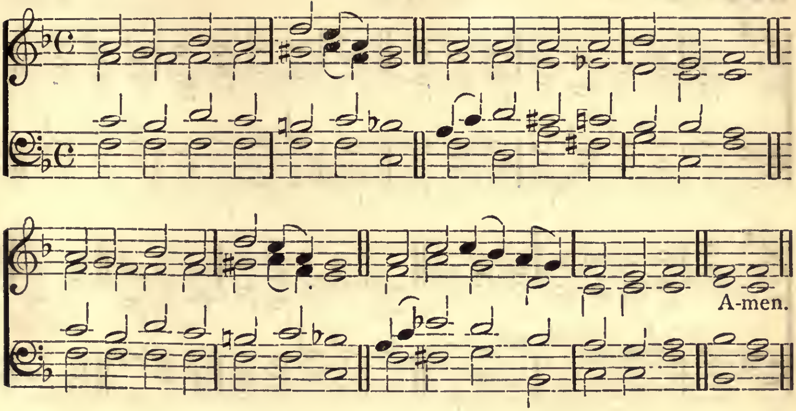
Now that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high;
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

May He restrain our tongues from strife,
And shield from anger's din our life;
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
Our path of trial safely trod,
Shall give the glory to our God.

All praise to God the Father be;
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee;
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

305. WEBER. 7.7.7.7. ADAPTED FROM WEBER



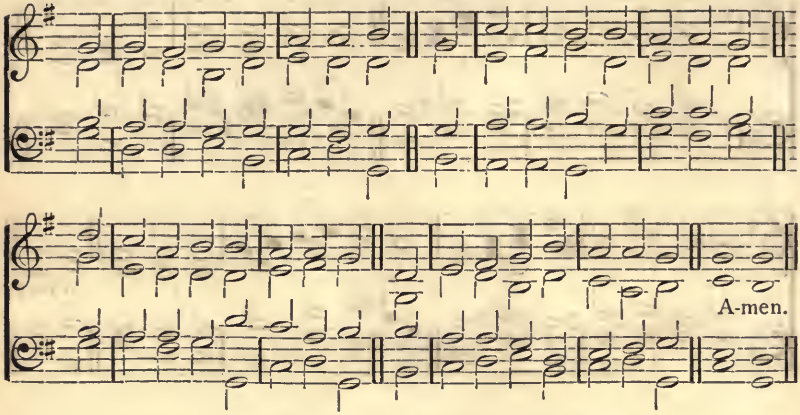
Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be Thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In Thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labour, watch, and pray.

Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

When our work of life is past,
O receive us, then, at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore. Amen.

306 Canon. L.M. Tallis.



Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed!
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day!

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake!

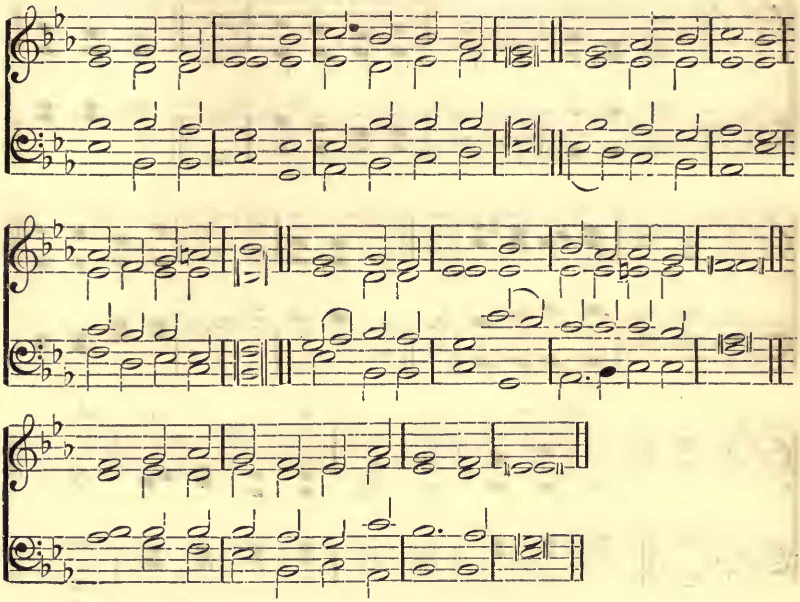
When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply!
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

EVENING.

FIRST TUNE.

307 Eventide. 10.10.10.10. W. H. Monk.



Abide with me! fast falls the even-tide,
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me oft as I left Thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be,
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!

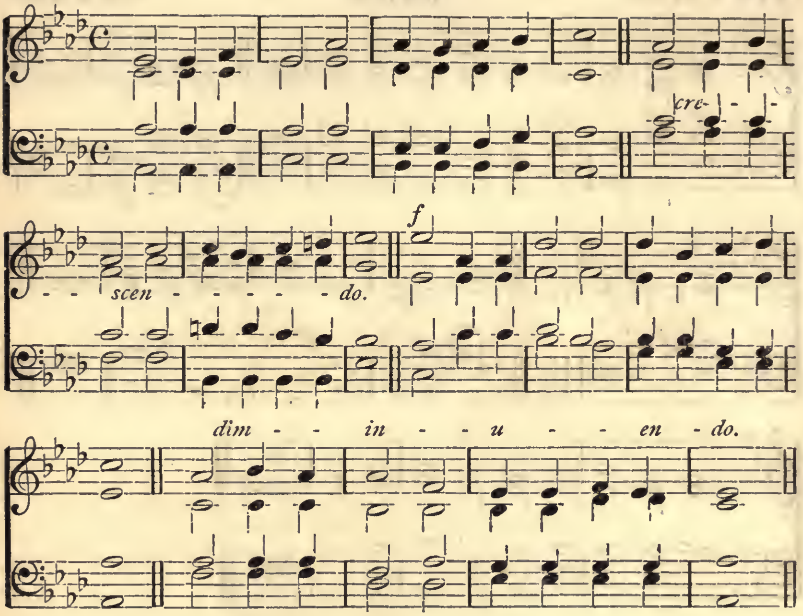
Hold, then, Thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

307 Comfort.

SECOND TUNE.

10.10.10.10.

E. J. Hopkins.



Abide with me! fast falls the even-tide,
The darkness deepens ; Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away :
Change and decay in all around I see :
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

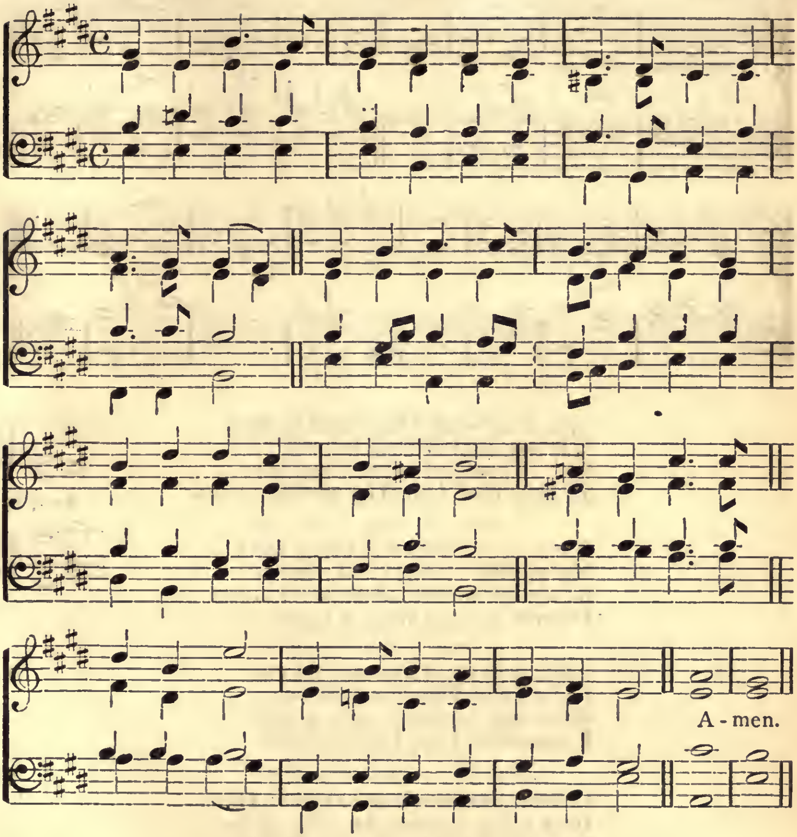
Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me oft as I left Thee ;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be,
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness :
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!

Hold, then, Thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

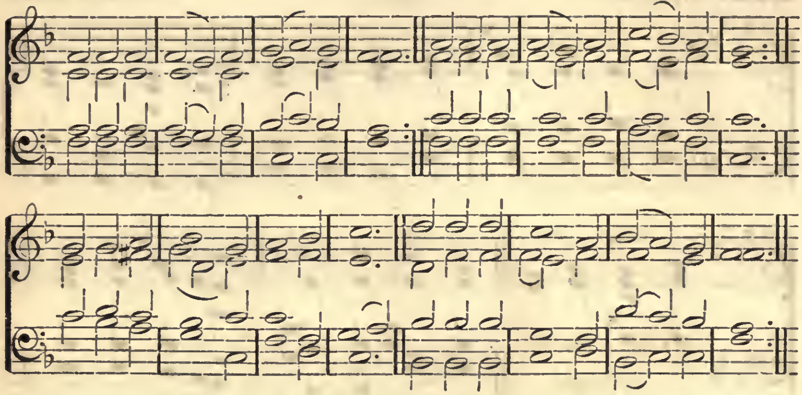
308. STONELEIGH. P.M. C. S. JEKYL.



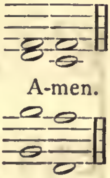
THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us:
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us!
Let no foe our peace molest!
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be!
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers;
Dwelling in the midst of foes:
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose!
And, when life's sad day is past
Rest with Thee in Heaven at last! Amen.

309. HURSLEY. L.M. HUGUENOT AIR.



SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.



When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

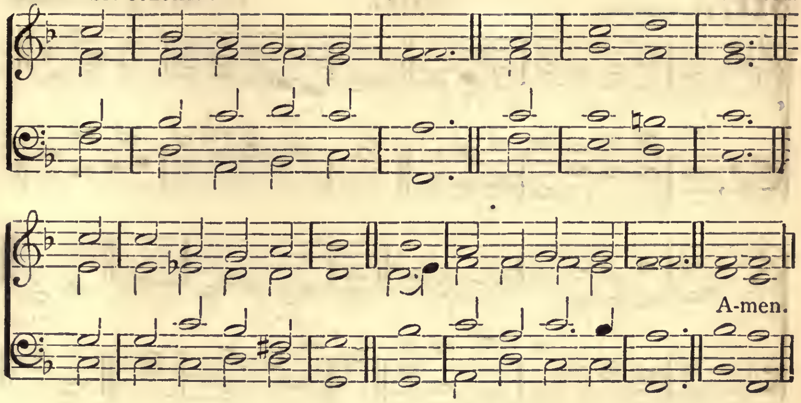
Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live!
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine:
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin!

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store!
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

310. St. Columba. 6.4.6.6. H. S. Irons.



The sun is sinking fast,
  The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
  Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
  His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
  His parting soul resign'd;

So now herself my soul
  Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
  In Whom all spirits live.

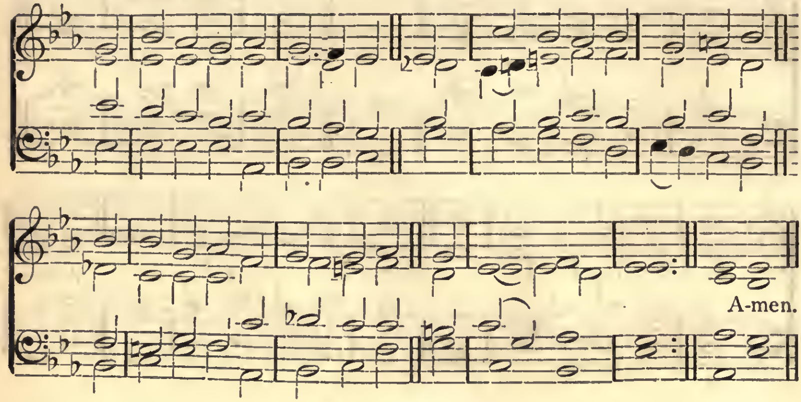
So now beneath His eye
  Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
  Abiding in the breast;

Save that His will be done,
  Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
  In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live: yet now
  Not I, but He,
In all His power and love
  Henceforth alive in me.

O blessed Trinity!
  One Lord Divine!
Thine may I ever be,
  And Thou for ever mine. Amen

311. St. Gabriel. 8.8.8.4. Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley



THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

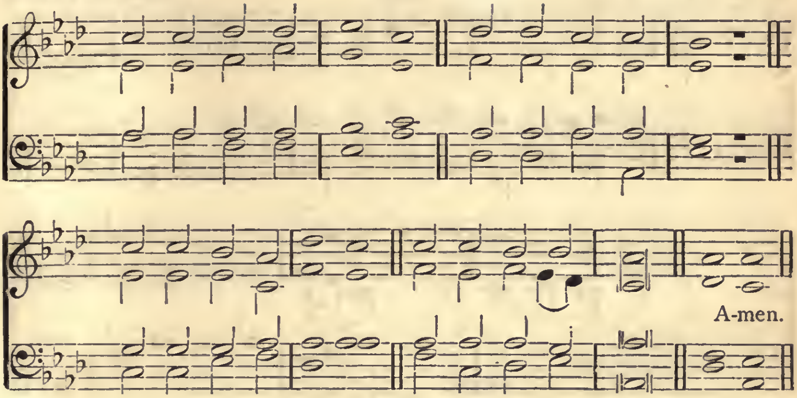
Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;

Where light, and love, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all. Amen.

312. EUDOXIA. 6.5.6.5. REV. S. BARING GOULD.



Now the day is over,
  Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
  Steal across the sky.

Jesus grant the weary
  Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
  May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
  Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
  On the angry sea.

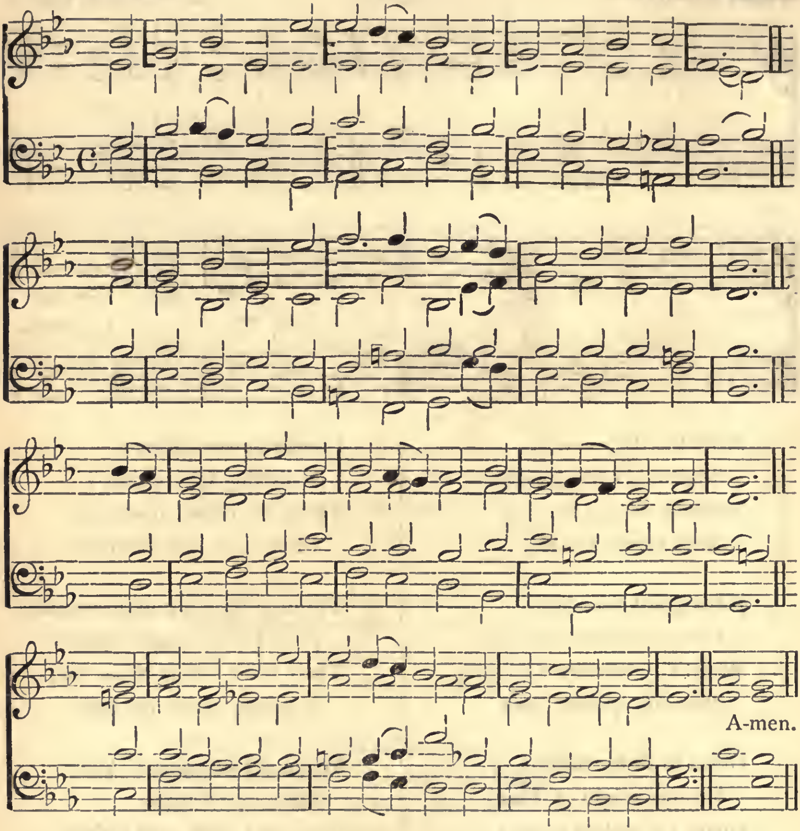
Comfort every sufferer
  Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
  From their sins restrain.

Through the long night-watches
  May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
  Standing round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
  Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
  In Thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
  Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
  Whilst all ages run. Amen.

313. Vox Jesu. D.C.M. Spohr arr. Barnby.

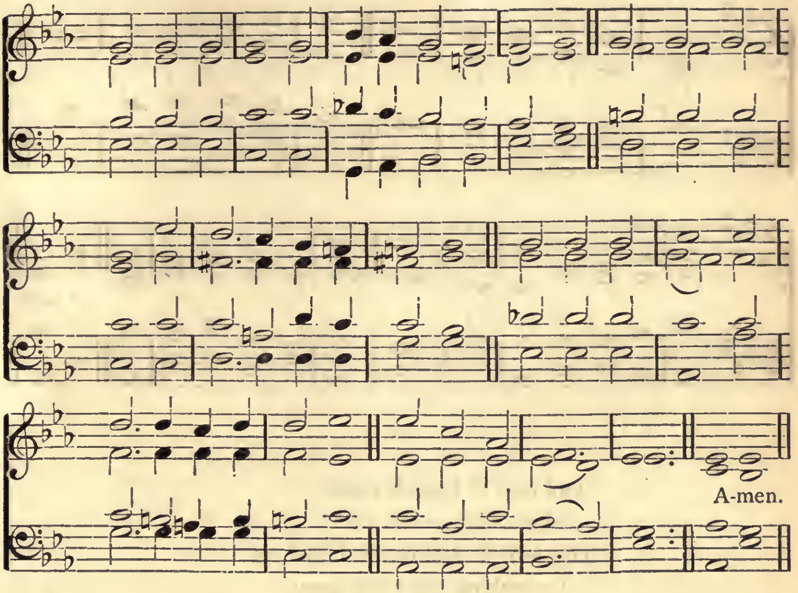


O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.
And wilt Thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

O gracious Jesus, Thou wilt deign
To hear us when we pray,
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are weak as they.
O let Thy grace perform its part,
Let all contention cease,
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

Thus chasten'd, cleansed, entirely Thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.
And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And Thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day. Amen.

314. CLOISTERS. 11.11.11.5. BARNBY.



Now God be with us, for the night is closing,
The light and darkness are of His disposing;
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us,
For He will shield us.

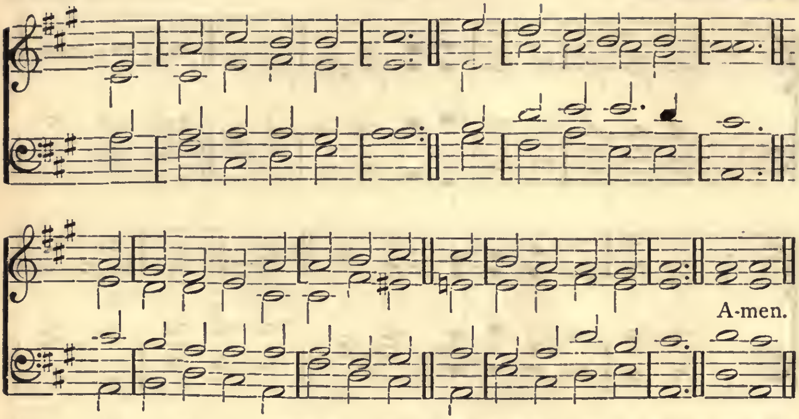
Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All sick and mourners we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us
But Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

Praise be to Thee through Jesus our salvation,
God, Three in One, the Ruler of creation,
High-throned, o'er all Thine eye of mercy casting,
Lord everlasting. Amen.

315. St. Michael. S.M. Day's Psalter.

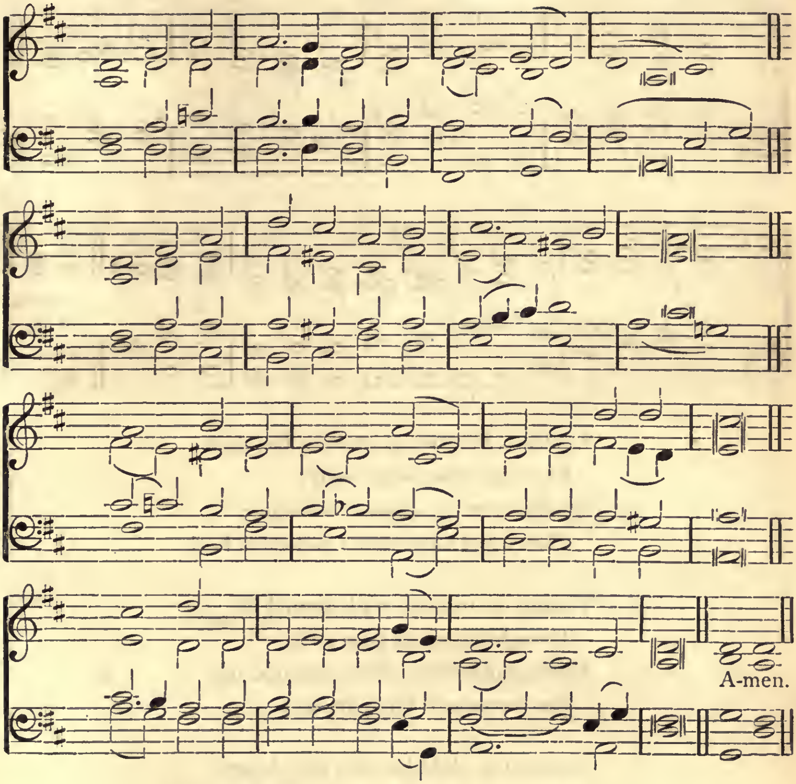


The day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.

We have not reach'd that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er;
O Son of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore! Amen.

316. PAX DEI. 10.10.10.10. REV. J. B. DYKES.



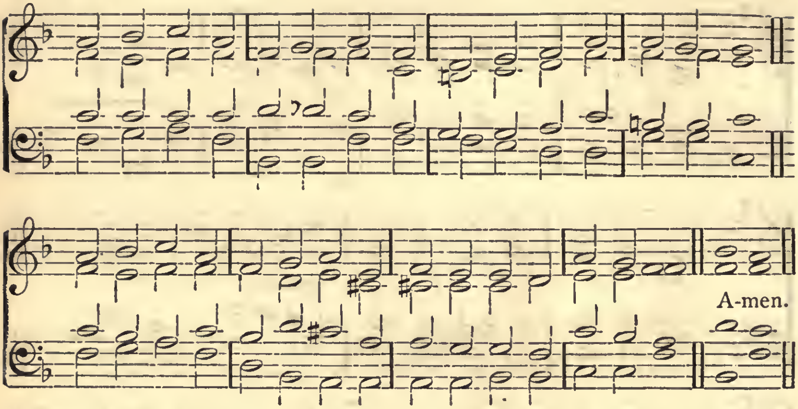
SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light:
From harm and danger keep Thy children free;
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have call'd upon Thy name.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

317. St. Jude. 8.7.8.7.



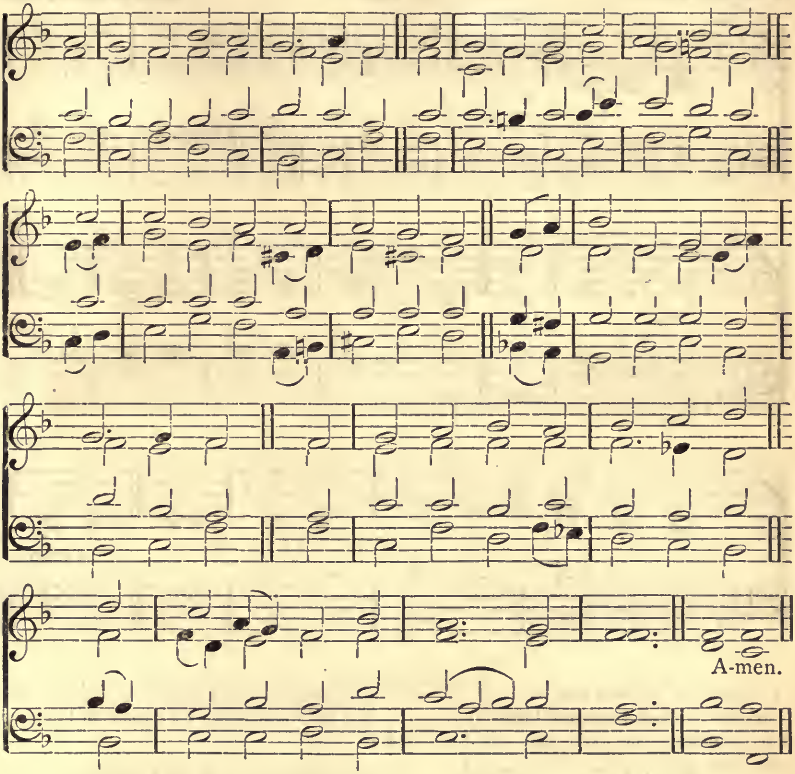
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirit seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the heavenly morn awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom. Amen.

318. St. Matthias. 8.8.8.8.8.8. W. H. Monk.



Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, etc.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, etc.

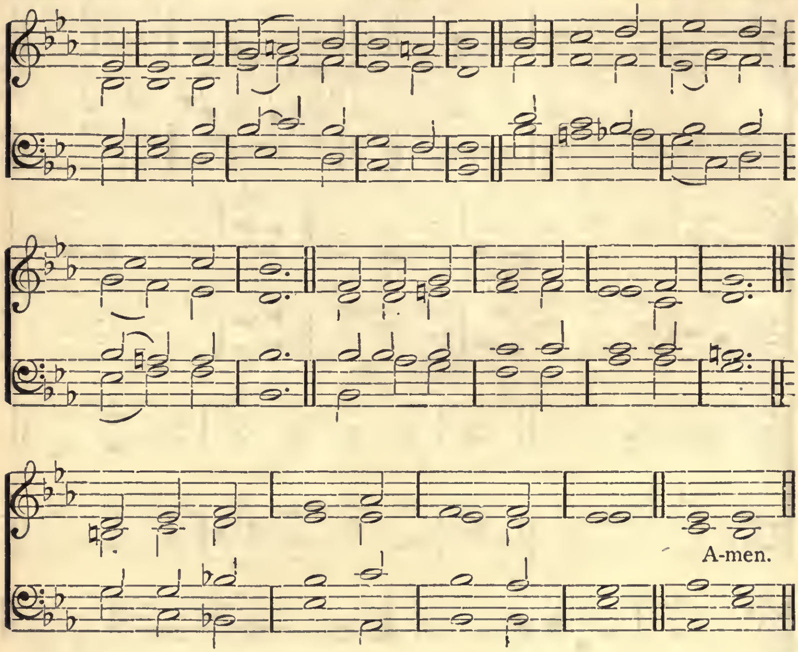
Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, etc.

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd
And care is light for Thou hast cared;
Ah, never let our works be soil'd
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day, etc.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day, etc. Amen.

319.

ANGELUS. L.M. JOHANN SCHEFFL



At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppress'd with various ills draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad;
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

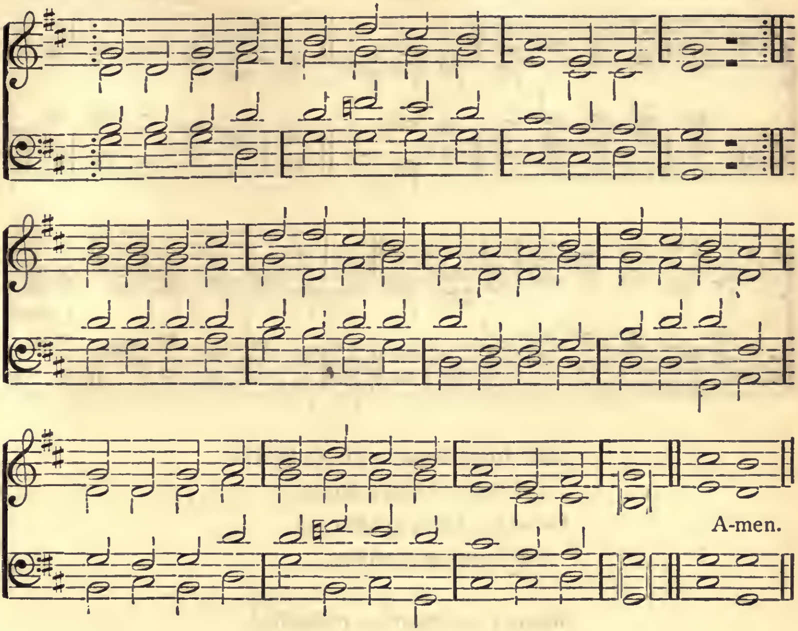
And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou, too, art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

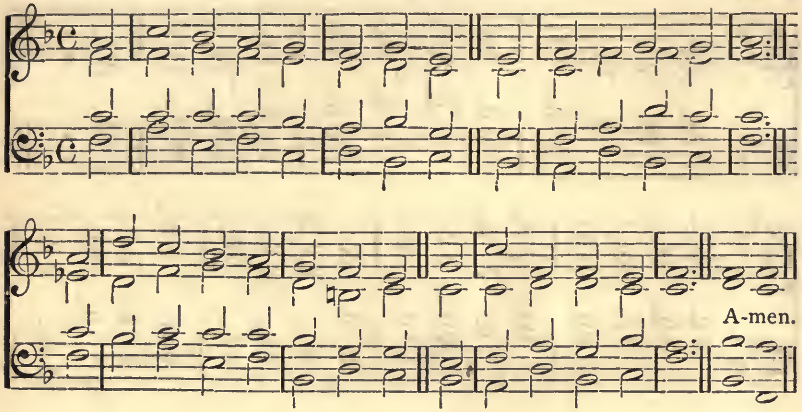
320. Southgate HALIFAX. 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.



GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
  Darkness and light:
Who the day for toil hast given,
  For rest the night;
May Thine Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
  This livelong night:

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
  And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
  All peaceful lie.
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
  With Thee on high! Amen.

321. ALBANS. C.M. V. NOVELLO.



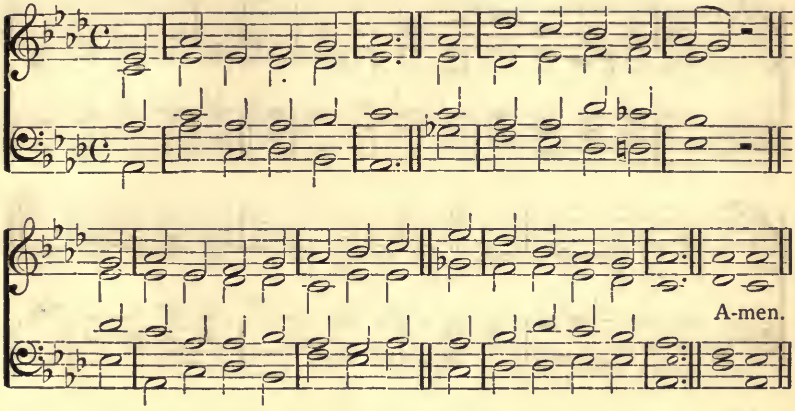
Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

New time, new favors, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would;
Accept our hearts' desire. Amen.

EVENING.

322. SCHUMANN. S.M. R. SCHUMANN.

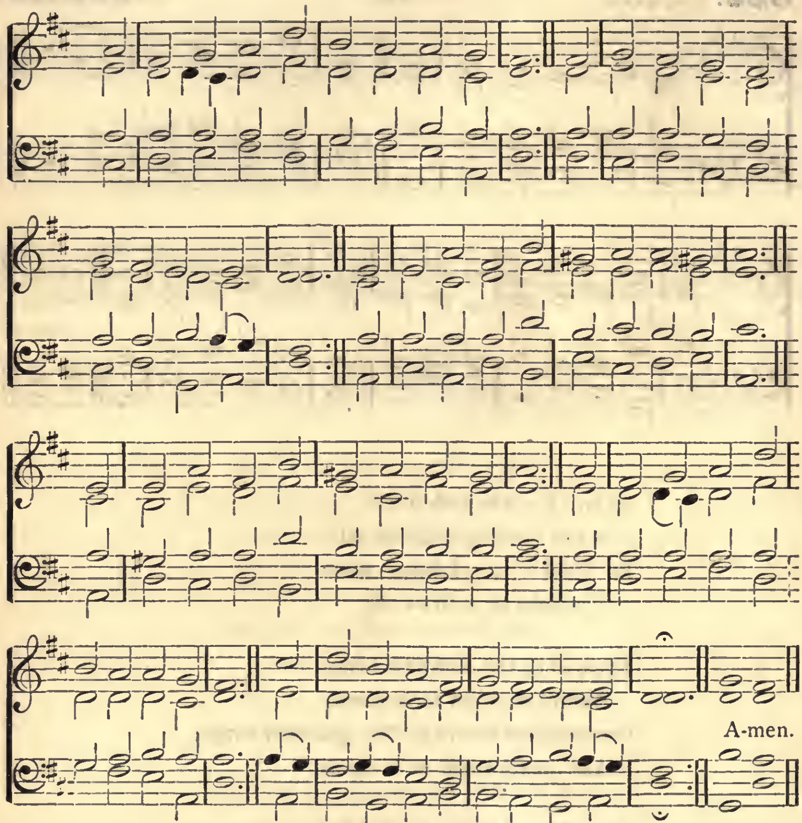


SAVIOUR abide with us;
  When evening shadows fall,
Be Thou to us a fadeless Sun;
  Thy light be with us all.

Then when the darkness brings
  Earth's daylight to its close,
Outstretched we'll see Thy guardian wings,
  And 'neath them we'll repose.

With Thee, in Thee, by faith
  Abiding would we be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
  We would be still with Thee. Amen.

323. EVENING. 10.10.10.10.10.10. GERMAN.



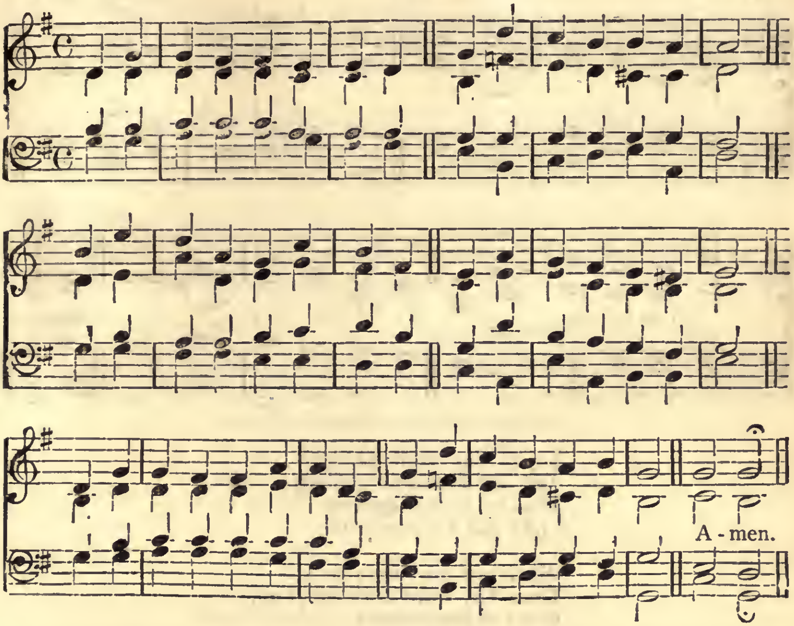
THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:
O brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou,
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now;
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be:
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail:
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

The weary world is mouldering to decay;
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awaken'd by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, forever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide. Amen.

324. VERONA. 7's 6 lines. J. H. DEANE.



SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching holy day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest!

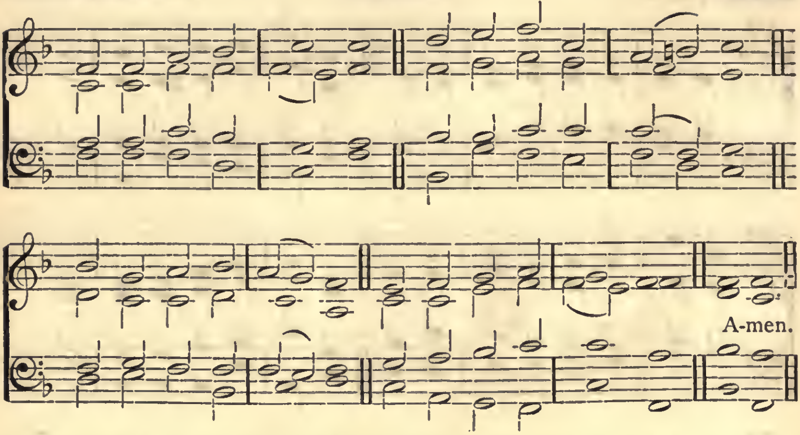
Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by His hand:
Though ungrateful we have been,
And repaying love with sin.

While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Drive away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.

When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in Thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints;
Such the days of rest we love,
Till we join the Church above.

325. RAVENSHAW. 6's 4 lines. GERMAN.



LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

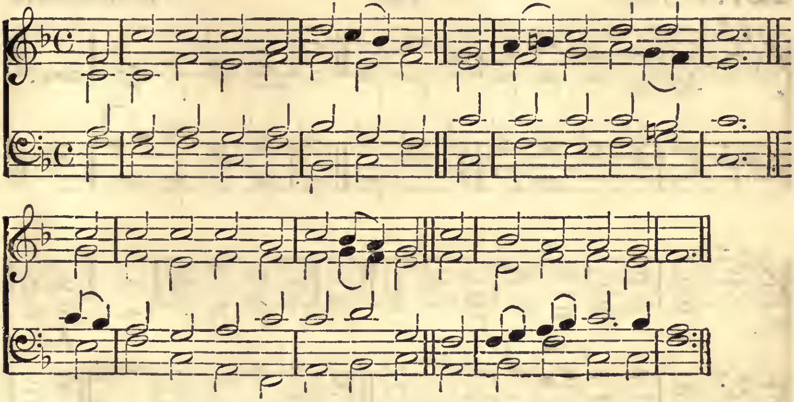
When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

Oh, that we, discerning
Its most Holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

326. St. George. C.M. Old Tune.



The spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

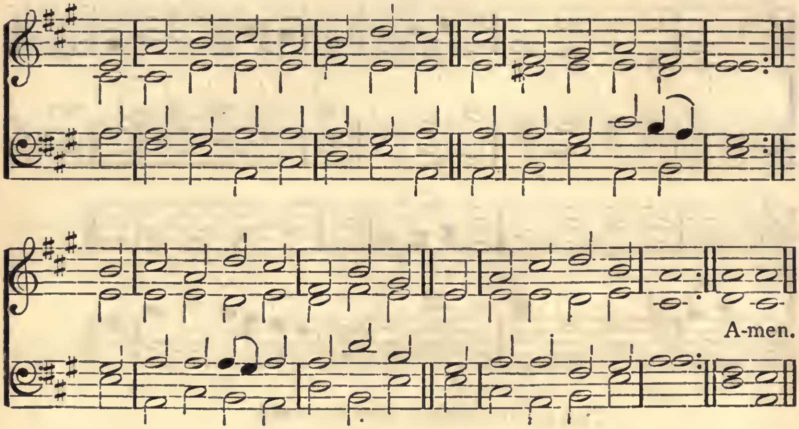
A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise ·
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above!

327. ST. JAMES. C.M. R. COURTEVILLE.



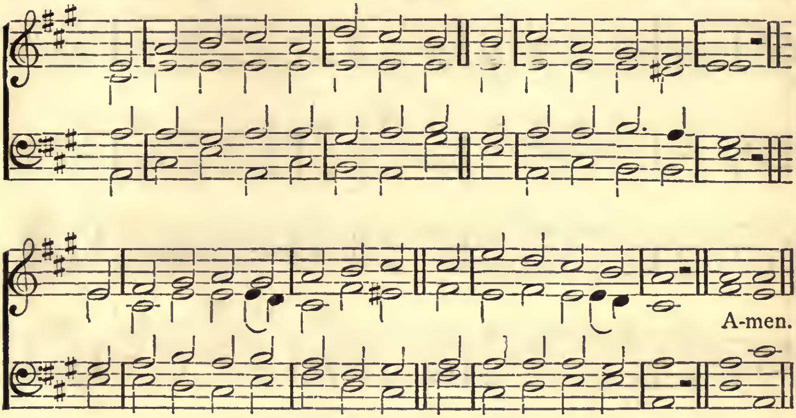
FATHER of Mercies! in Thy word,
  What endless glory shines!
Forever be Thy name ador'd
  For these celestial lines.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
  Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
  Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
  My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
  And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
  Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
  And view my Saviour there. Amen.

328. REDHEAD. C.M. REDHEAD.



ALMIGHTY God! Thy word is cast
  Like seed upon the ground:
O may it grow in humble hearts,
  And righteous fruits abound.

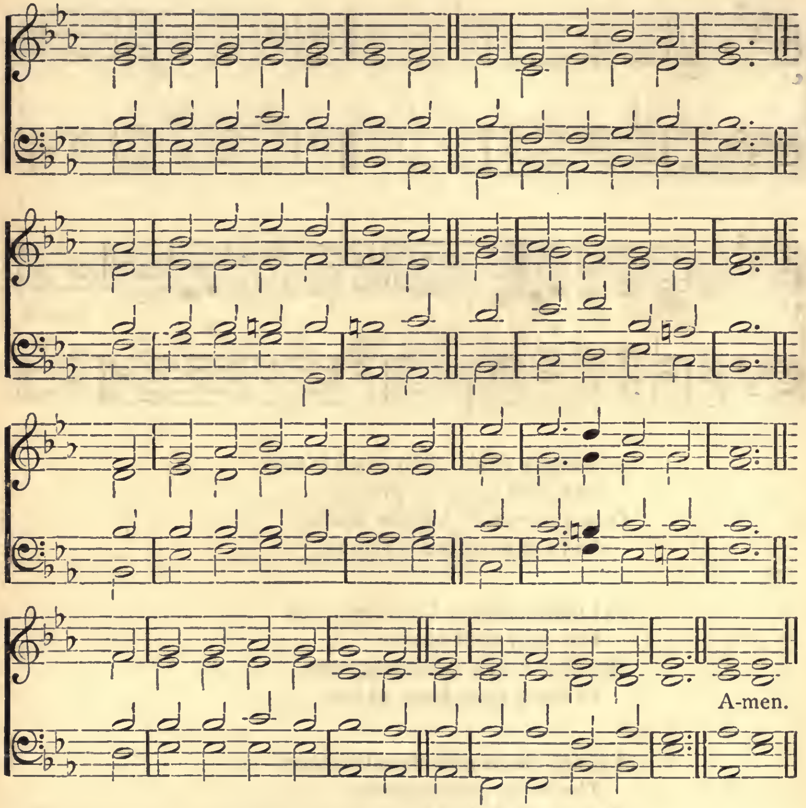
Let not the foe of Christ and man
  This holy seed remove;
But give it root in praying souls
  To bring forth fruits of love.

Let not the world's deceitful cares
  The rising plant destroy,
And may it yield a hundred-fold,
  The fruits of peace and joy.

Let not Thy word so kindly sent
  To raise us to Thy throne
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
  That we reject Thy Son.

Great God! come down, and on Thy word
  Thy mighty power bestow;
That all who hear the joyful sound
  Thy saving grace may know. Amen.

329. AURELIA. 7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY, MUS. DOC.



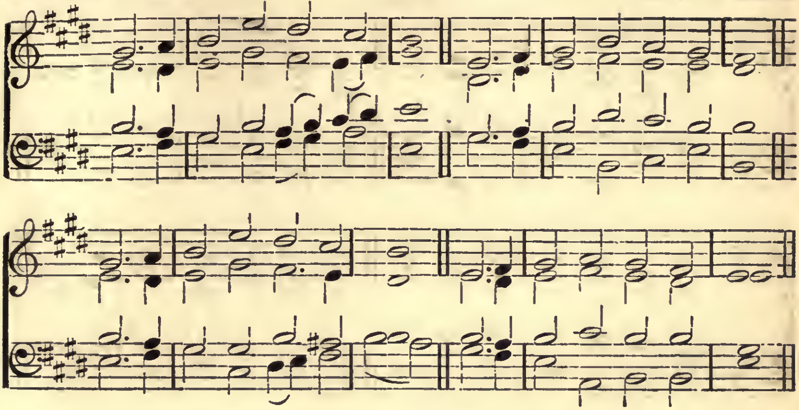
O WORD of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallow'd page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from her dear Master
Receiv'd the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stor'd:
It is the heav' n-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurl'd;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world:
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnish'd gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old:
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. Amen.

330. INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7.



HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am;

Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art Thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;

Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death;

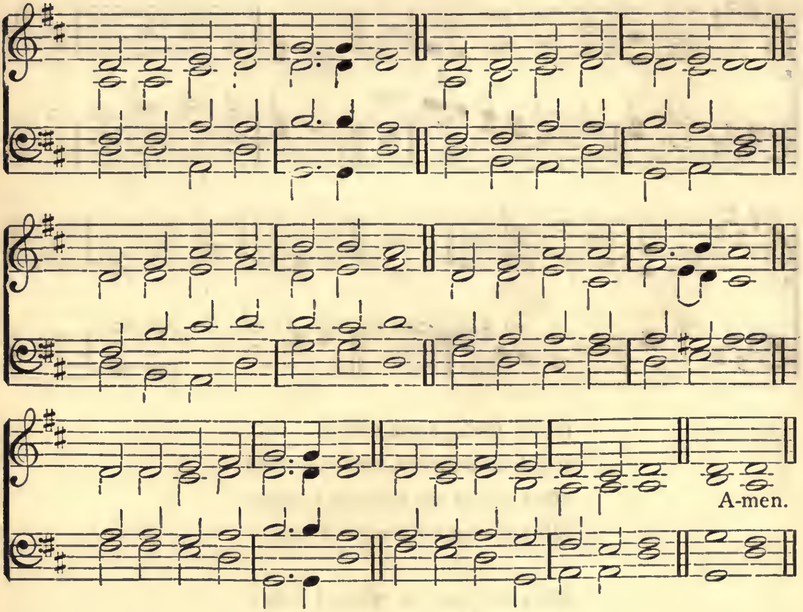
Mine to tell of joys to come,
Light and life beyond the tomb;
O thou precious book divine,
Holy treasure, thou are mine.

331 **Redhead.**

FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

Redhead.



Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

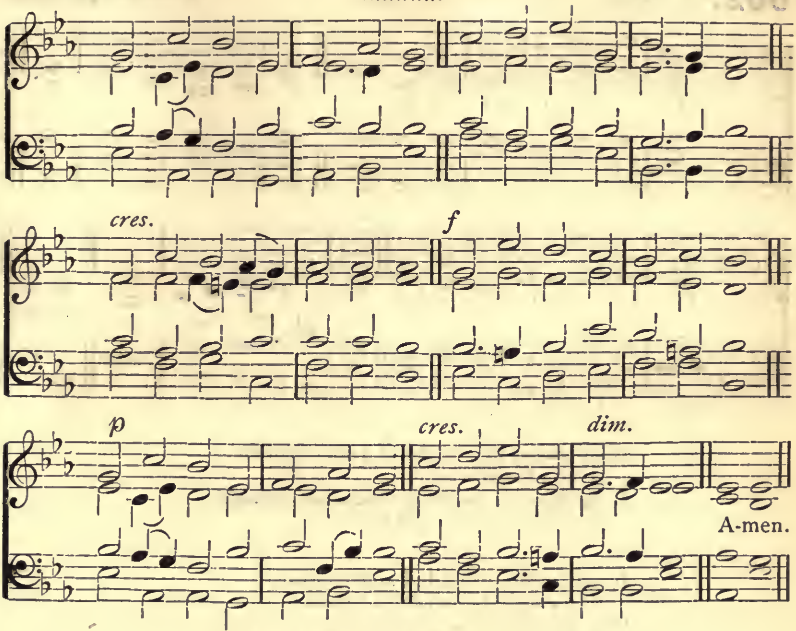
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee! Amen.

331 GETHSEMANE.

SECOND TUNE.
7.7.7.7.7.7.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



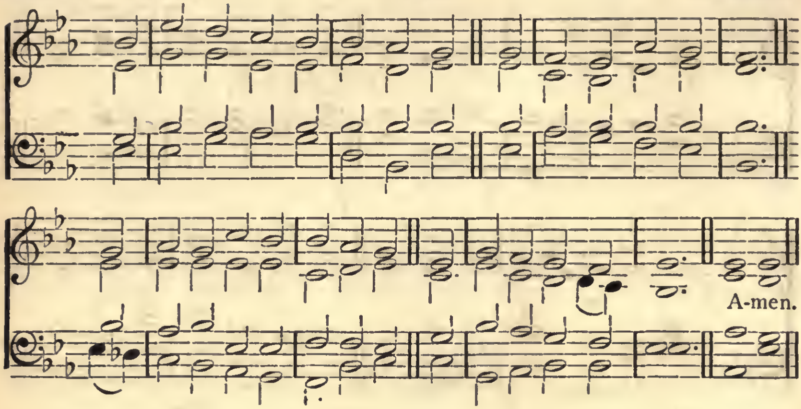
ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

332. St. Peter's. C.M. Reinagle.



How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear!

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul;
And to the weary, rest.

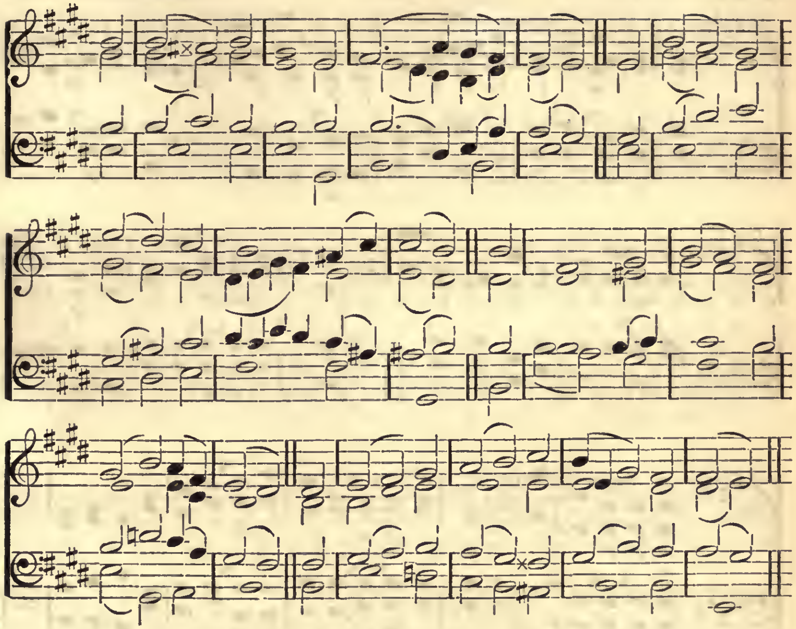
Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

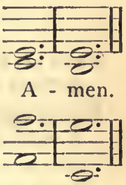
Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death! Amen.

333. St. Vincent. L.M. Uglow.





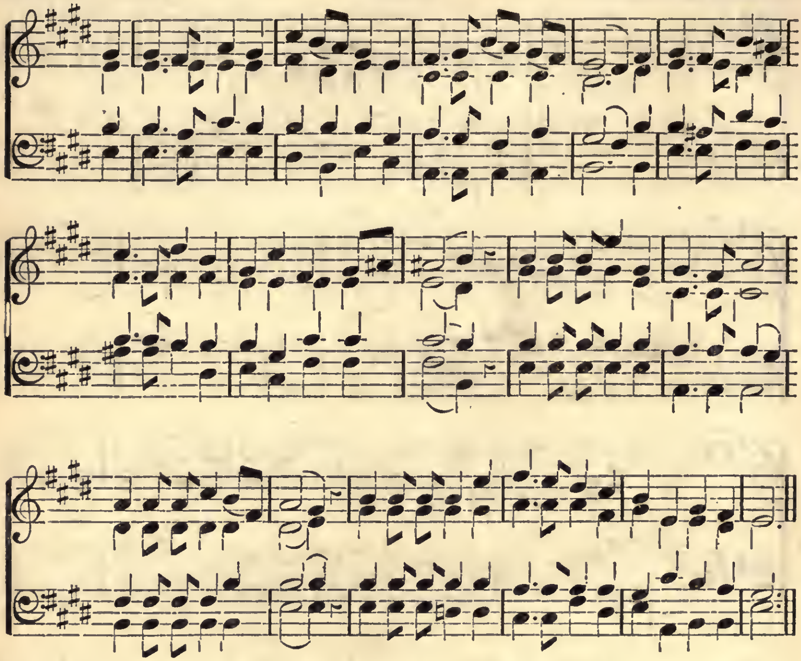
Father of Heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend. Amen.

334. CANAAN. D.C.M. P. R. MACLAGAN, MUS. DOC.



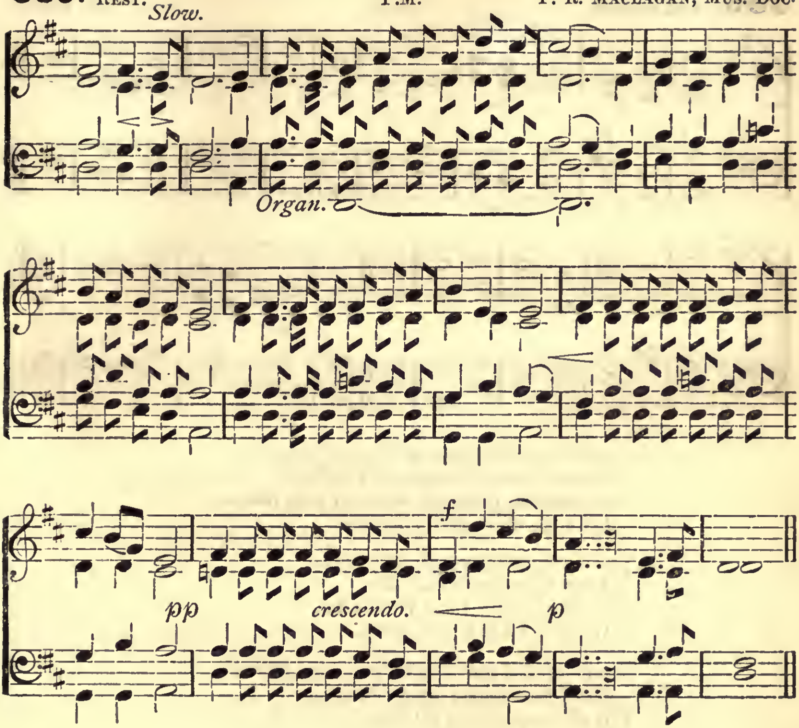
Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord!
  In Thee I put my trust,
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
  A feeble child of dust:
I have no other hope beside,
  I urge no other plea,
And 'tis enough my Saviour died!
  My Saviour died for me!

When storms of fierce temptation beat,
  And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
  My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
  My spirit flies to Thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
  My Saviour died for me!

'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
  When mortal strength is vain,—
A heart with grief and anguish torn,—
  A body rack'd with pain,—
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
  Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast,
  My Saviour died for me!

And when Thine awful voice commands
  This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
  Is ebbing fast away,—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
  And faint and tremblingly,
O give me strength in death to speak,
  "My Saviour died for me!"

335. Rest. P.M. P. R. Maclagan, Mus. Doc.



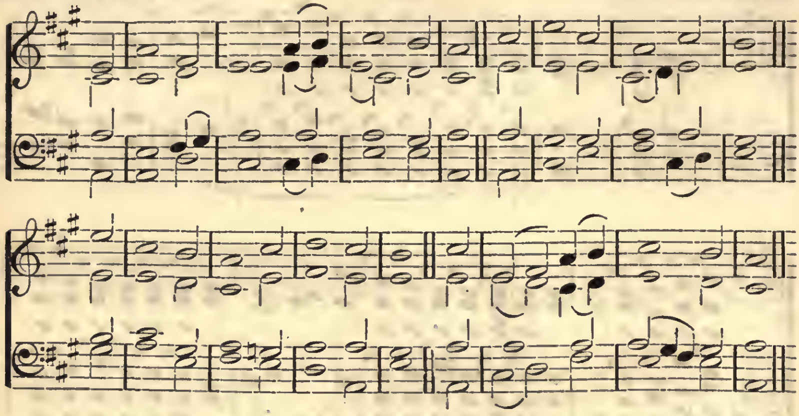
Rest, weary soul!
The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made;
Strive not to do thyself what Christ has done,
Claim the free gift, and make the joy thine own;
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distrest,
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary heart!
From all thy silent griefs, and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets, and longings vain;
Wisdom and love have order'd all the past,
And shall be blessedness and light at last;
Cast off the cares that have so long opprest;
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary head!
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb;
Light from above has broken through its gloom;
Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
Where He shall wake thee on a future day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, spirit free!
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,
Rest, sweetly rest!

336. MARTYRDOM. C.M. H. WILSON.



THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

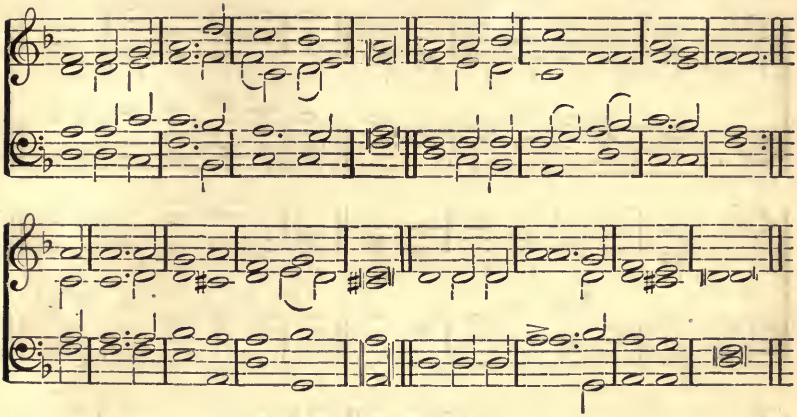
E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God, the Father's ears,
No other name but Thine.

337. St. Cross. L.M. Rev. J. B. Dykes. Mus. Doc.

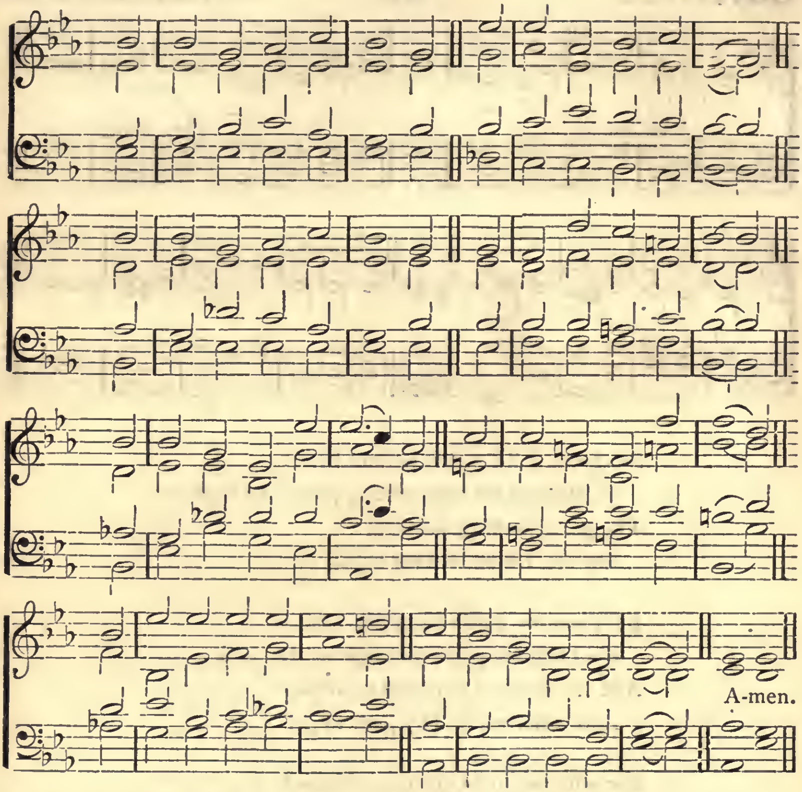


Saviour, I lift my trembling eyes
To that bright seat, where, placed on high,
The great, atoning sacrifice,
For me, for all, is ever nigh.

Be Thou my guide on peril's brink;
Be Thou my guide through weal or woe;
And teach me of Thy cup to drink,
And make me in Thy path to go.

For what is earthly change or loss?
Thy promises are still my own:
The feeblest frame may bear Thy cross,
The lowliest spirit share Thy Throne.

338. LANCASHIRE. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. H. SMART.



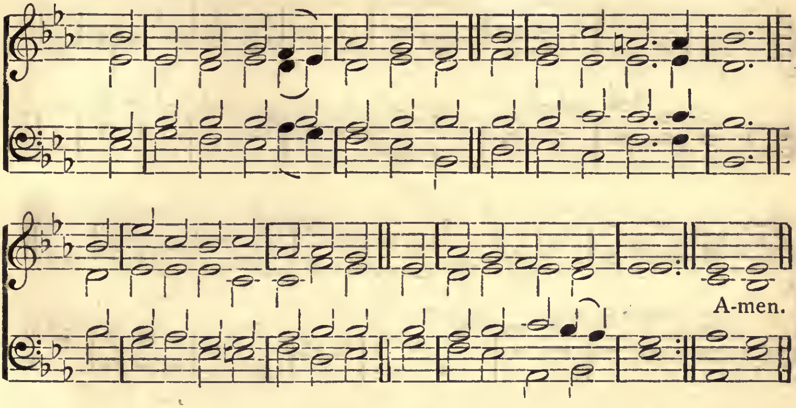
I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angel's song. Amen.

339. ST. BERNARD. C.M. W. RICHARDSON.



WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
  Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
  Can salve the sinner's wound.

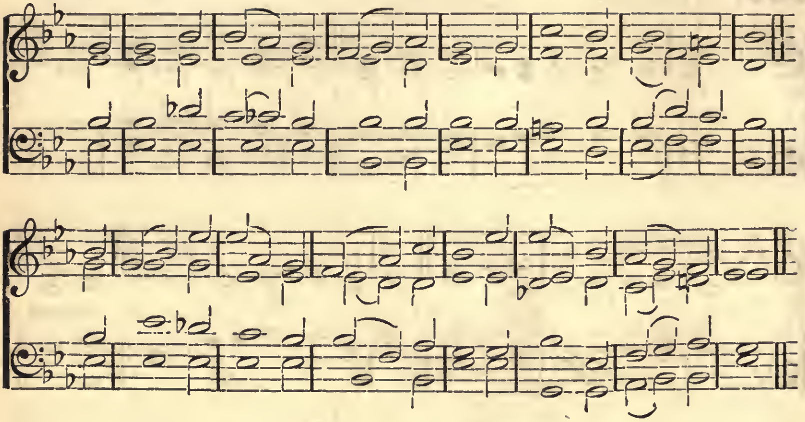
When sorrow swells the laden breast,
  And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
  Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
  Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
  Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
  His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touch'd with all our joys,
  And feels for all our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
  Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
  But in Thy wounded side. Amen.

340. BOOTERSTOWN. C.M. H. BUSSELL.



PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope
Or spark of glimmering day.

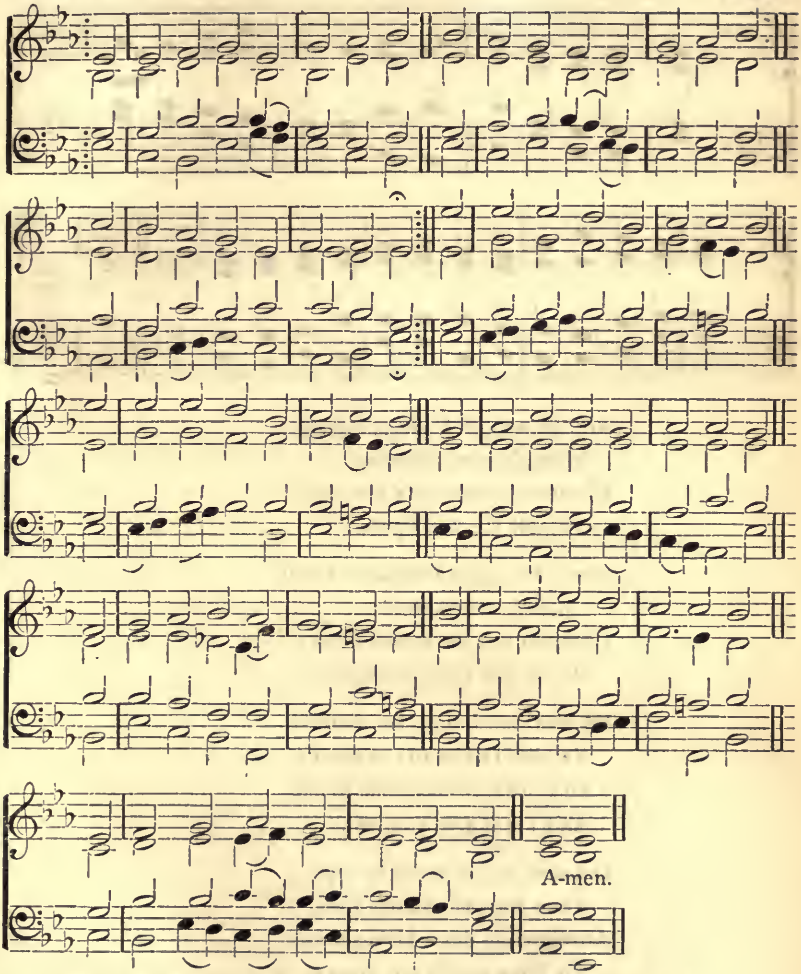
With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and, oh, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

Angels, assist our mighty joys!
Strike all your harps of gold!
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

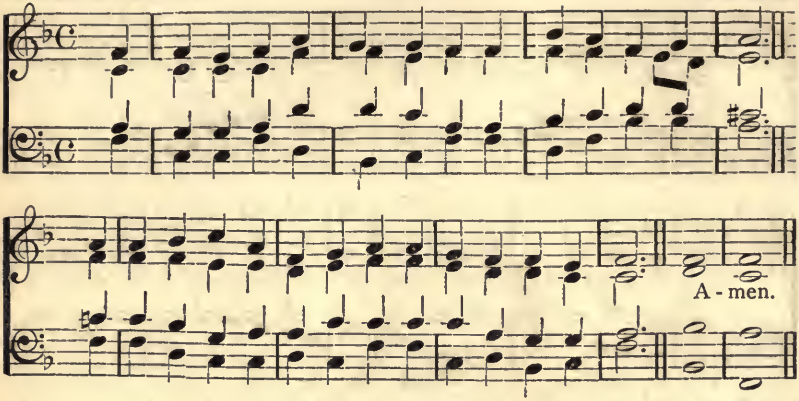
341. Old 113th. **8's 12 lines.**



From highest heaven th' Eternal Son,
With God the Father ever One,
Came down to suffer, and to die :
For love of sinful man He bore
Our human griefs and troubles sore,
Our load of guilt and misery.
Sing out, ye saints of God, and praise
The Lamb who died, His flock to raise
From sin and everlasting woe;
With angels round the throne above,
O tell the wonders of His love,
The joys that from His mercy flow.

In darkest shades of night we lay
Without a beam to guide our way,
Or hope of ought beyond the grave ;
But He hath brought us life and light,
And open'd heaven to our sight,
And lives for ever strong to save.
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice ;
Sing out, and praise with cheerful voice
The Lamb whom heaven and earth adore :
To Him who gave His only Son,
To God the Spirit, with Them One,
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

342. St. Flavian. C.M. Redhead.



All ye who seek for sure relief
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress:

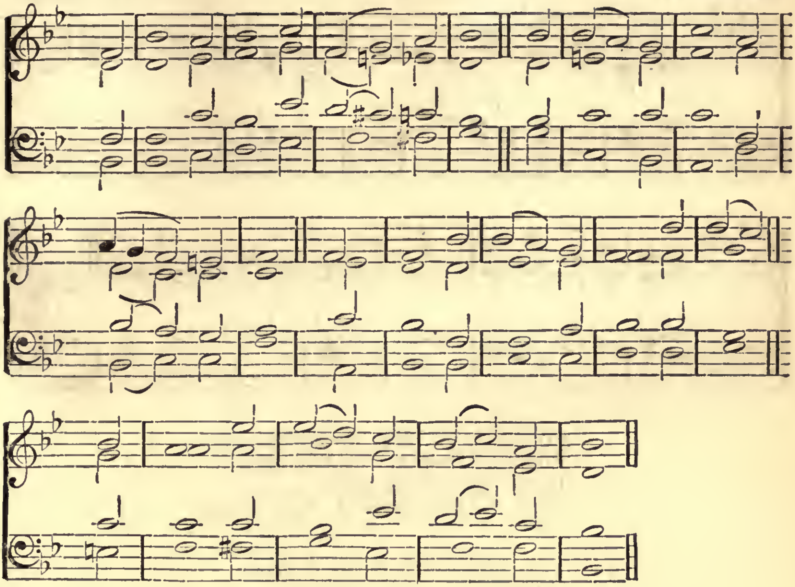
Jesus, who gave Himself for you,
Upon the cross to die,
Opens to you his sacred heart:
Oh, to that heart draw nigh.

Ye hear how kindly He invites;
Ye hear His words so blest:
" All ye that labour come to me,
And I will give you rest."

O Jesus, joy of saints on high,
Thou hope of sinners here,
Attracted by those loving words,
To Thee we lift our prayer.

Wash Thou our wounds in that dear blood
Which forth from Thee doth flow;
New grace, new hope inspire; a new
And better heart bestow. Amen.

343. WALTON. L.M. FROM BEETHOVEN.



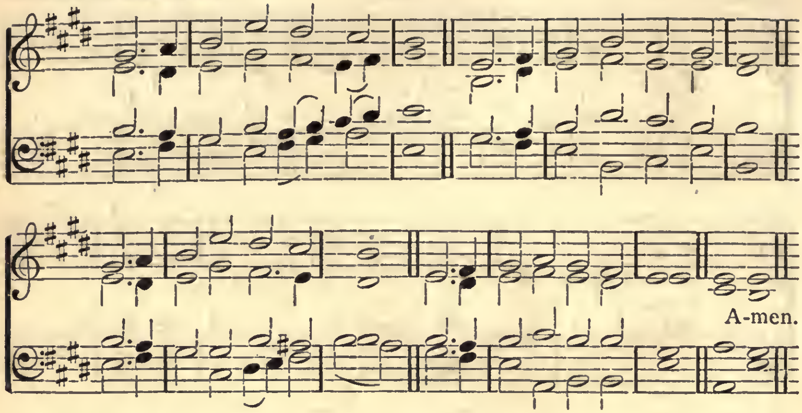
BENEATH Thy cross I lay me down,
And mourn to see Thy bloody crown;
Love drops in blood from every vein;
Love is the spring of all His pain.

Here, Jesus, I shall ever stay,
And spend my longing hours away,
Think on Thy bleeding wounds and pain,
And contemplate Thy woes again.

The rage of Satan and of sin,
Of foes without, and fears within,
Shall ne'er my conquering soul remove,
Or from Thy cross, or from Thy love.

O unmolested happy rest!
Where inward fears are all suppress;
Here I shall love, and live secure,
And patiently my cross endure.

344. St. Innocents. 7.7.7.7.



Conquering kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make:
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands He hath freed.

Yes: none other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

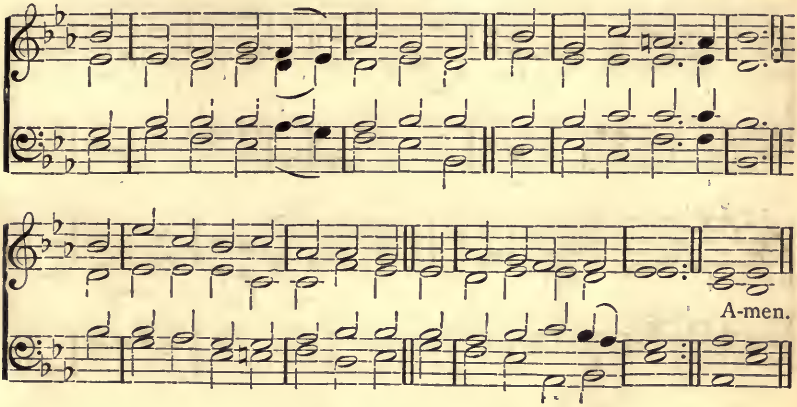
That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals say,
Will ye madly cast away?

Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for Him to die,
Is not death but victory.

Jesus, who dost condescend
To be call'd the Sinner's Friend,
Hear us as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Holy Son, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
From the saints and angel-host. Amen.

345. St. Bernard. C.M. W. Richardson.



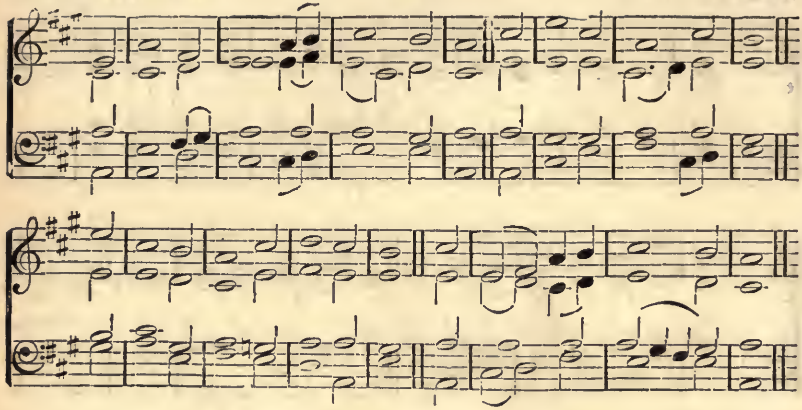
For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.

The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve:
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul is love. Amen.

346. Martyrdom. C.M. Old Tune.



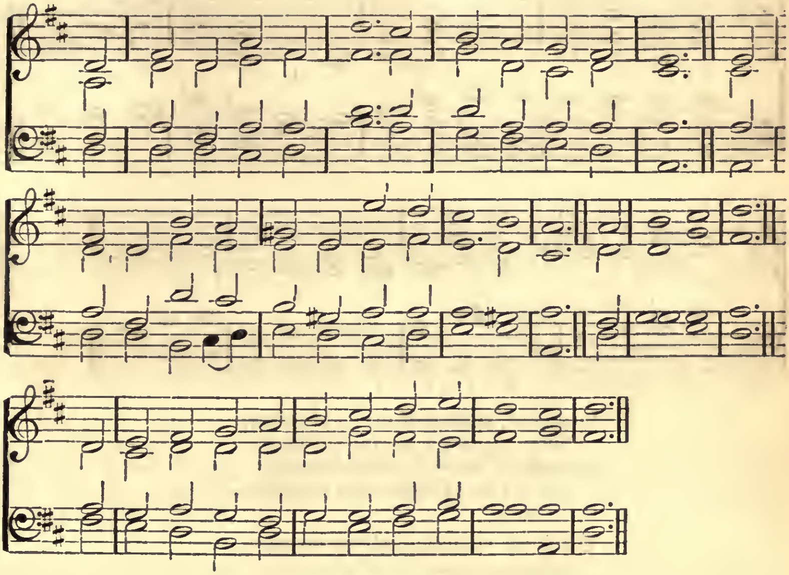
O Jesus, Saviour of the lost,
My rock and hiding-place,
By storms of sin and sorrow tost,
I seek Thy sheltering grace.

Guilty, forgive me, Lord! I cry;
Pursued by foes I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

347. Darwell's. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Darwell.



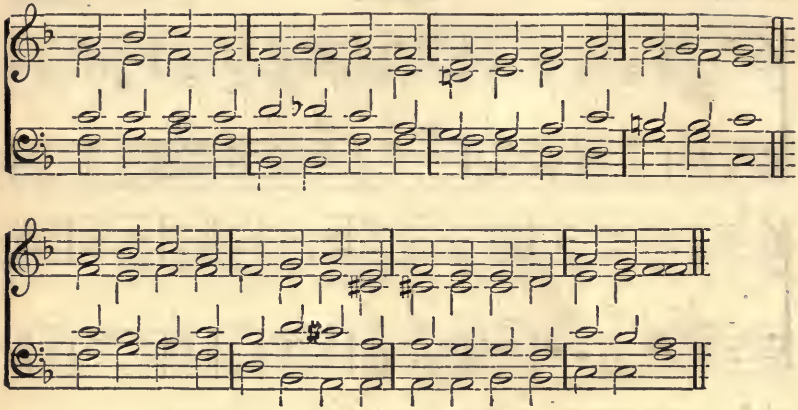
Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in His hands;
Commission'd from His Father's throne
To make His grace to mortals known.

Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

348. St. Jude. 8.7.8.7.



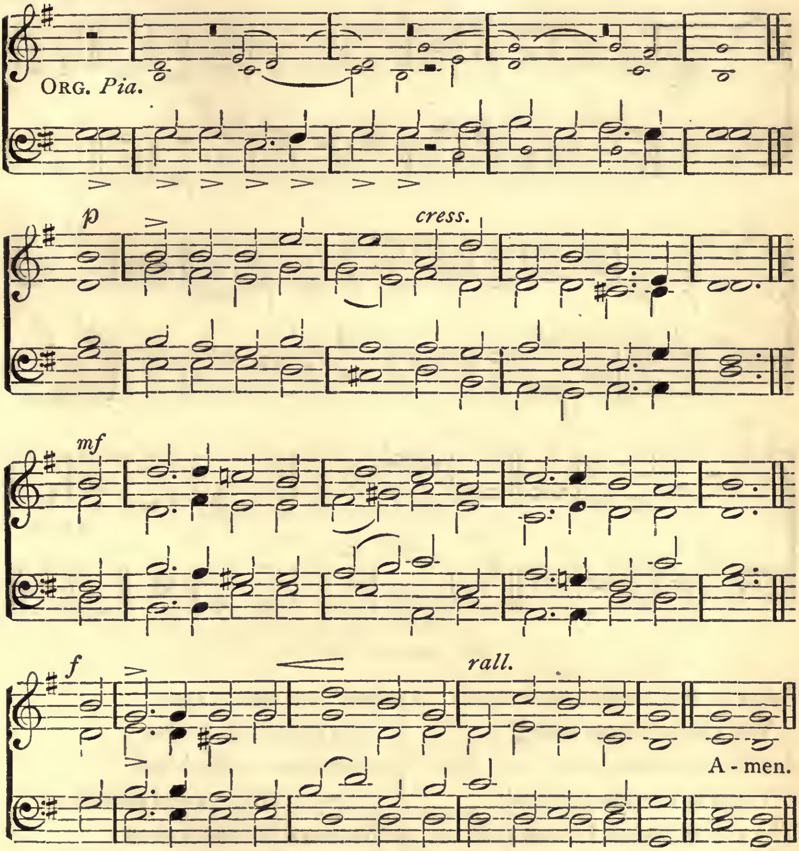
Saviour, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou to save my soul from danger.
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home. Amen.

349. Come unto Me. 7.6. D. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



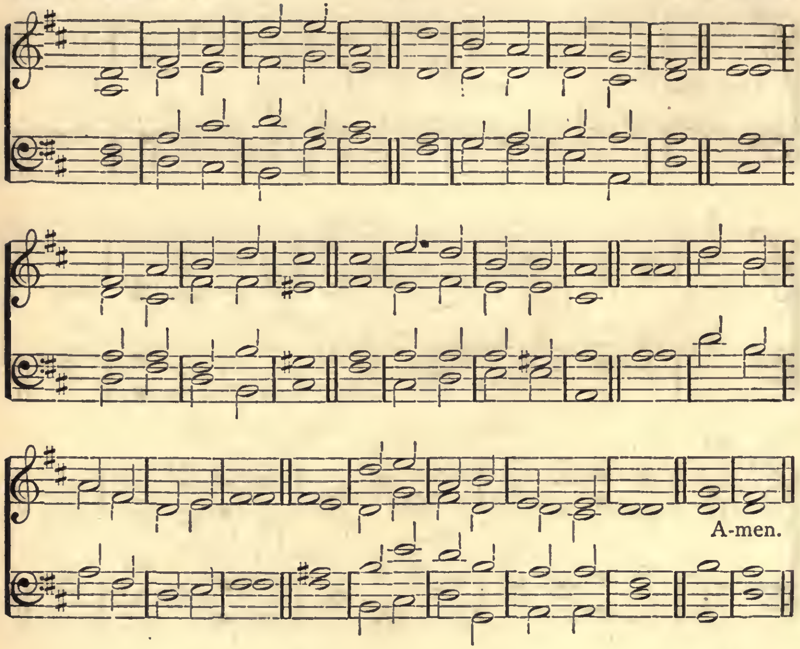
"Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
Oh, blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace;
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

"Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were fill'd with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

"Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

"And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out!"
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee! Amen.

350. Christchurch. 6.6.6.6. Dr. Steggall.



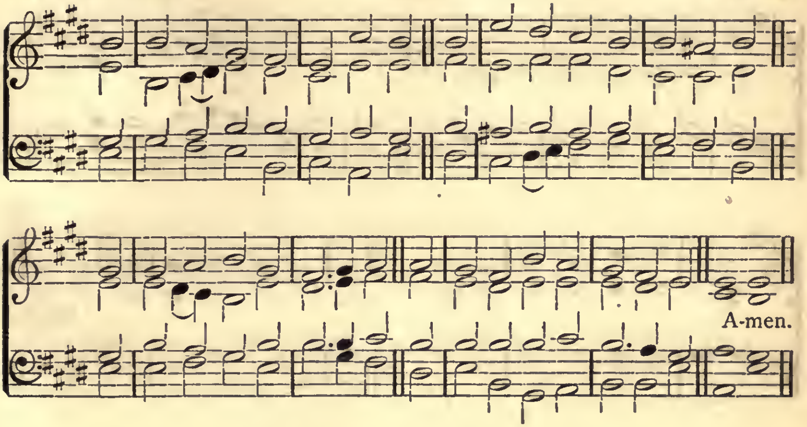
Blow ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.
Amen.

351. **MELCOMBE.** L.M. **S. WEBBE.**



JESUS, my all, to Heaven is gone;
He that I placed my hopes upon;
His track I see; and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all the paths are peace.

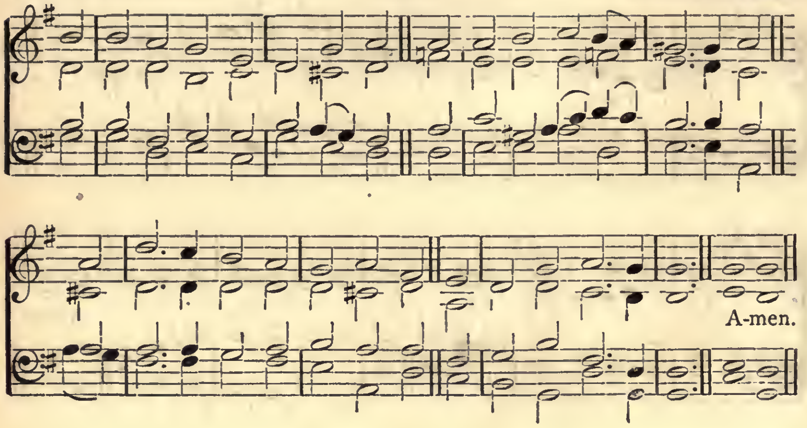
This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd, because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul! for I'm the way!"

Lo! glad I come; and Thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I Thee can bring;
Yet help me, and Thy praise I'll sing!

I'll tell to all poor sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy Redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the Way to God!" Amen.

352. DERRY. 8.8.8.6. REV. J. B. DYKES.



O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee !

Blest with communion so divine,
Take what thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?

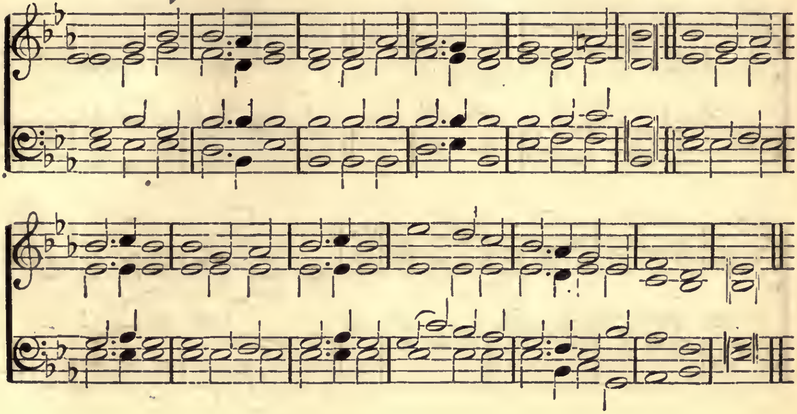
Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, " Still cling to Me ! "

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside :
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee !

We fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save ;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave ;
Because we cling to Thee !

Blest is my lot, whate'er befal :
None can disturb me, none appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour ! I cling to Thee ! Amen.

353. Olivet. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. Arr. from Dr. Mason.



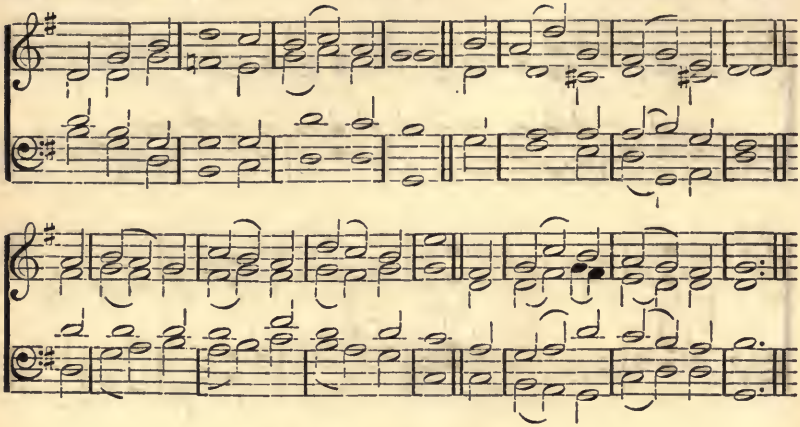
My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless, be
A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide!
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul!

354. Chesterfield. C.M. Rev. Dr. Haweis.



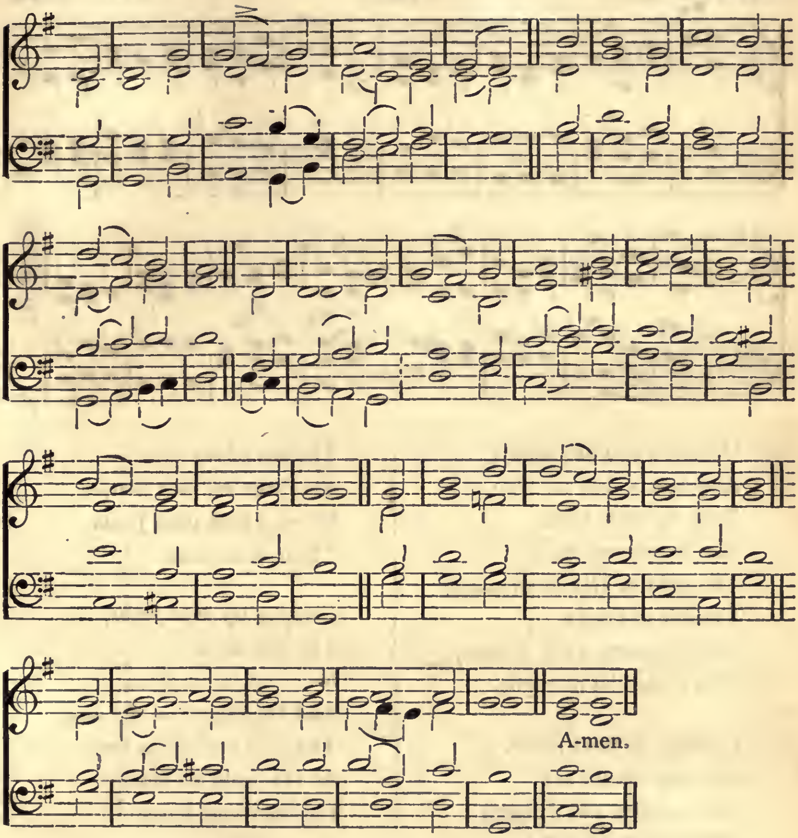
O Let triumphant faith dispel
  The fears of guilt and woe!
If God be for us, God the Lord,
  Who, who shall be our foe?

He who His only Son gave up
  To death that we might live,
Shall He not all things freely grant
  That boundless love can gave!

Who now His people shall accuse?
  'Tis God hath justified:
Who now His people shall condemn?
  The Lamb of God hath died.

And he who died hath risen again,
  Triumphant from the grave:
At God's right hand for us He pleads,
  Omnipotent to save.

355. BENEDICTION. 8.8.8.8.8.8. REV. C. J. DICKINSON.



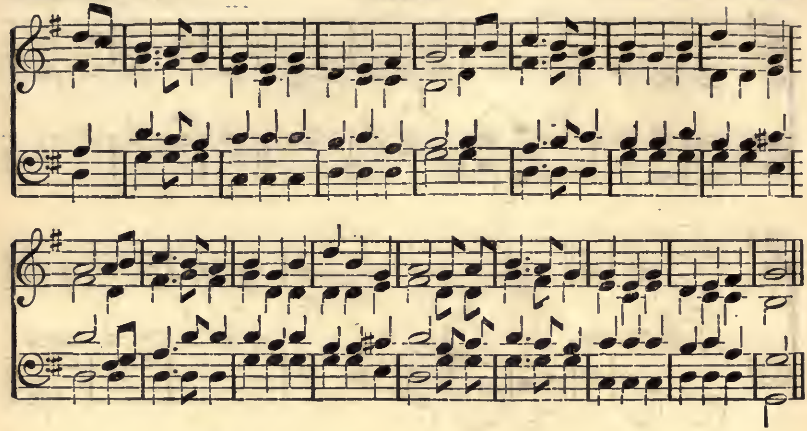
WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
Such bitter conflict with despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away. Amen.

356. AVOCA. 6.5.6.5.D. IRISH.



Oh, eyes that are weary,
And hearts that are sore,
Look up unto Jesus,
And sorrow no more.
The light of His countenance
Shineth so bright,
That on earth, as in heaven,
There need be no night.

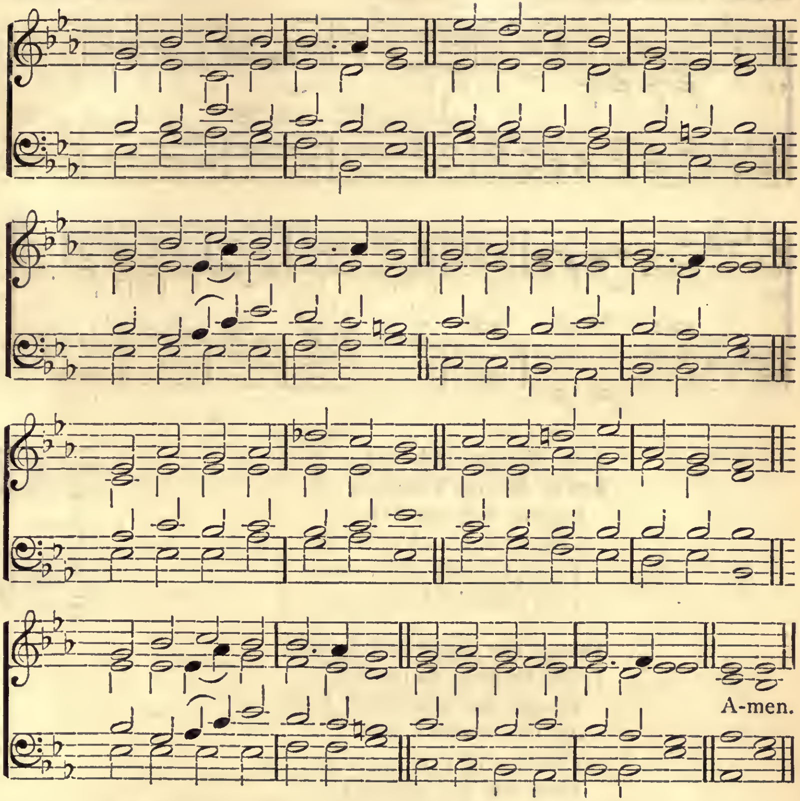
Looking up unto Jesus,
My eyes cannot see
The troubles and dangers
That throng around me.
They cannot be blinded
With sorrowful tears,
They cannot be shadow'd
By doubts or by fears.

Looking up unto Jesus,
My spirit is blest,—
In the world I have turmoil,
In Him I have rest.
The sea of my life
All about me may roar,—
When I look unto Jesus
I hear it no more.

Looking up unto Jesus,
I go not astray;
My eyes are on Him,
And He shows me the way.
The path may seem dark
As He leads me along,
But following Jesus
I cannot go wrong.

Looking up unto Jesus,
My heart cannot fear;
Its trembling is still
When I see Jesus near;
I know that His power
My safeguard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?"
He saith unto me.

357. HOLLINGSIDE. 7.7.7.7. (D.) REV. J. B. DYKES.



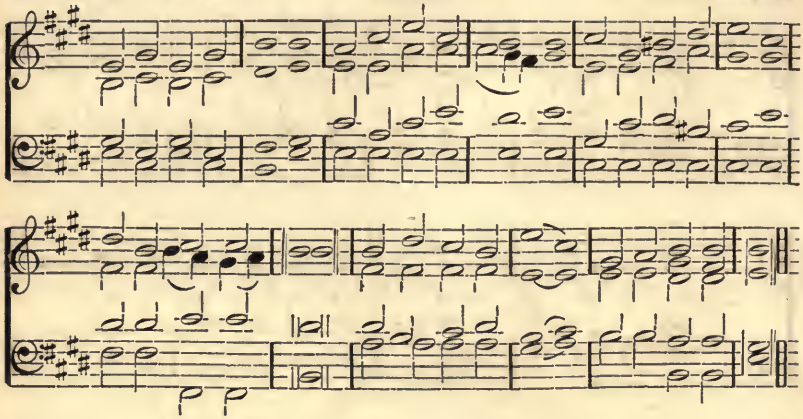
JESUS, lover of my soul,
  Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
  While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
  Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
  O receive my soul at last!

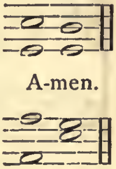
Other refuge have I none;
  Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
  All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
  Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall,
Lo! on Thee I cast my care!
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
  While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
  Dying, and behold I live!

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
  Grace to cleanse from ev'ry sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
  Make and keep me pure within!
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
  Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity! Amen.

358. Phosphor-Hesper. 6.6.5.5.5.5. J. W. F. Harrison.





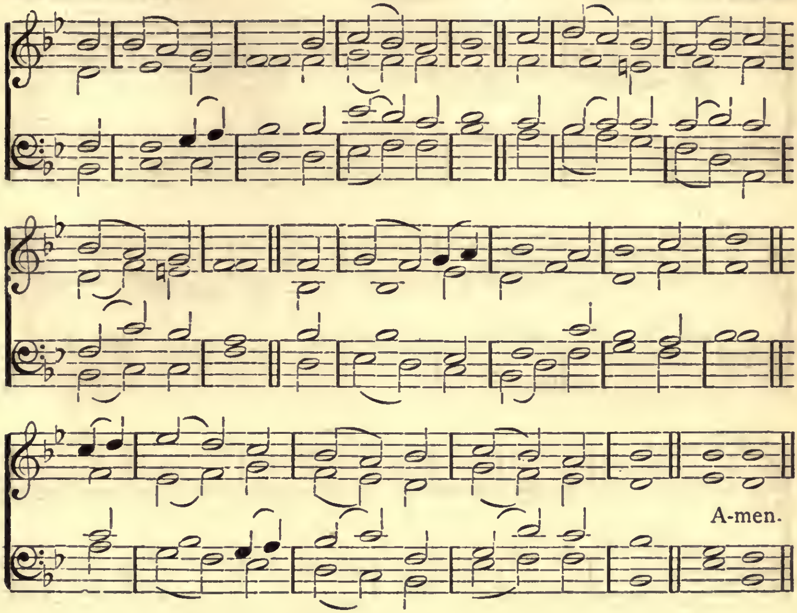
Star of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the stroke be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the treacherous heart
Act the coward's part,
Though the Tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home!

Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with Thy sign,
Take our hands in Thine,
Take our hands and come,
Lead Thy children home!

Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from Heaven,
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own!
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home! Amen.

359. WAREHAM. L.M. W. KNAPP.



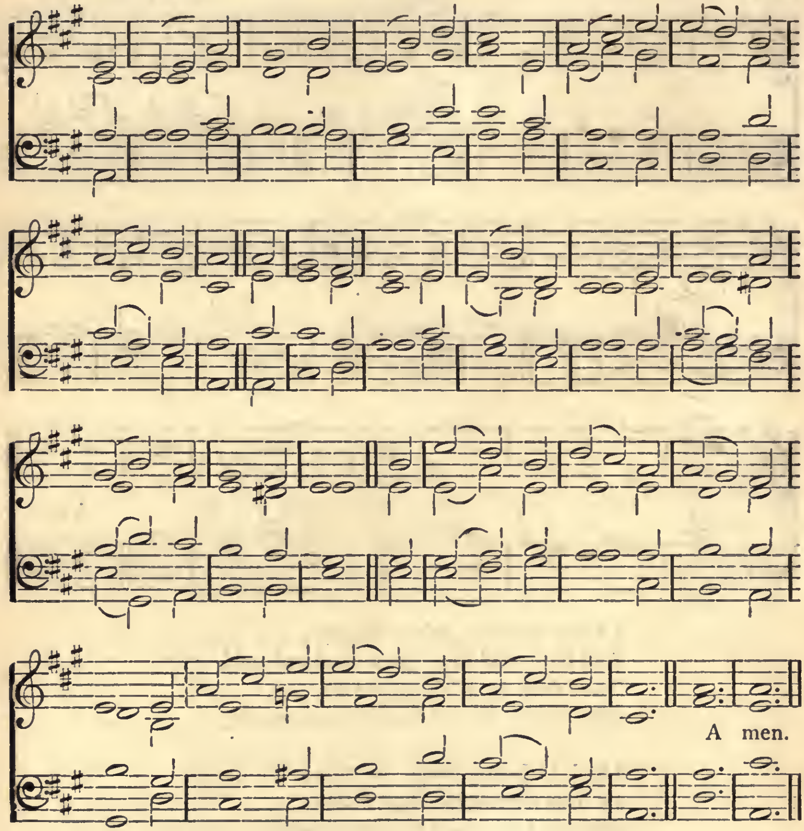
I LOOK to Jesus, when my zeal,
And faith, and love, grow dead and cold,
Then doth He Calvary reveal,
And makes me in His service bold.

I look to Jesus, when the waves
Of dark corruption rage within,
And He from their dominion saves,
From their pollution makes me clean.

I look to Jesus, and I see
Heaven's golden portals opening wide,
With ready welcome e'en to me,
Though vile, to enter and abide.

Thus let me, Lord, while life doth last,
In faith look ever up to Thee,
And when life's sinful days are past,
I shall Thy face in glory see. Amen.

360. St. Hermas. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Haydn.



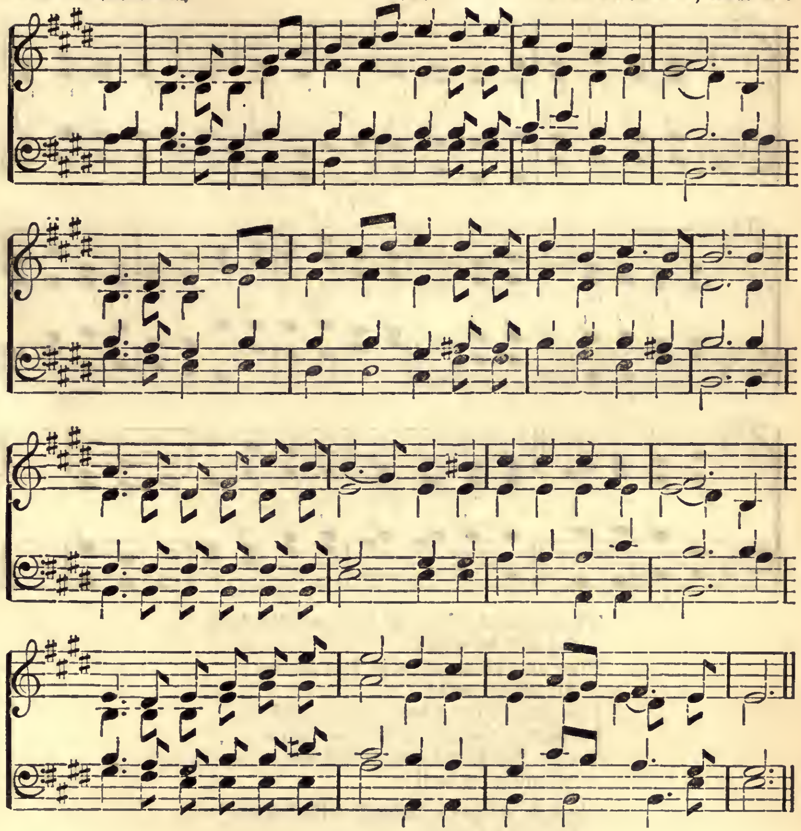
The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Amen.

361. Victoria. P.M. P. R. Maclagan, Mus. Doc.



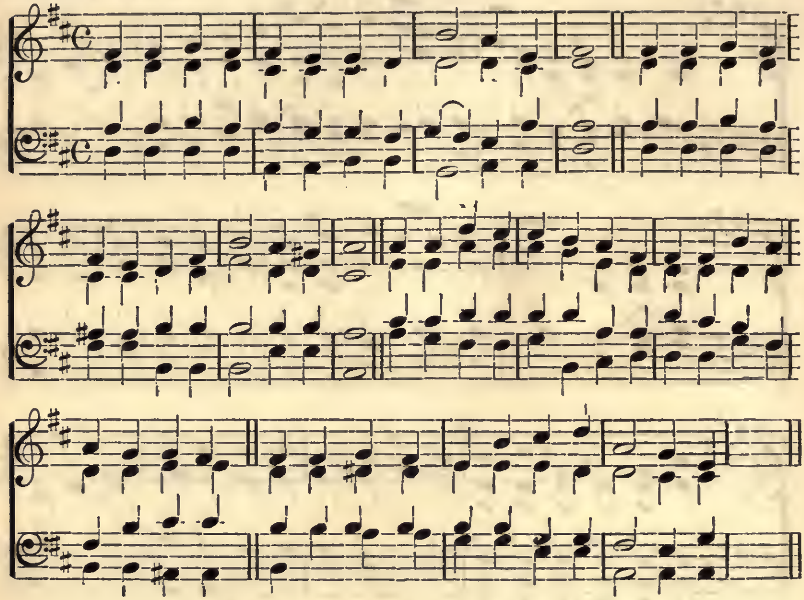
On Thee, O Jesus, strongly leaning,
I calmly onward go;
No cloud, no coldness intervening,
To damp love's blessed glow.
In Thee for ever, Lord, abiding,
I feel that all is well;
Within Thy love for ever hiding,
Who can my gladness tell.

True light of light, for ever seeing,
I hail Thy happy ray,
Bright sun of suns, still undeclining,
'Tis Thou who mak'st my day!

Without Thee life and time are sadness
No fragrance breathes around;
But with Thee even grief is gladness,
My heart its home hath found.

In Thee my soul is sweetly resting,
My hand takes hold of Thine,
My hope is ever upward hasting,
And Thou, and Thou art mine;
My refuge from each storm that rages,
From wind, and wave, and war,
My home throughout eternal ages;
Above yon sparkling star.

362. TEMPLE. P.M. E. J. HOPKINS.

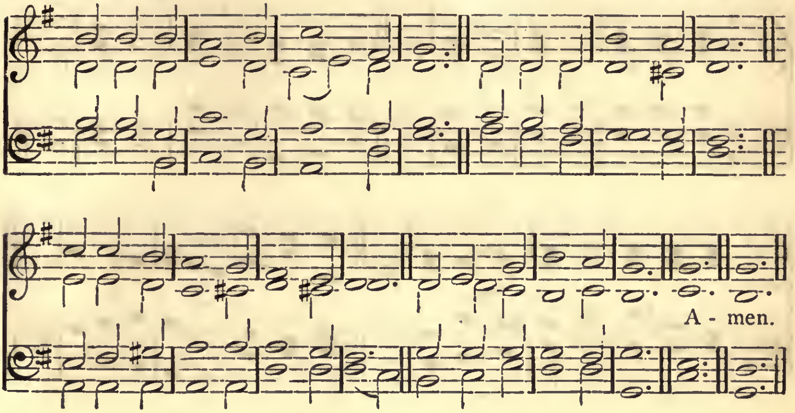


THROUGH the love of God our Saviour
  All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour;
  All, all is well!
Precious is the Blood that heal'd us,
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us,
Strong the Hand stretch'd forth to shield us;
  All must be well!

Though we pass through tribulation,
  All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
  All, all is well!
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
  All must be well!

We expect a bright to-morrow,
  All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
  All, all is well!
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
  All must be well!

363. St. Agnes. C.M. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

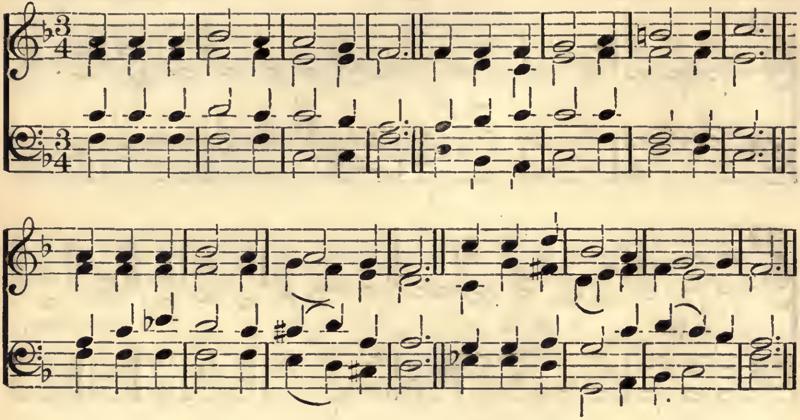
Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray. Amen.

364. St. Alban. L.M. St. Alban's Tune Book.



What various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

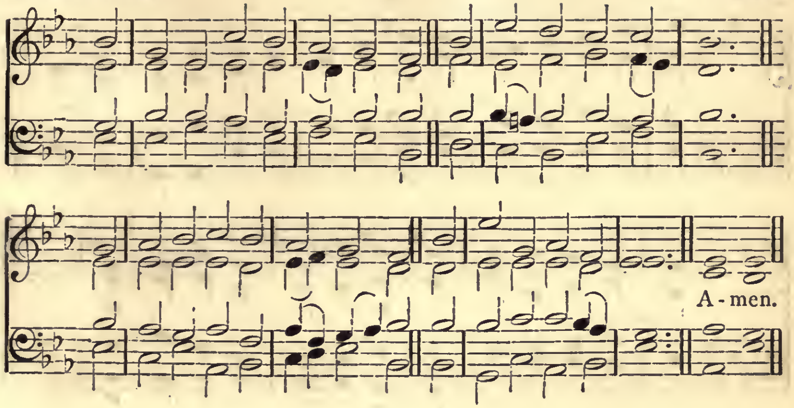
Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Have we no words? ah! think again:
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me.

365. BEDFORD. C.M. W. WHEALE.



O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
  Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
  Hast all our fathers led;

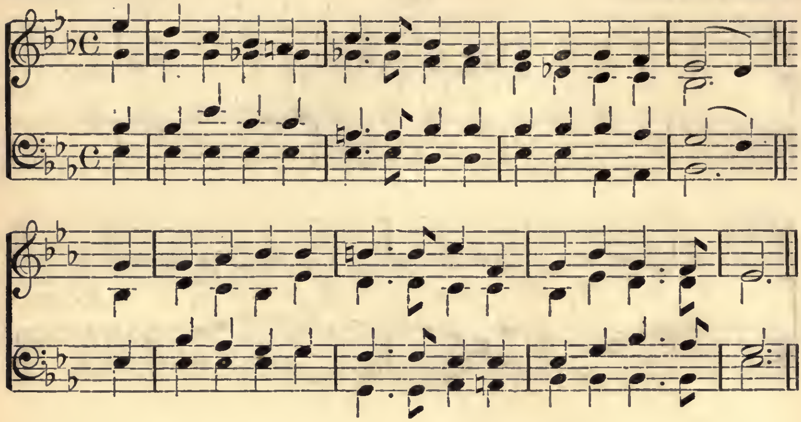
Our vows, our prayers, we now present
  Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
  Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
  Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
  And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around
  Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
  Our souls arrive in peace!

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
  Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
  And portion evermore. Amen.

366. Holy Trinity. C.M. Joseph Barnby.



Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
  Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before His feet,
  For none can perish there.

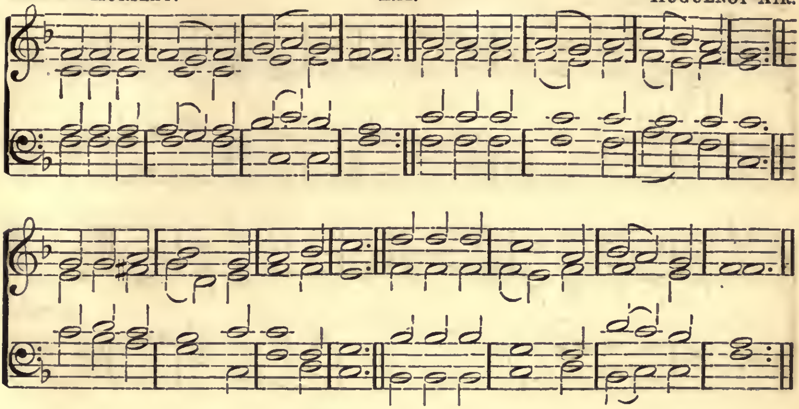
Thy promise is my only plea,
  With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,
  And such, O Lord, am I.

Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
  By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fears within,
  I come to Thee for rest.

Be Thou my shield and hiding-place ;
  That, shelter'd near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
  And tell him Thou hast died !

O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
  To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
  Might plead Thy gracious name.

367. HURSLEY. L.M. HUGUENOT AIR.



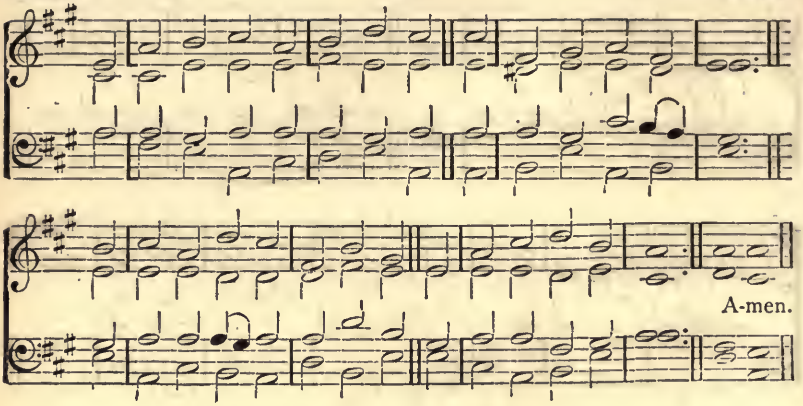
HAST thou within a care so deep,
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
Would feel it almost death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

Hast thou a friend, whose image dear
May prove an idol worshipped here?
Implore the Lord that naught may be
A shadow between heaven and thee.

Whate'er the care which breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

368. St. James. C.M. R. Courteville.



There is an eye that never sleeps
  Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
  When sink the beams of light.

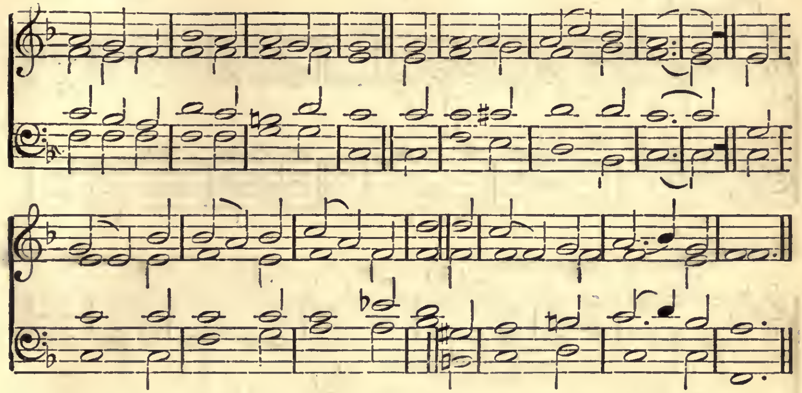
There is an arm that never tires,
  When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
  When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fix'd on seraph throngs:
  That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is fill'd with angel-songs;
  That love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield,
  When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
  That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer;—which soars on high
  Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
  To bring salvation down.

369. CABRA. C.M. P. R. MACLAGAN, MUS. DOC.



SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,
  And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power;
  O come, great Spirit, come.

Come as the light, to us reveal
  Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
  Where all the righteous go.

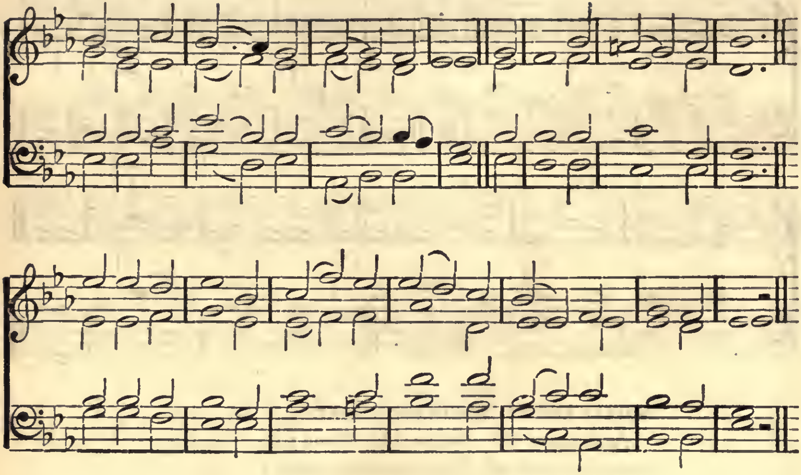
Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
  With sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
  To our Redeemer's name.

Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
  This consecrated hour;
May barren minds be taught to own
  Thy fertilizing power.

Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
  The wings of peaceful love,
Until the church on earth become
  Blest as the church above.

370. Childhood. C.M. Rev. C. J. Dickinson.

With spirit.



Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day:
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

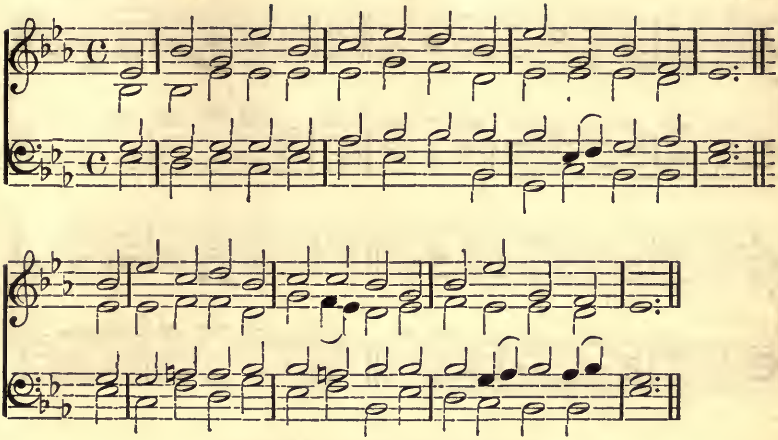
Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on Thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

The Spirit of prevailing grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden name:

Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let Thee go;

"I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy name to me,
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And make me like to Thee."

371. London New. C.M.

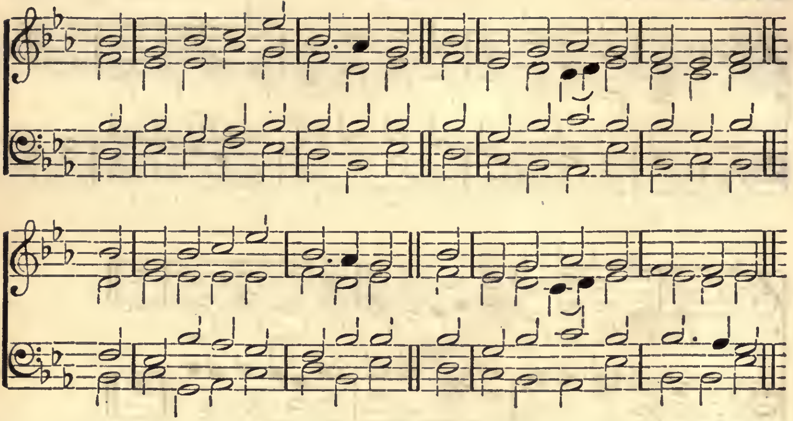


Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

372. St. Gregory. L.M. German



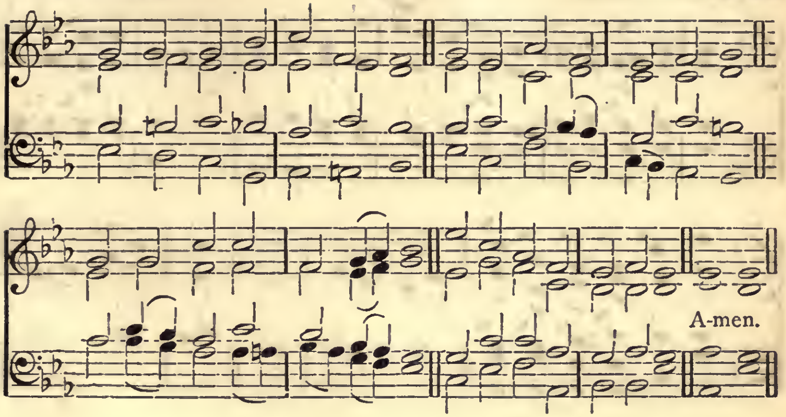
From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

373. WIGAN. 7.7.7.7. GRAHAM



COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray;
Therefore will not say thee nay.

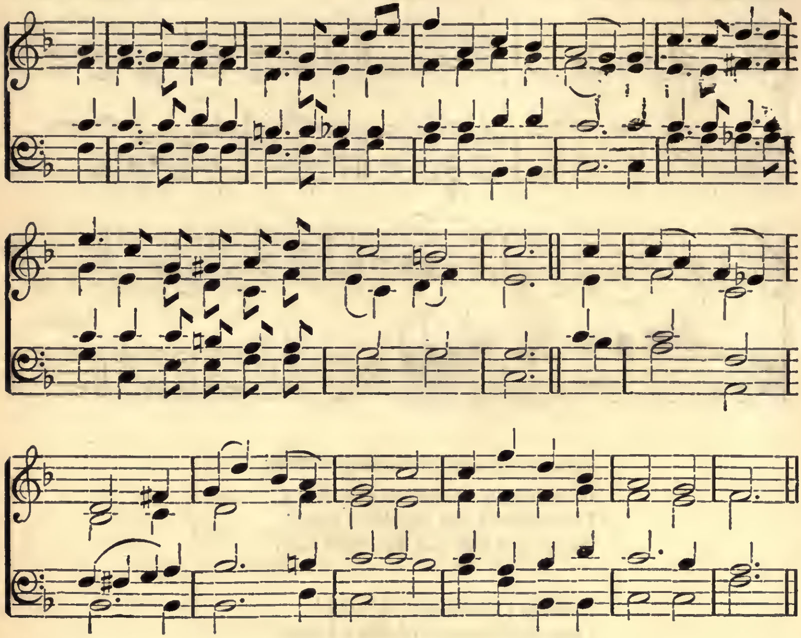
Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer,
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end. Amen.

374. MOUNT ROYAL. P.M. P. R. MACLAGAN, MUS. DOC

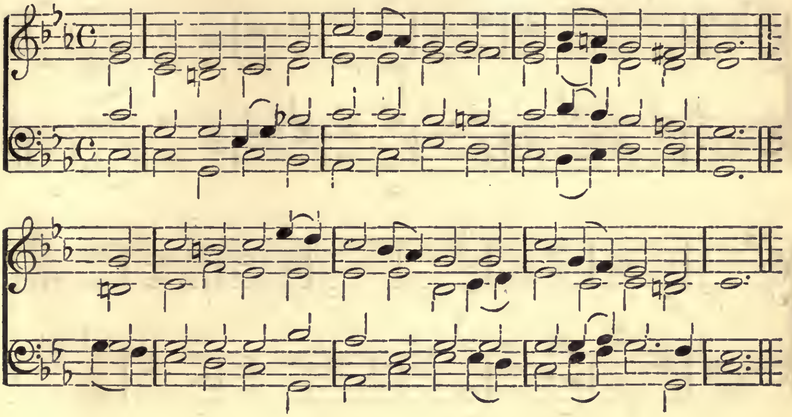


LORD of my life, whose tender care
  Hath led me on till now,
Here, lowly at the hour of prayer
  Before Thy throne I bow;
I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

Oh! may I daily, hourly, strive
  In heavenly grace to grow;
To Thee and to Thy glory live,
  Dead else to all below;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God!

With prayer my humble praise I bring
  For mercies day by day;
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
  Lord, teach me how to pray!
All that I have, I owe to Thee
I offer through Eternity!

375. BANGOR. C.M. OLD WELSH MELODY.



LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must, draw near.

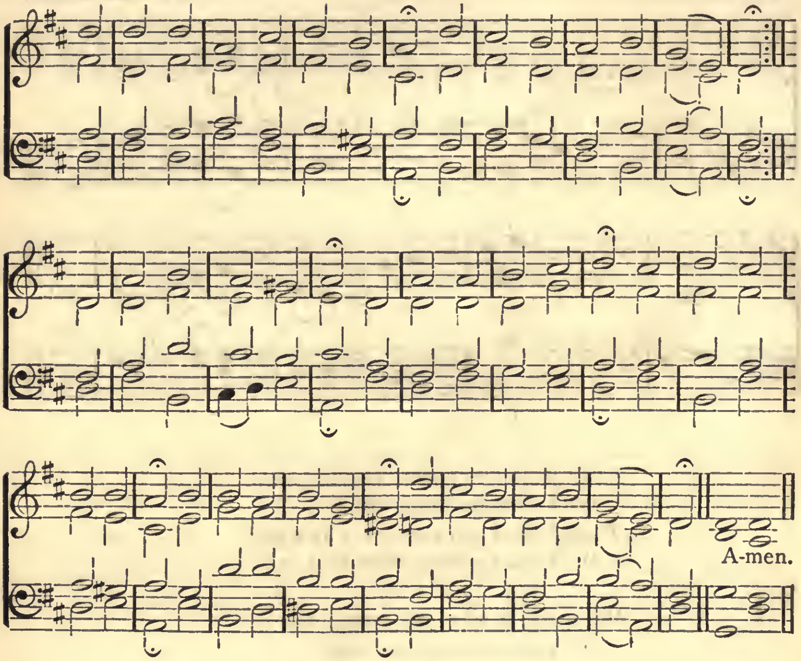
We perish if we cease from prayer;
Oh, grant us power to pray!
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

Burden'd with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With broken contrite hearts;
Give what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts;

And faith in that One Sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To rest our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone.

376. EIN FESTE BURG. 3.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7. GERMAN.



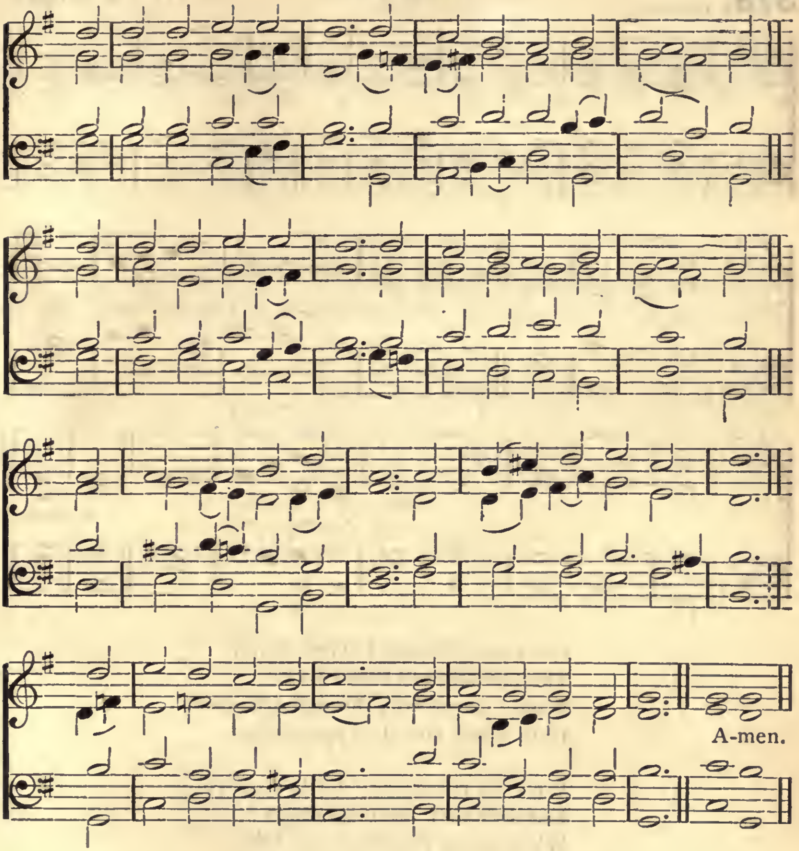
REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shewn;
Let all His saints adore Him!

*

When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
Oh, trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
"O praise our God alway;"
Let all His saints adore Him!

Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation:
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shewn;
Let all His saints adore Him!
Amen.

377. NUN DANKET. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. GERMAN.



Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

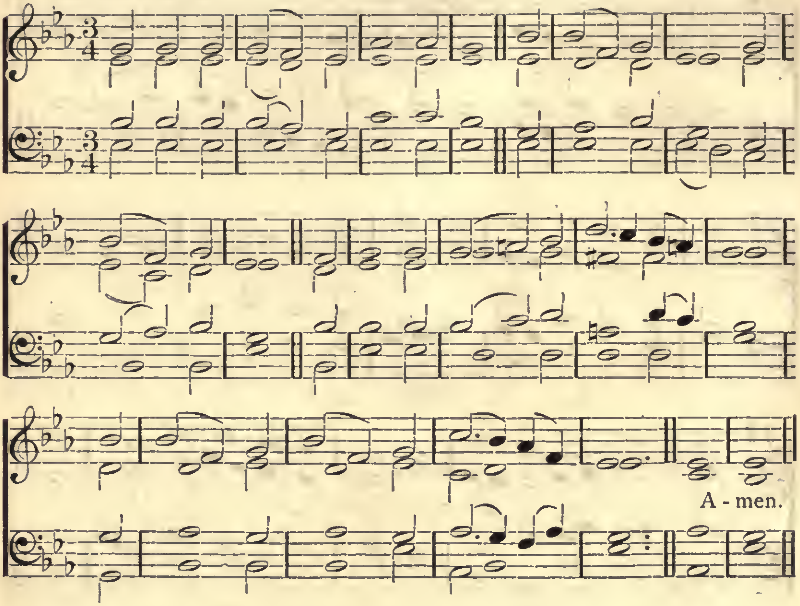
Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when distressed,
And free us from all ills
That grieve the weary breast.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him, who reigns
With them in highest heaven.
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heav'n adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

378. VESPERS.

FIRST TUNE.
L.M.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

Who can His mighty deeds express—
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise!

Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

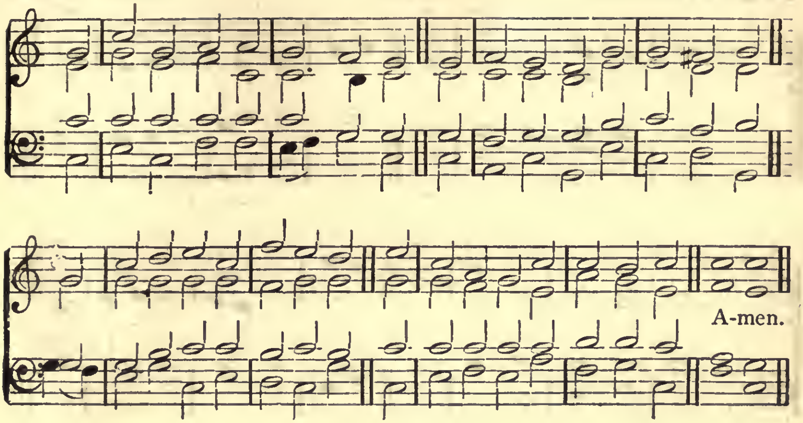
Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
His mercy firm through ages past,
Hath stood and shall for ever last. Amen.

SECOND TUNE.

378. VESPERS.

L.M.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



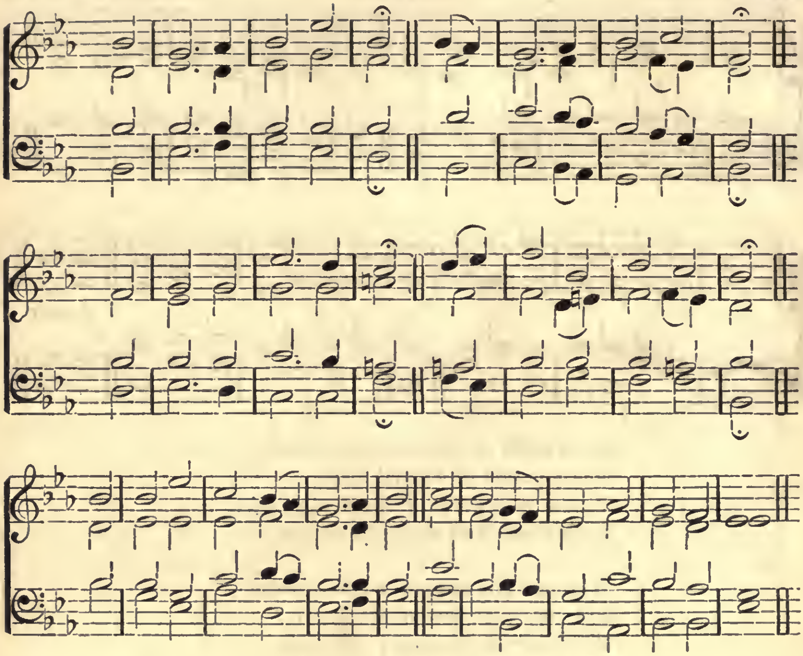
OH, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

Who can His mighty deeds express—
Not only vast, but numberless !
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise !

Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford ;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
His mercy firm through ages past,
Hath stood and shall for ever last. Amen.

379. Waterstock. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. J. Goss.



Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

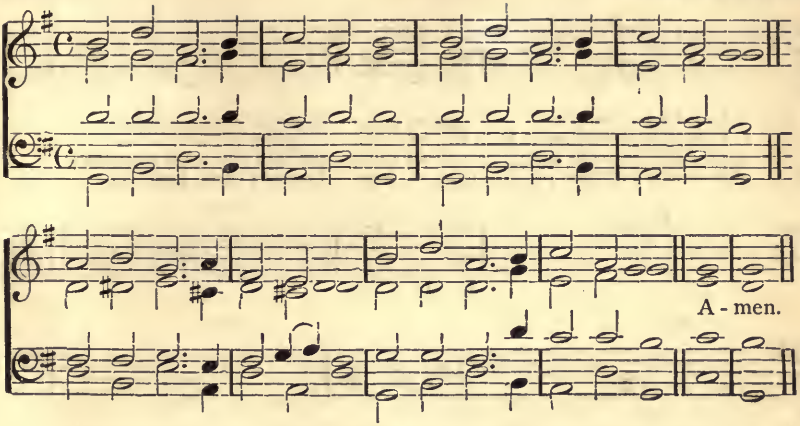
Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy name,
By whose Almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey:
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

380.

7.7.7.7. **German Hymn.**



Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

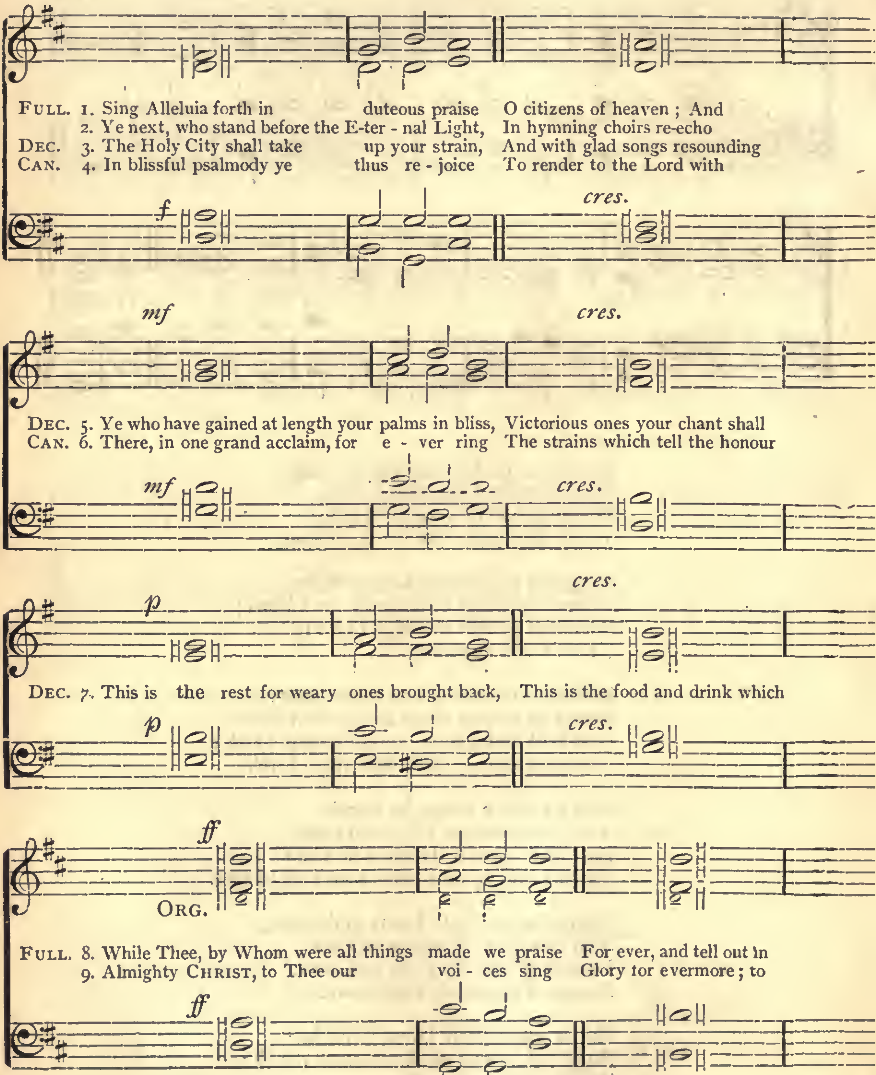
Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

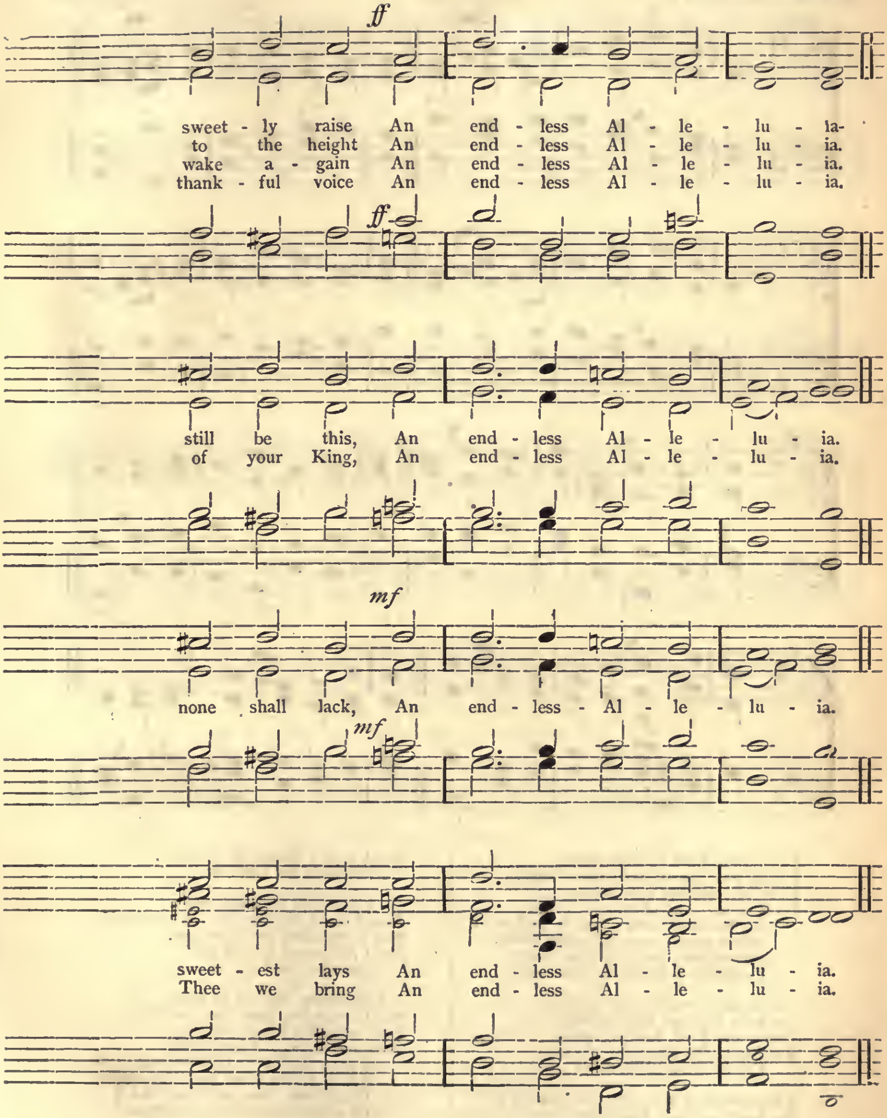
Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.
Amen.

381. Endless Alleluia. P.M.

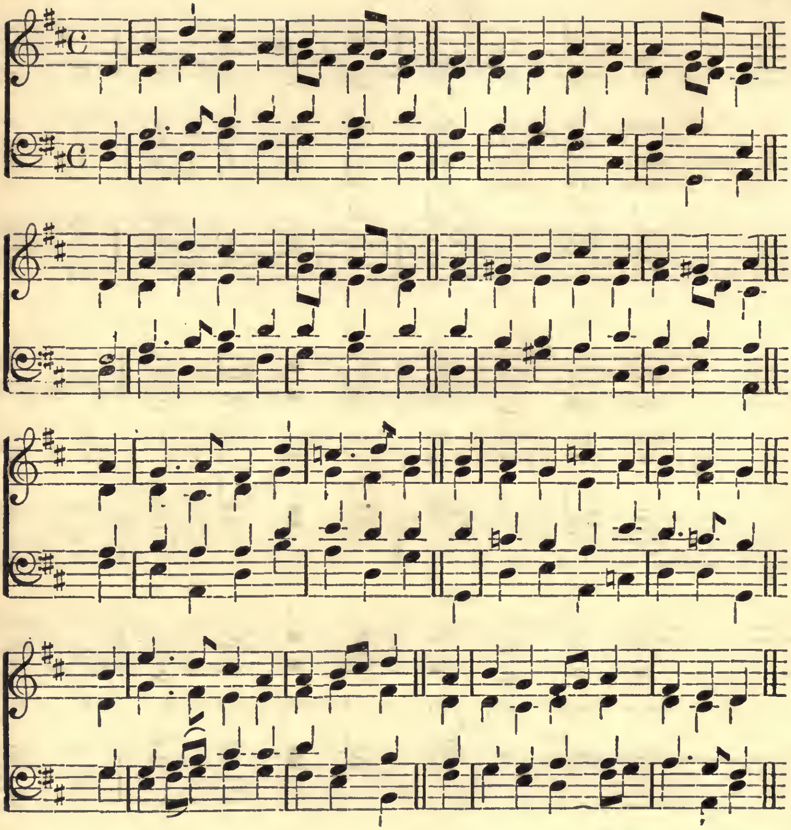

FULL. 1. Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise O citizens of heaven ; And
2. Ye next, who stand before the E-ter - nal Light, In hymning choirs re-echo
DEC. 3. The Holy City shall take up your strain, And with glad songs resounding
CAN. 4. In blissful psalmody ye thus re - joice To render to the Lord with
f
cres.
mf
cres.
DEC. 5. Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss, Victorious ones your chant shall
CAN. 6. There, in one grand acclaim, for e - ver ring The strains which tell the honour
mf
cres.
p
cres.
DEC. 7. This is the rest for weary ones brought back, This is the food and drink which
p
cres.
ff
ORG.
FULL. 8. While Thee, by Whom were all things made we praise For ever, and tell out in
9. Almighty CHRIST, to Thee our voi - ces sing Glory for evermore ; to
ff

PRAISE.

P.M. **JOSEPH BARNBY.**


ff
sweet - ly raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia-
to the height An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
wake a - gain An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
thank - ful voice An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
ff
still be this, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
of your King, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
mf
none shall lack, An end - less - Al - le - lu - ia.
mf
sweet - est lays An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
Thee we bring An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.

382. JEHOVAH. D.L.M. OLD TUNE.



SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.
For He's the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

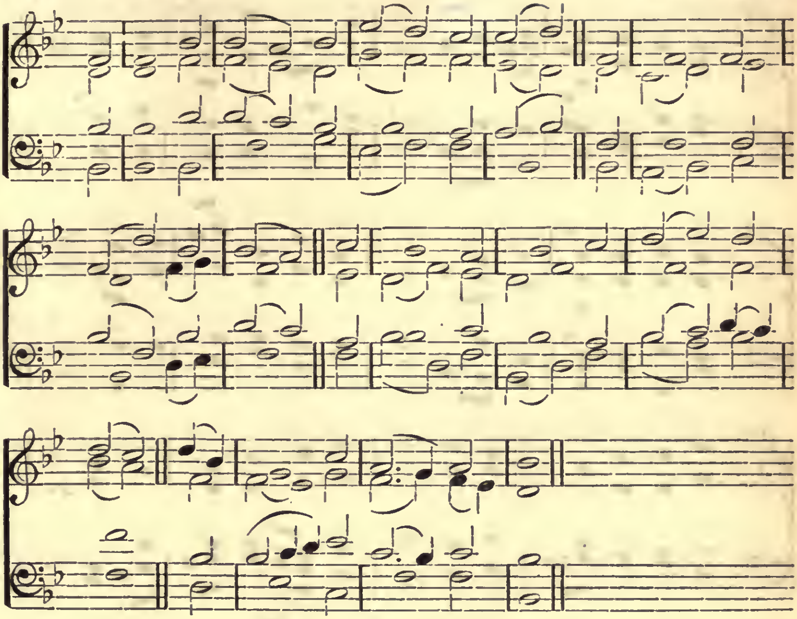
For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair.
For He's the Lord, &c.

For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do;
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for it is true.
For He's the Lord, &c.

For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His name, for it is joy.
For He's the Lord, &c.

For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die;
Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

383. Wiltshire. C.M. Sir George Smart.



Through all the changing scenes of life
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

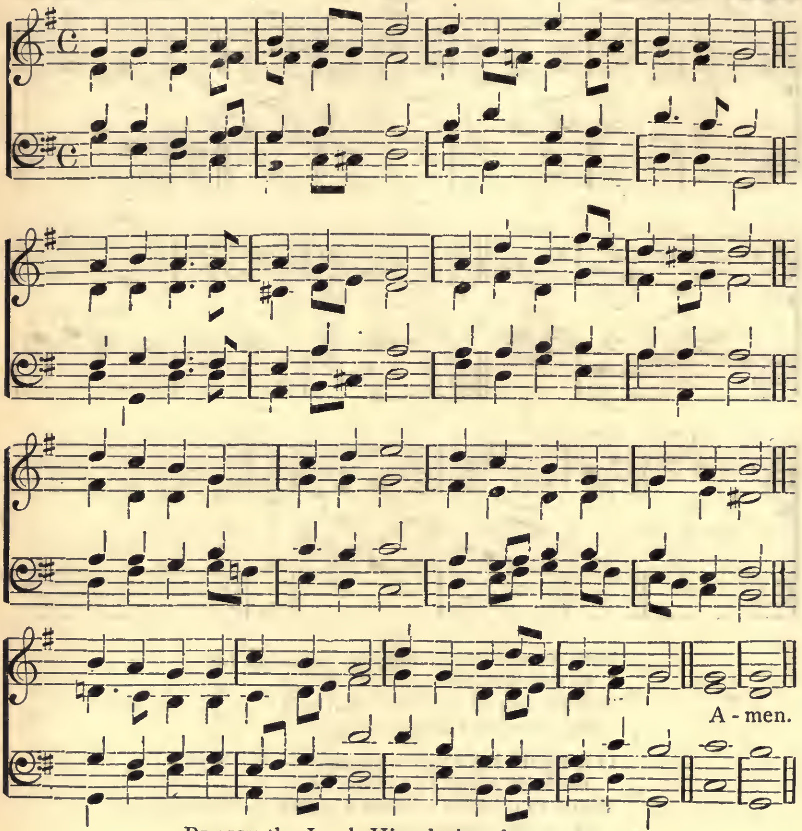
O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

The angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

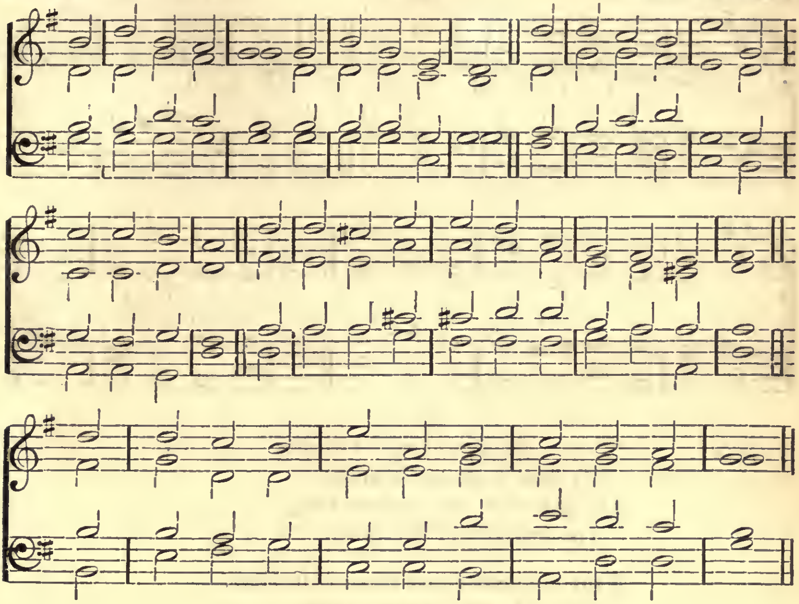
384. Cobourg. 7's D. H. R. H. Prince Consort.



Praise the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son:
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore! Amen.

385. Laudate Domino. P.M. H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.



O praise ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing:
In their great Creator
Let Israel rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

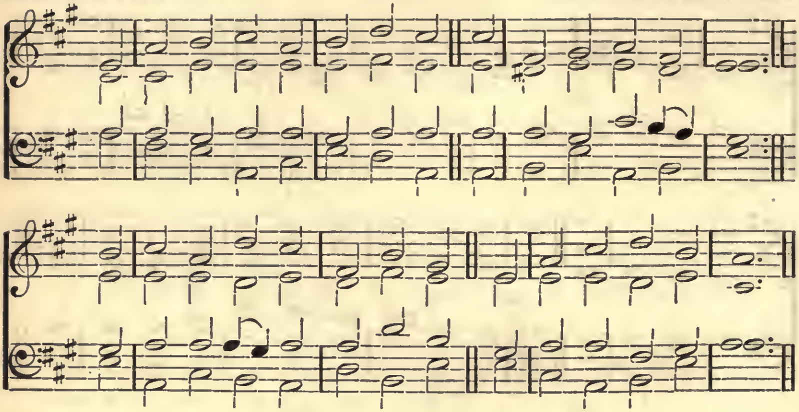
Let them His great name
Extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
To hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation
The humble to bless.

With glory adorned,
His people shall sing
To God, who their heads
With safety doth shield;
Such honor and triumph
His favour shall bring:
O therefore for ever
All praise to Him yield!

386. St. James.

FIRST TUNE.
C.M.

R. Courteville.



O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

Jesus—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Jesus subdues the power of sin,
And sets the prisoner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

He speaks and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

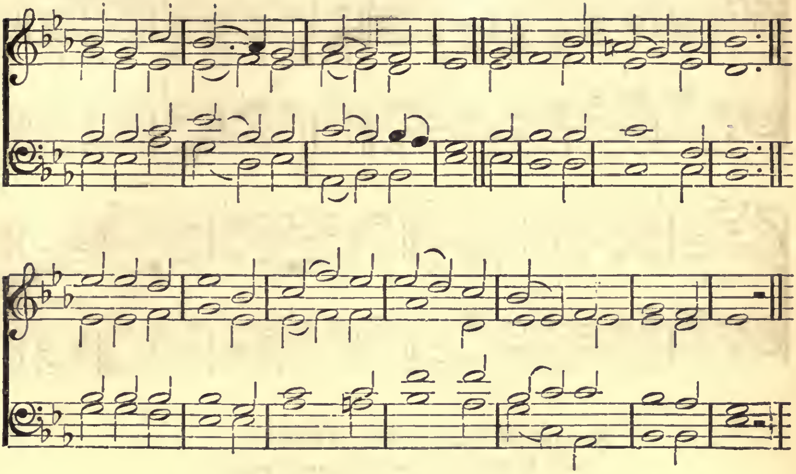
Hear Him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come!
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

386. St. James.

SECOND TUNE.
C.M.

R. Courteville.

With spirit.



O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

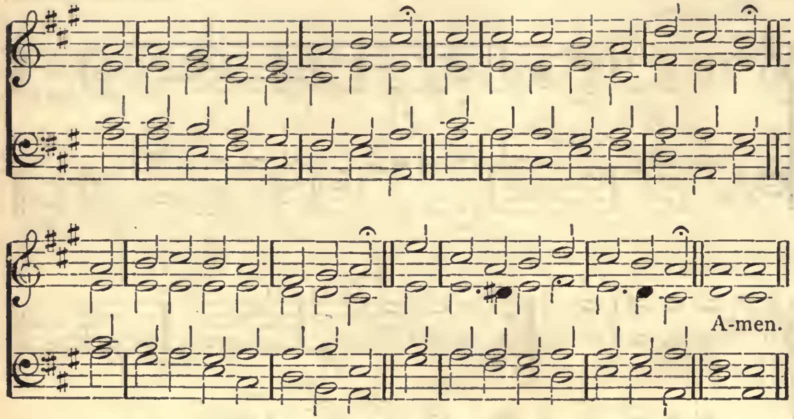
Jesus—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Jesus subdues the power of sin,
And sets the prisoner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

He speaks and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come!
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

387. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M. OLD TUNE.



ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

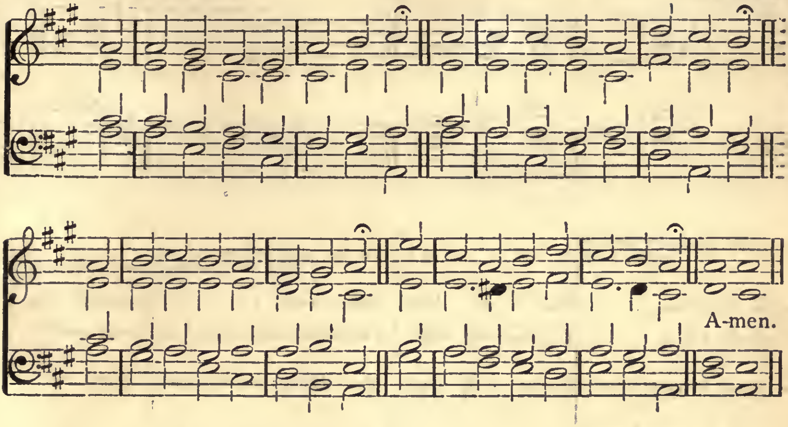
The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock; He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

388. Old Hundredth. L.M. Old Tune.



With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise;

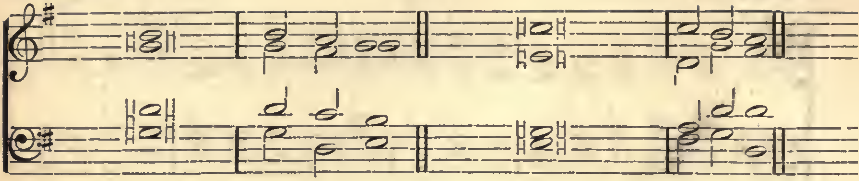
Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,
We whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then His temple gate;
Thence to His courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His Name with praises bless.

For He's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure. Amen.

389. TROYTE NO. 2.

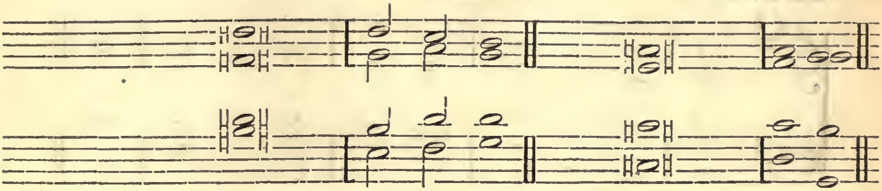
IRREGULAR.



f The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle-	-lu - - - ia !	To the glory of their King Shall the ransomed	peo - ple sing
And the choirs that . . .	dwell on high	Shall re-echo - - - - - -	through the sky,
mf They in the rest of . . .	Paradise who dwell,	The blessed ones, with joy the	chorus swell
The planets beaming on their	heaven - ly way,	The shining constellations,	join and say
p Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on	pin - - ions light,	*f* Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings,	wildly bright,
Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and	win - ter snow,	Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar frost and	summer glow,
First let the birds with painted	plum - age gay,	Exalt their great Creator's	praise, and say
Then let the beasts of earth, with	vary - ing strain,	Join in creation's hymn, and	cry a - gain
f Here let the mountains thunder forth so-	-nor - - ous	Alle - - - - - - - -	-lu - - ia !
mf Thou jubilant abyss of - - -	o - cean, cry	Alle - - - - - - - -	-lu - - ia !
To God, Who all cre - - -	-a - tion made,	The frequent hymn be . .	du - ly paid,
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord	Al - mighty loves,	Alle - - - - - - - -	-lu - - ia !
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a-	-wak - ing,	Alle - - - - - - - -	-lu - - ia !
(*Unison.*) Now from all men	be out - poured	Alleluia	to the Lord;
(*Harmony.*) *ff* Praise be sung to the	Three in One.	Alle - - - - - - -	-lu - - ia !

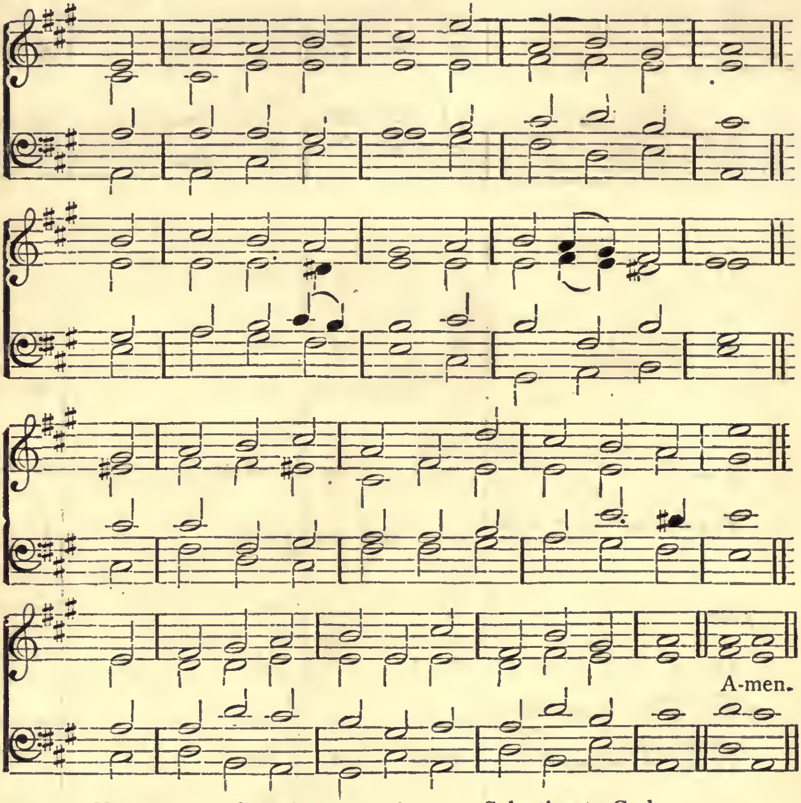
PRAISE.

IRREGULAR. **A. H. D. TROYTE.**



Alle - - - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - -	-lu - ia!
Alle - - - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - -	-lu - ia!
Alle - - - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - -	-lu - ia!
Alle - - - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - -	-lu - ia!
In sweet con - - - - -	-sent u - nite	your Alle - - - -	-lu - ia!
Ye groves that wave in spring, All glorious	fo - rests, sing	*f* Alle - - - -	-lu - ia!
f Alle - - - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - -	-lu - ia!
Alle - - - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - -	-lu - ia!
(*Trebles only.*) *p* There let the valleys sing in gentler	cho - - rus	Alle - - - -	-lu - ia!
(*Trebles only.*) Ye tracts of earth and conti -	-nents, re - ply	Alle - - - -	-lu - ia!
f Alle - - - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - -	-lu - ia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ The	King ap - proves,	Alle - - - -	-lu - ia!
(*Trebles only.*) *p* And children's voices echo, answer	mak - - ing,	Alle - - - -	-lu - ia!
With Alleluia	e - ver - more	The Son and Spirit	we adore.
Alle - - - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - -	-lu - ia!

390. Hanover. P.M. Dr. Croft.



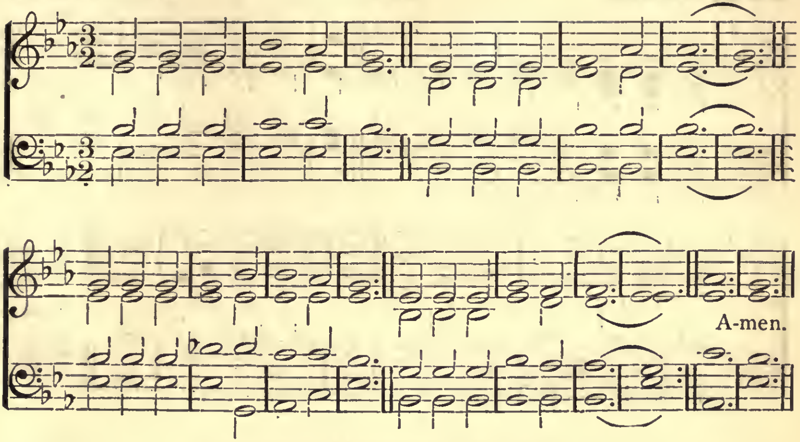
Ye servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud
And honour the Son.
The praises of Jesus
All Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore
And give Him His right;
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With Angels above;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love. Amen.

391. LANGTON. S.M. STREATFIELD, (ARR.)



COME, ye who love the Lord,
  And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
  And thus surround the throne.

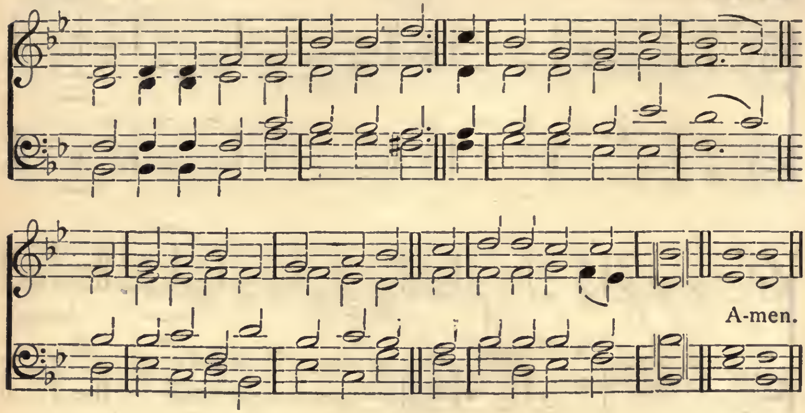
The men of grace have found
  Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
  From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields
  A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
  Or walk the golden streets.

There shall we see His face,
  And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of His grace
  Drink endless pleasures in.

Then let our songs abound,
  And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground
  To fairer worlds on high. Amen.

392. NATIVITY. C.M. H. LAHEE.



COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

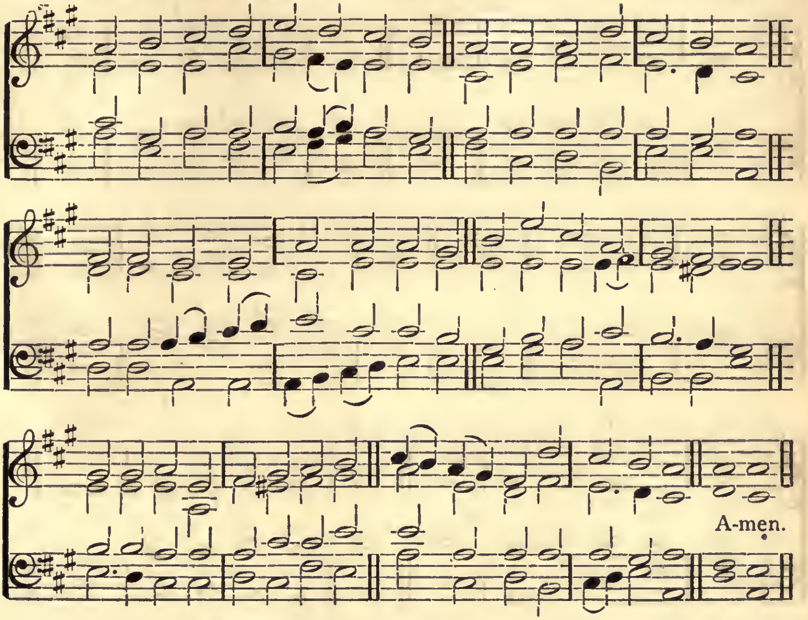
Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Lord, be for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
In air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

393. ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN. 8.7.8.7.8.7. HAYDN.



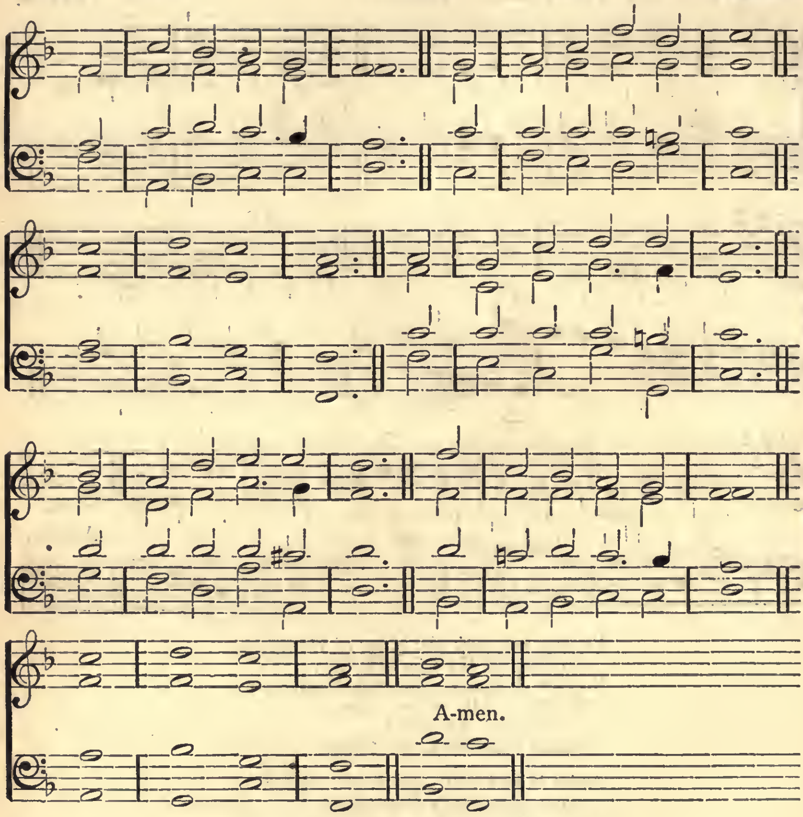
PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransom'd, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His Hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face:
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gather'd in from every race:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.

394. St. Austin. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley.



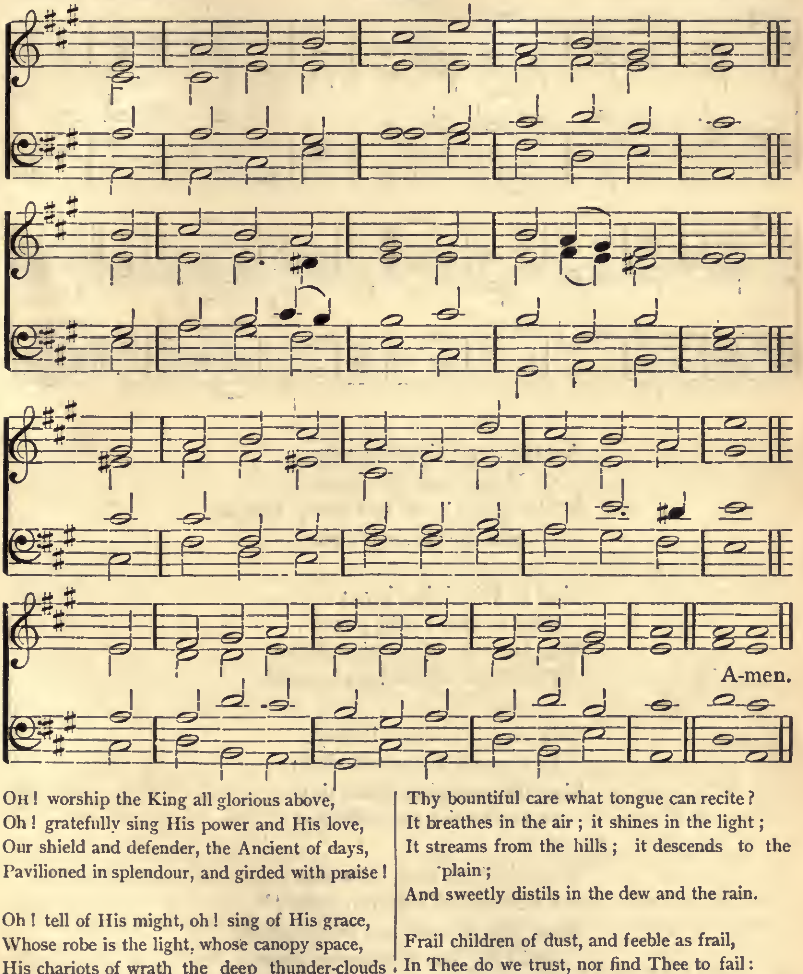
Come, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us.
Ancient of days.

Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayers attend:
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore.
Thy sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. Amen.

395. HANOVER. 10.10.11.11.



Oh! worship the King all glorious above,
Oh! gratefully sing His power and His love,
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise!

Oh! tell of His might, oh! sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space,
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

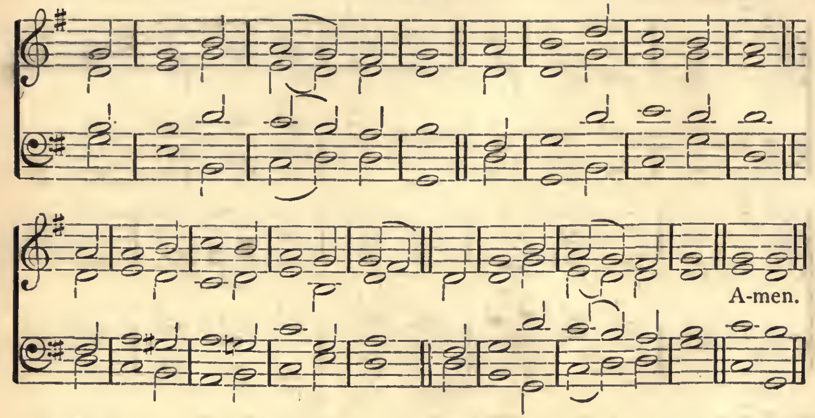
The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain;
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
Thy ransom'd creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.
Amen.

396. DEDICATION. S.M.



AWAKE, and sing the song
  Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of His dying love;
  Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
  For those whose sins he bore.

Sing on your heavenly way,
  Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
  In Christ the eternal King.

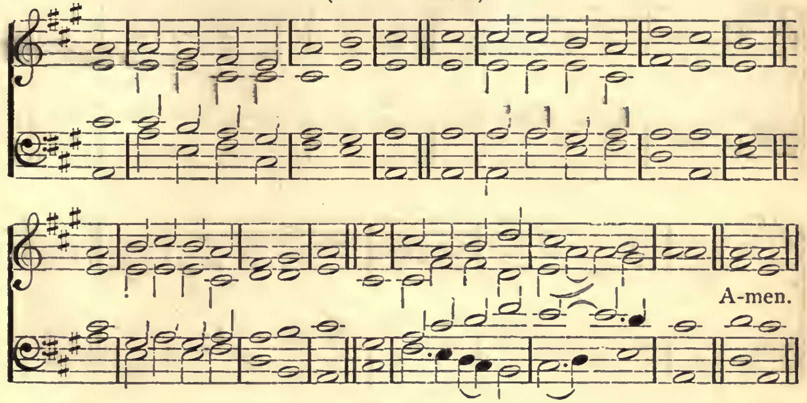
Soon shall ye hear Him say,
  "Ye blessed children come!"
Soon will He call you hence away,
  And take His wanderers home.

There shall our raptured tongues
  His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
  Of Moses and the Lamb. Amen.

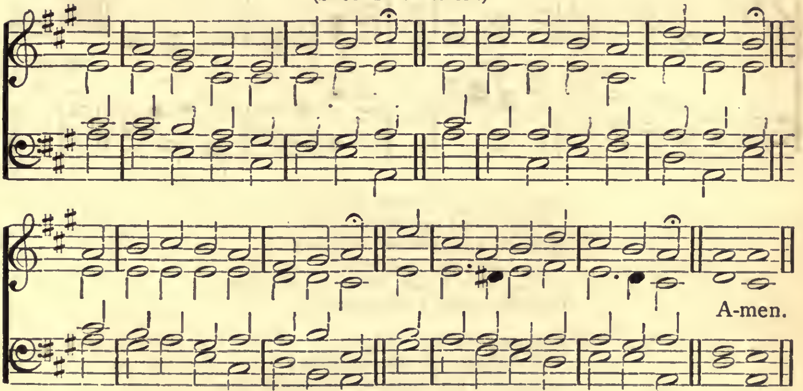
397. OLD 100TH.

L.M.

(FIRST VERSION.)



(SECOND VERSION.)



BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

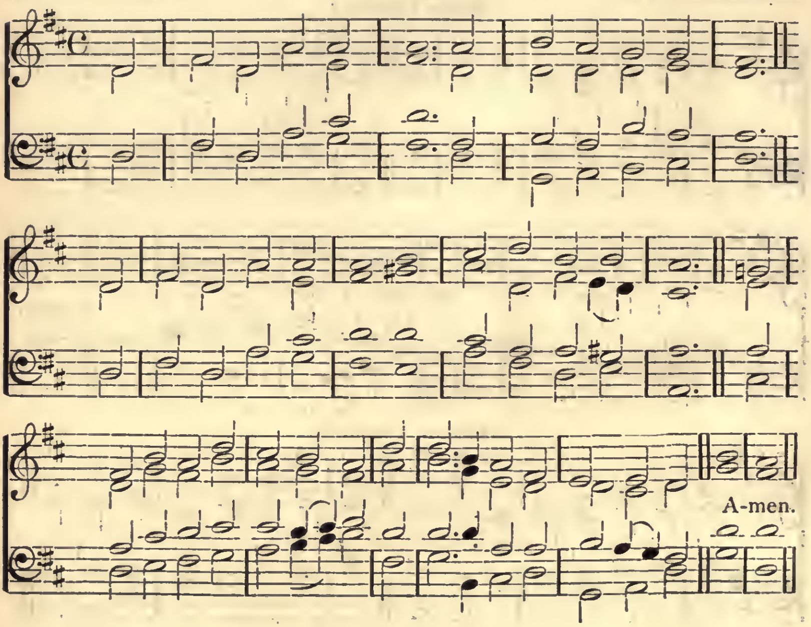
His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

We'll crown Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move. Amen.

398. JUBILEE. 6.6.6.6.8.8. F. C. CHATTOCK.



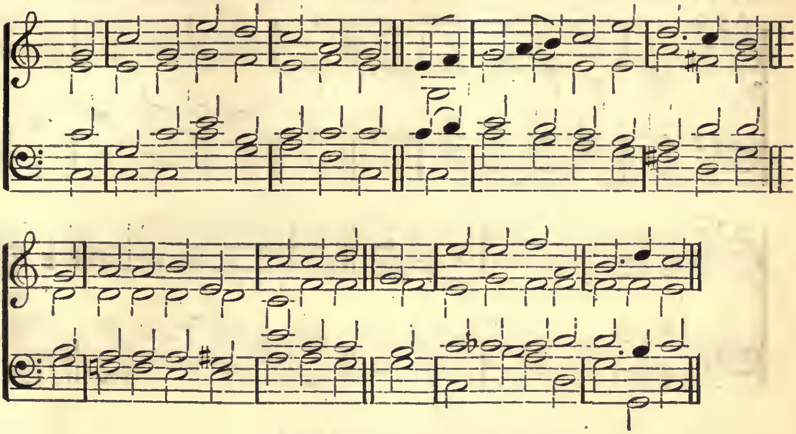
REJOICE, the Lord is King,
  Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing
  And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
  The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
  He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His Kingdom cannot fail;
  He rules o'er earth and heaven:
The keys of death and hell
  Are to our Jesus giv'n;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He sits at God's right hand
  Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command
  And fall beneath His feet;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. Amen.

399. CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. L.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.



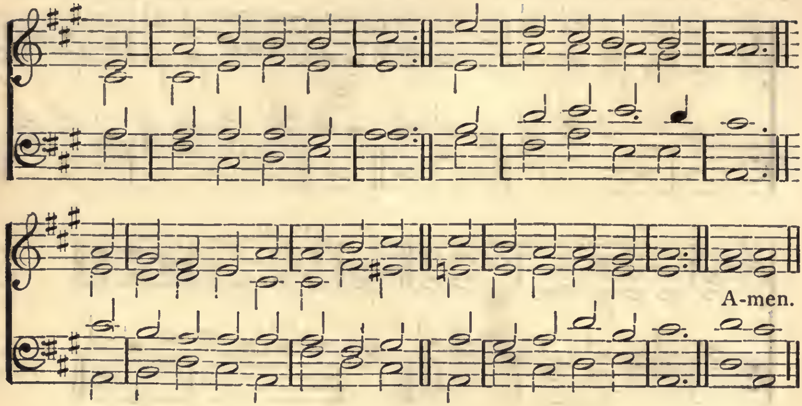
O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
And high our grateful voices raise,
As our Salvation's rock we praise.

Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favours past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command.

O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with rev'rence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

400. St. Michael. S.M.



Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

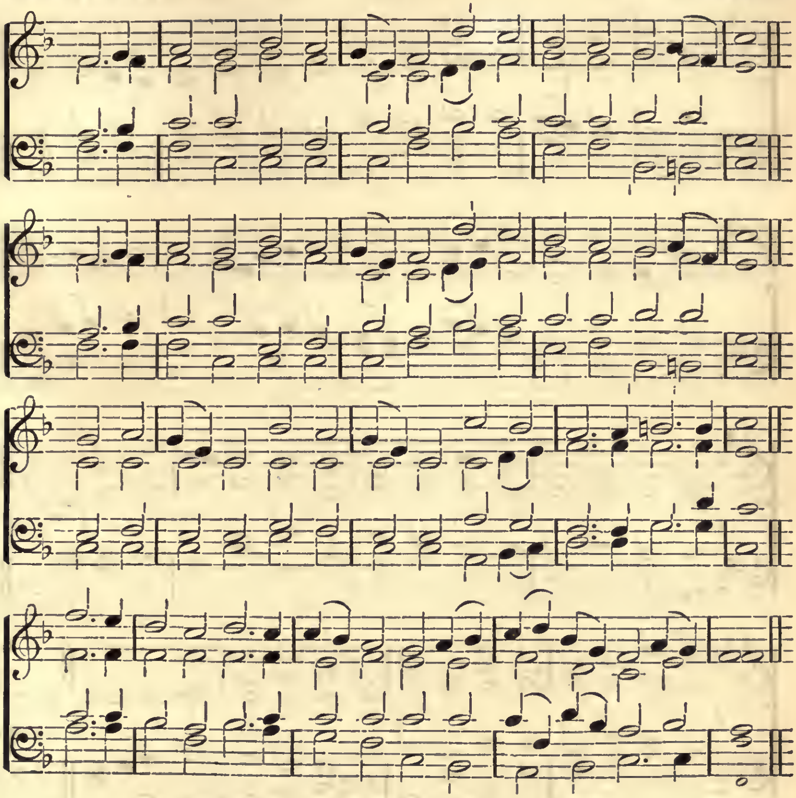
Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?

Oh! for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd,
With all our ransom'd powers.

Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore. Amen.

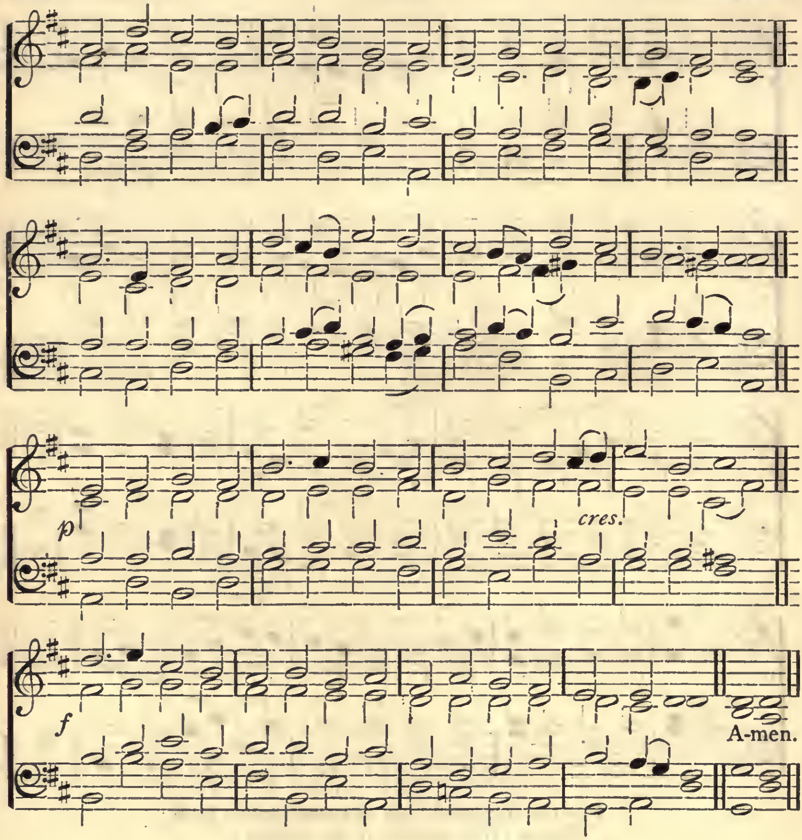
401. AUSTRIA. 8.7. D. HAYDN.



Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore Him;
  Praise Him, angels, in the height:
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
  Praise Him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
  Worlds His mighty voice obey'd,
Laws, which never shall be broken,
  For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
  Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
  Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
  Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
  Laud and magnify His name!

402. GLORIA. 8.7. D. HENRY SMART.



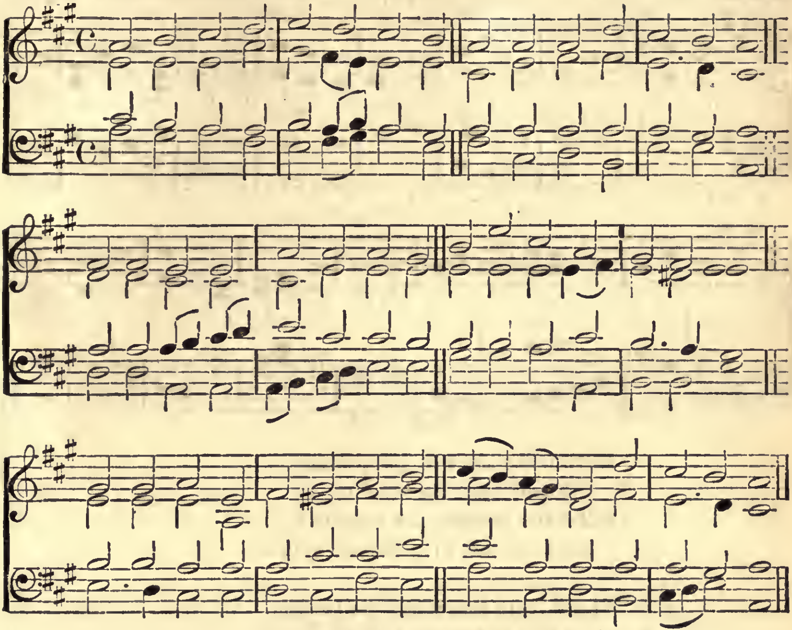
ALLELUIA! Sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark, the songs of Holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeem'd us by His blood!"

Alleluia! Not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how;
Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise—
"I am with you evermore?"

Alleluia! Bread of heaven,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluia! Here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day.
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark, the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeem'd us by His blood!" Amen.

403. Alleluia Dulce Carmen. 8.7.8.7.8.7. Haydn.



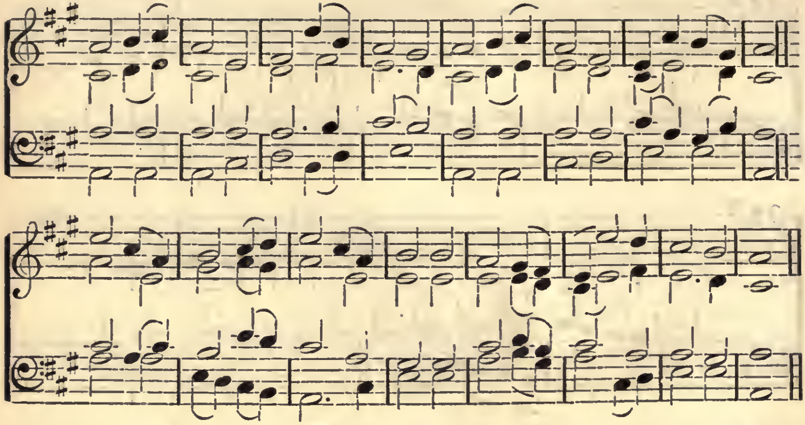
Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One;
Glory, glory.
While eternal ages run!

Glory be to Him who loved us,
Wash'd us from each spot and stain:
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign;
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain.

Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth your praises bring:—
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings:
Honour, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of Kings!

404. MERCY SEAT. 8.7.8.7. ANON.



ROUND the Lord in glory seated
  Cherubim and Seraphim
Fill'd His temple, and repeated
  Each to each th' alternate hymn:

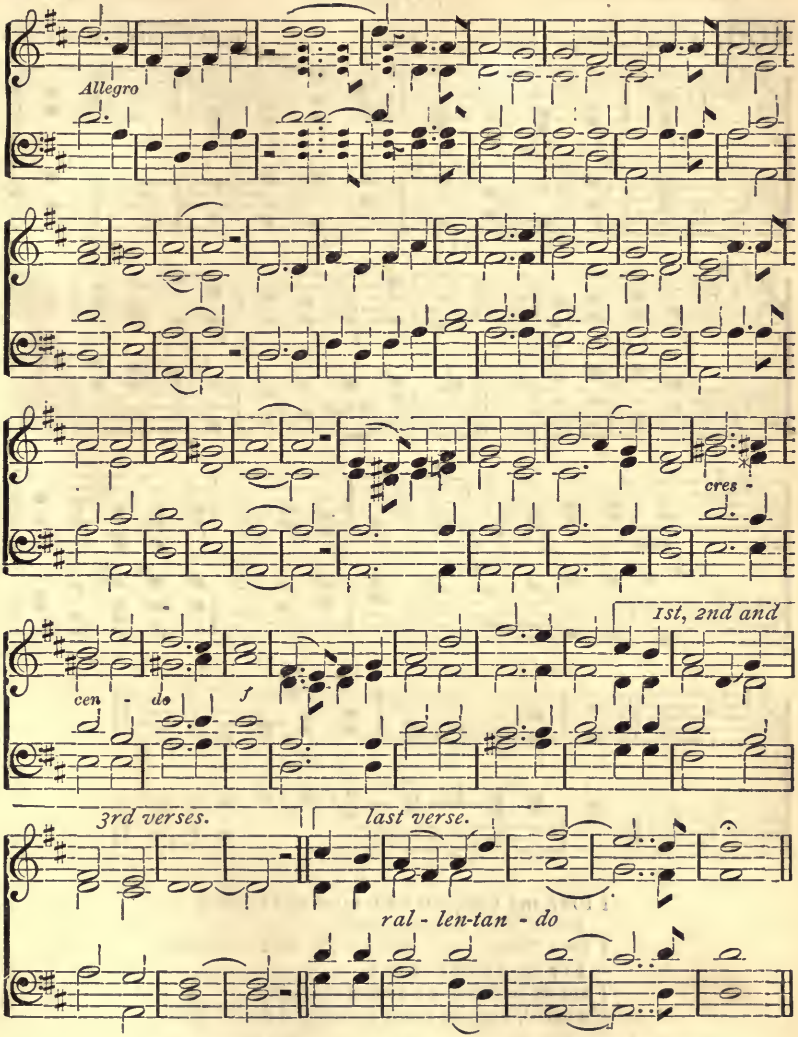
"Lord, Thy Glory fills the heaven,
  "Earth is with its fulness stored;
"Unto Thee be glory given,
  "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
  Earth takes up the angel's cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
  "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"

With His seraph train before Him,
  With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
  Bid we thus our anthem flow:

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
  "Earth is with its fulness stored;
"Unto Thee be glory given,
  Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

405. CONQUEST. 7.7.7.7. D. P. R. MACLAGAN, MUS. DOC.



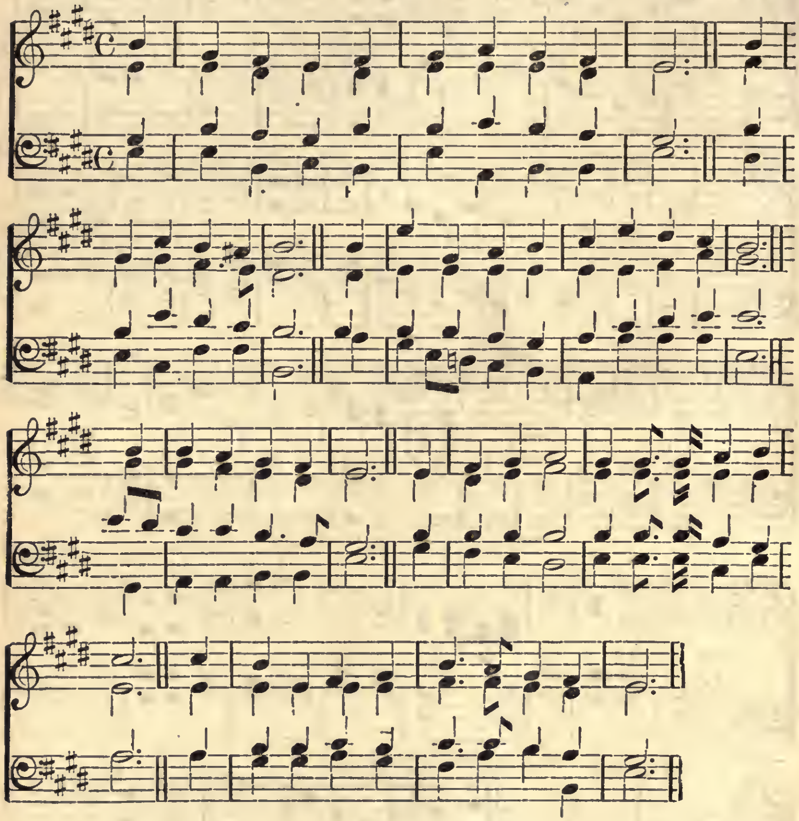
HAIL! Thou Vanquisher of night,
Great Redeemer, Lord of Light;
First begotten from the dead,
Of the Church triumphant Head,—
For the Sunlight of Thy Day.
Shewing wrath all borne away,
Crowns before Thee we will cast,
While eternal ages last.

On creation now we call,
Bow'd and humbled by the Fall,
From the bondage and the tears
Of the weary by-gone years,
Now to lift her troubled heart,
And in triumph take her part,
Singing o'er the land and sea
"Thou shalt set Creation free."

Burning Seraphs, pure and bright,
As ye rest not day nor night,
Chanting all with one accord
"Holy, holy, holy Lord,"
Linger, musing on the plan
Of redemption, free to man:
This your theme midst light above
God's great mystery of love.

Then from all whom Christ hath sought,
All whose freedom He hath bought—
From the young and from the old,
All within the Shepherd's fold—
Let there rise one joyous strain
To the Lamb who once was slain,
Who hath vanquish'd dreary night;
Great Redeemer, Lord of light.

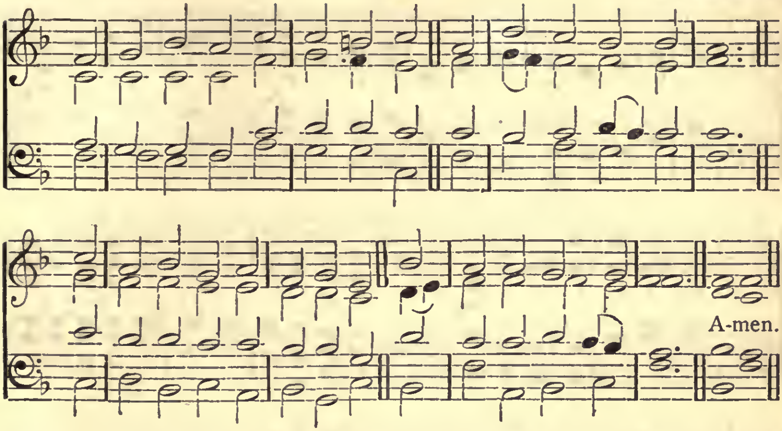
406. HaddERWATER. P.M. W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.



I love my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give:
I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy life I live;
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
Emptied, and lost, and swallow'd up in Thee.

Thou, Lord, alone art all Thy children need,
And there is none beside;
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed,
In Thee the blest abide:
Fountain of life and all-abounding grace,
Our source, our centre and our dwelling-place.

407. SALISBURY. C.M. RAVENSCROFT.



My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally.

Thou, O my Saviour, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

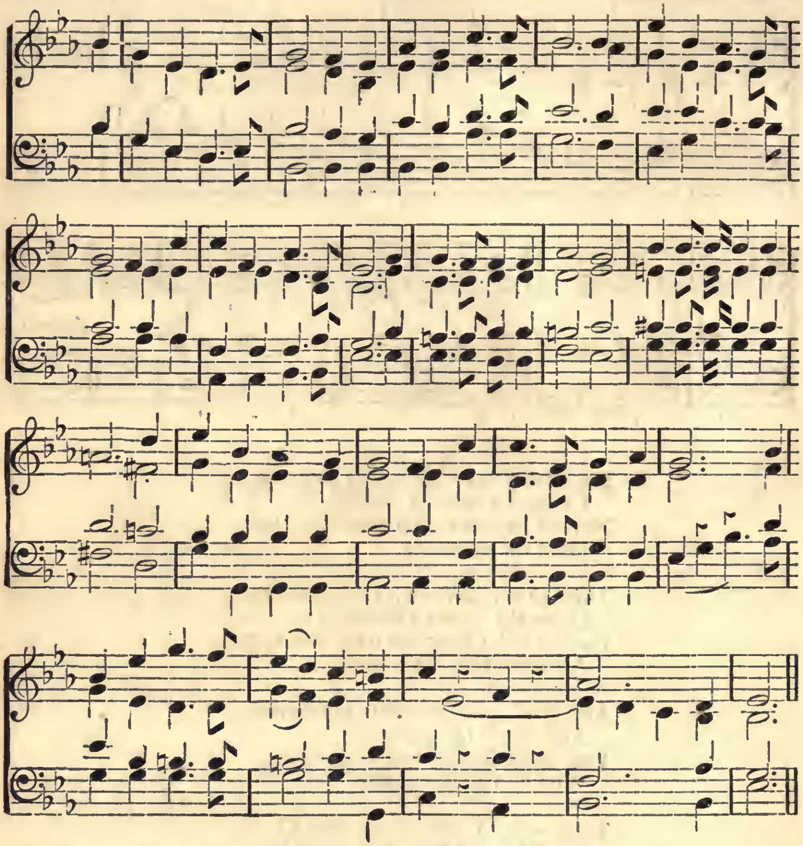
And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Yea, death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Saviour Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!

So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my Eternal King. Amen.

408. ABSCHIED. 7.6. D. MENDELSSOHN.



In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe in such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismay'd?

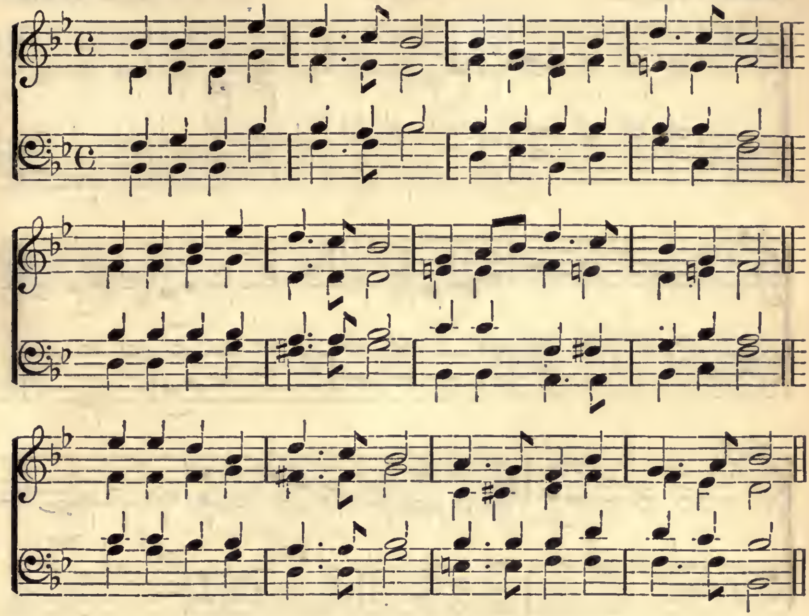
Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

409. LOVE.

7's. 6 lines.

E. J. HOPKINS.



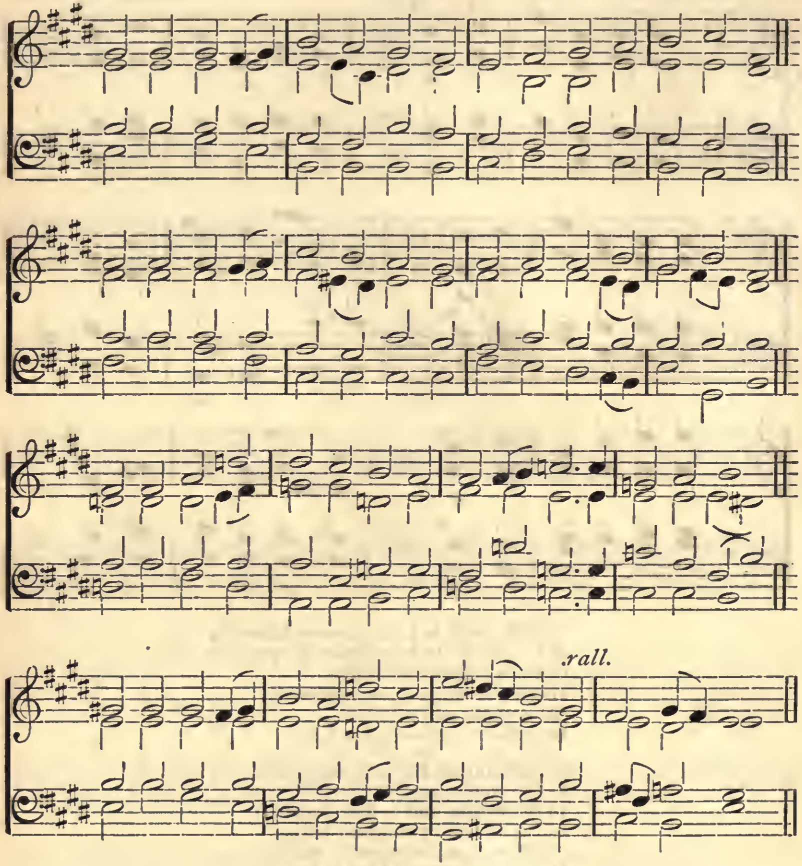
EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's refulgent countenance,
All around, and all above,
Bear the record—God is love.

Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
In the breeze and in the storm,
In the clouds by tempest born,
All these sounds beneath, above,
Have one burden—God is love.

All the hopes and fears that dart
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies:
These are voices from above
Sweetly saying—God is love.

But the holy Saviour's birth,
All He did and said on earth,
All His agonies and woes,
All His pleadings for His foes,
All His blessings from above,
Most assure us—God is love.

410. CHARITAS. 8.7. D. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.

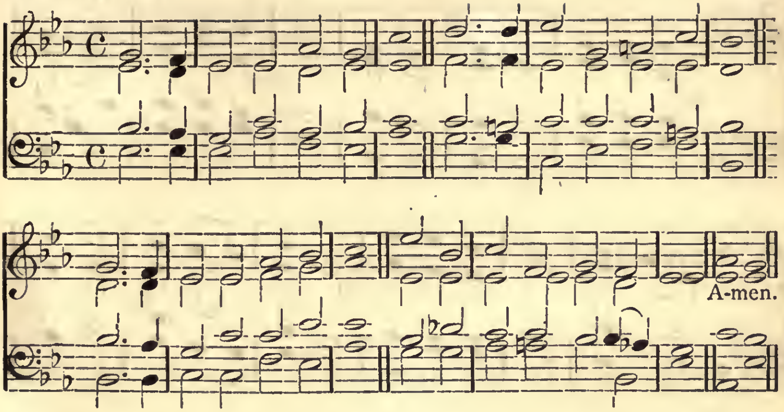


LOVE divine, all love excelling,
  Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
  All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
  Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
  Enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
  Let us all Thy grace receive;
Speedily return, and never,
  Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
  Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing;
  Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
  Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
  Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
  Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
  Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

411. NAYLOR'S. 7.7.7.7. NAYLOR.



HARK, my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

"I deliver'd thee when bound,
"And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
"Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
"Turn'd thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
"Cease to guard the child she bare?
"Yes, she may forgetful be;
"Yet will I remember thee!

"Mine is an unchanging love,
"Higher than the heights above,
"Deeper than the depths beneath,
"Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,
"When the work of grace is done:
"Partner of My throne shalt be;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

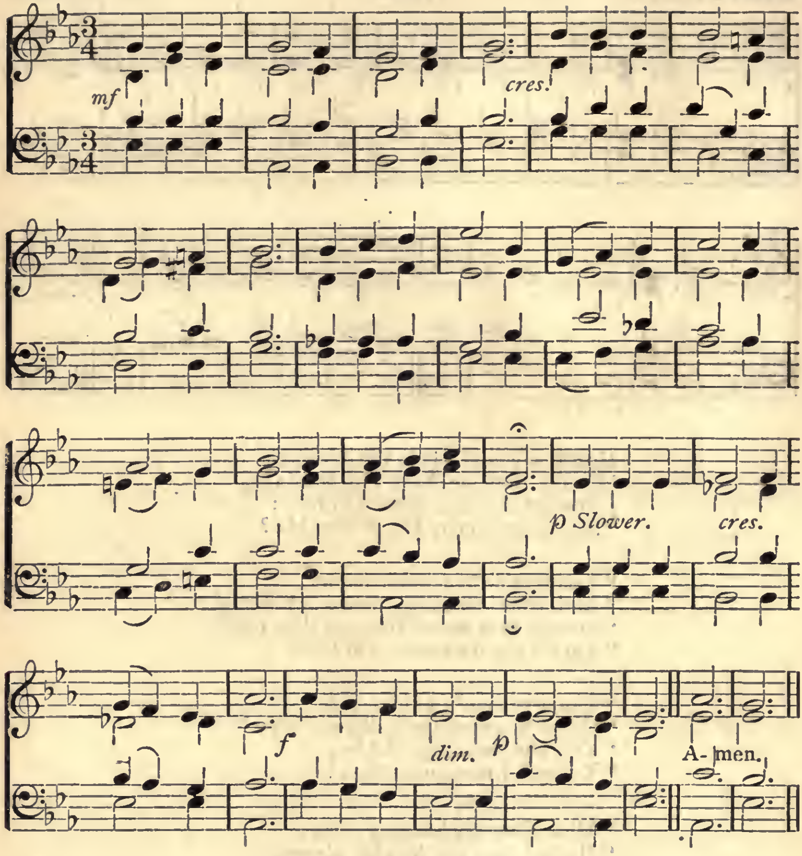
Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore!
Oh! for grace to love Thee more! Amen.

JOY.

412.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

BARNBY.



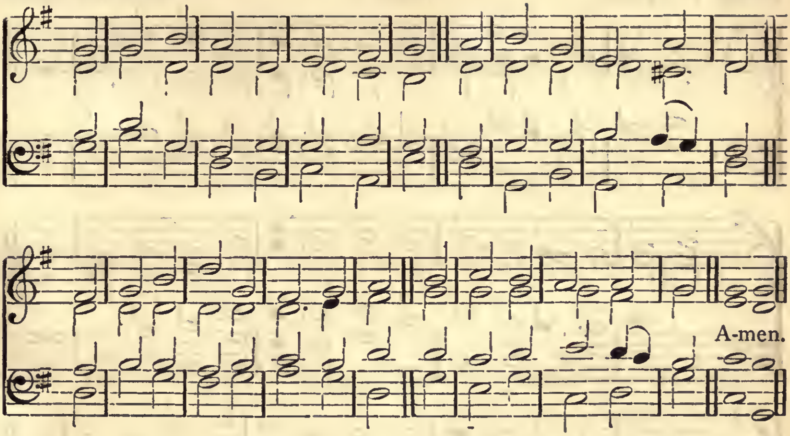
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call:
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesus my Lord, I Thee adore:
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesus, too late I Thee have sought:
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
O make me love Thee more and more. Amen.

413. St. Enurchus. C.M.

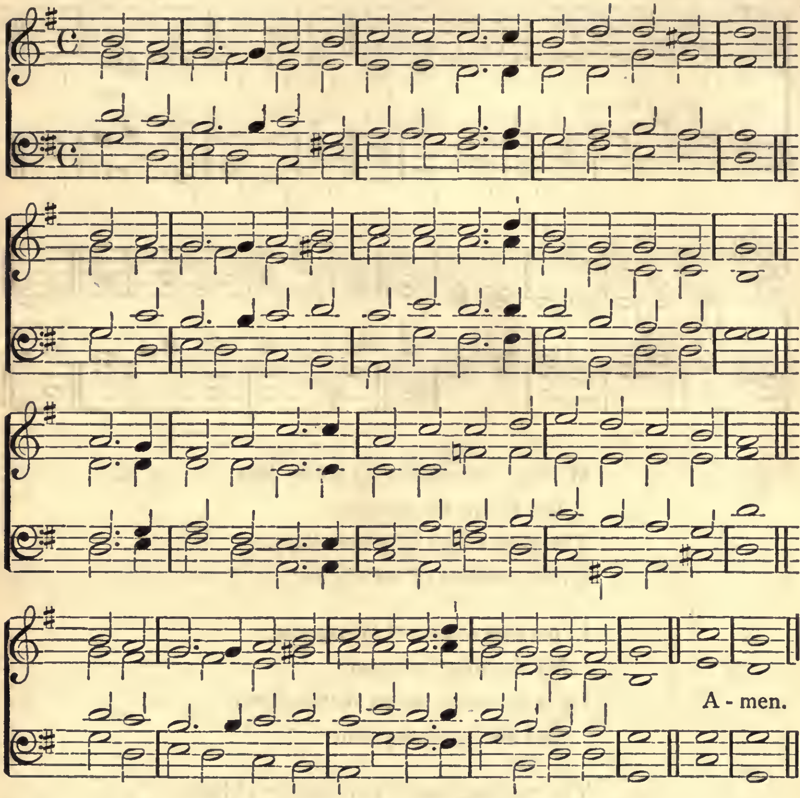


My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

The opening heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His! Amen.

414. Falfield. 8.7.8.7. D. Arthur Sullivan.

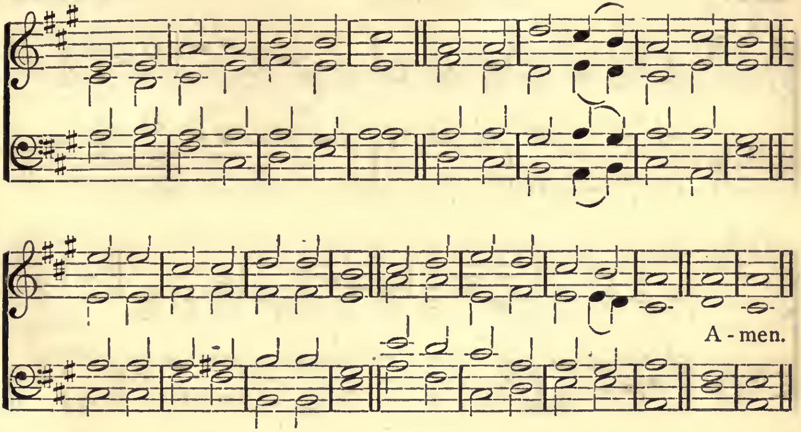


Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavour;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise:
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.
Amen.

415. Hart. 7.7.7.7. Hart.



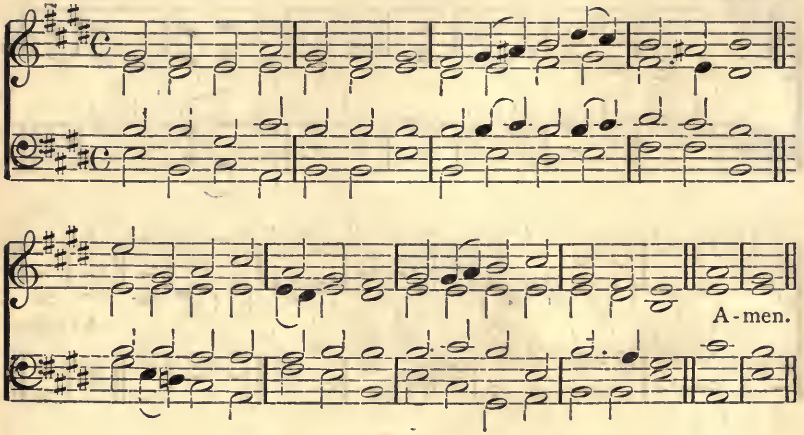
Lord, forever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be:
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath reveal'd:
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be seal'd.

Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

Israel! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just. Amen.

416. Ross. 7.7.7.7 S. WESLEY.



JESUS, cast a look on me;
Give me sweet simplicity,
Make me poor and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know;

Weaned from my lordly self,
Weaned from the miser's pelf,
Weaned from the scorner's ways,
Weaned from the lust of praise.

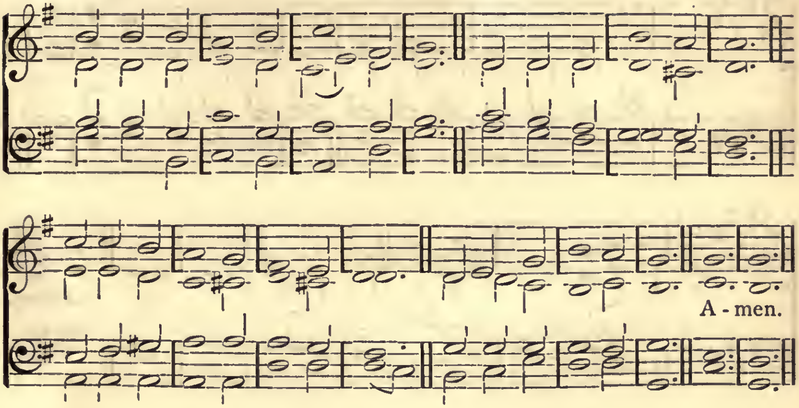
All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to Thine submit;
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoil'd,
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might.

Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest:
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from Thy precious Blood!

In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give;
In this temper let me die,
And hosannas ever cry! Amen.

417. **St. Agnes.** C.M. **Rev. J. B. Dykes.**



Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

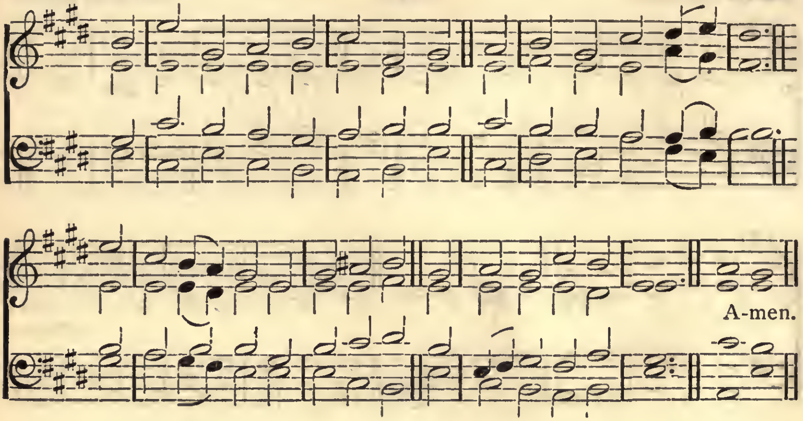
No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize will be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

418. DUCHESS. C.M. W. B. GILBERT.



CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
  While these hot breezes blow:
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
  Upon earth's fever'd brow!

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
  Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
  And bid my spirit rest.

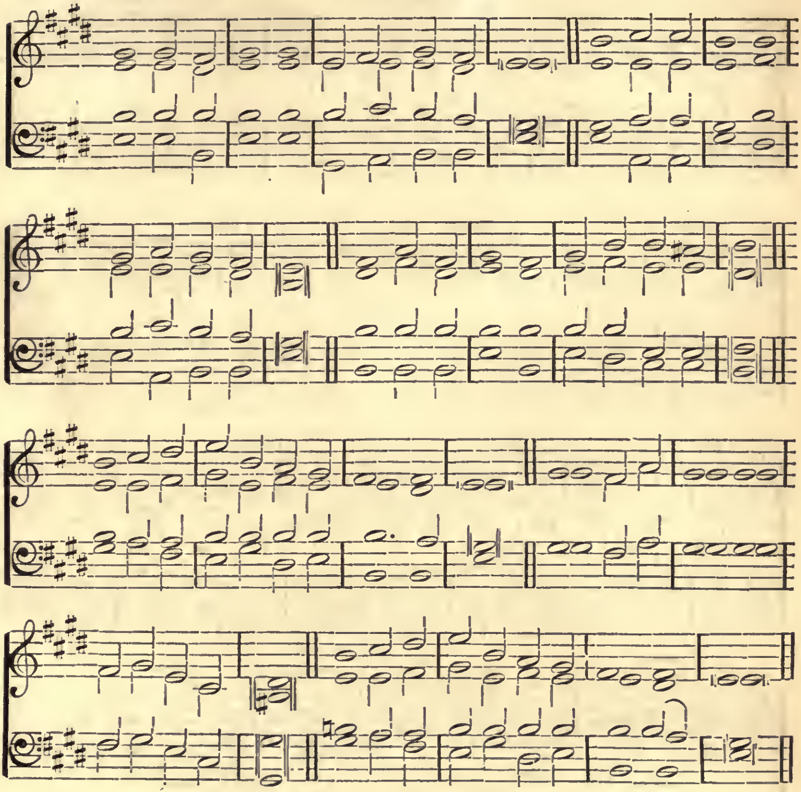
Yes; keep me calm, though loud and rude
  The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
  Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
  Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
  Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
  Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
  Who hate Thy holy Name;

Calm as the ray of sun or star
  Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
  Th' eternal calm to gain! Amen.

419. WORDSWORTH. 10.10.10.10.10.10.



Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who spreads his arms and bids the weary come;
With Him I found a home, a rest Divine:
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

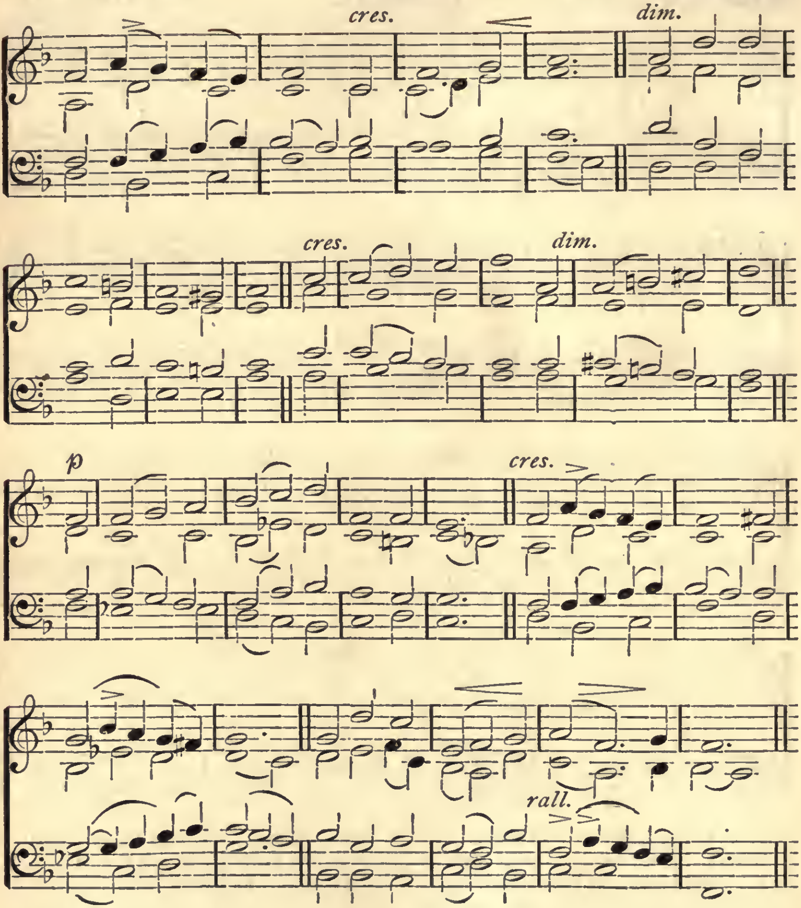
Yes! He is mine! and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour.
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine!
Go! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside;
And poor without Him, though of all possest:
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content, while I am His, while He is mine.

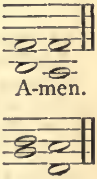
Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen,
A glorious Sun, that wanes not nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines:
All may depart; I fret not nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown;
Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

420. VENI CITO. 8's. 6 lines. REV J. B. DYKES. MUS.DOC

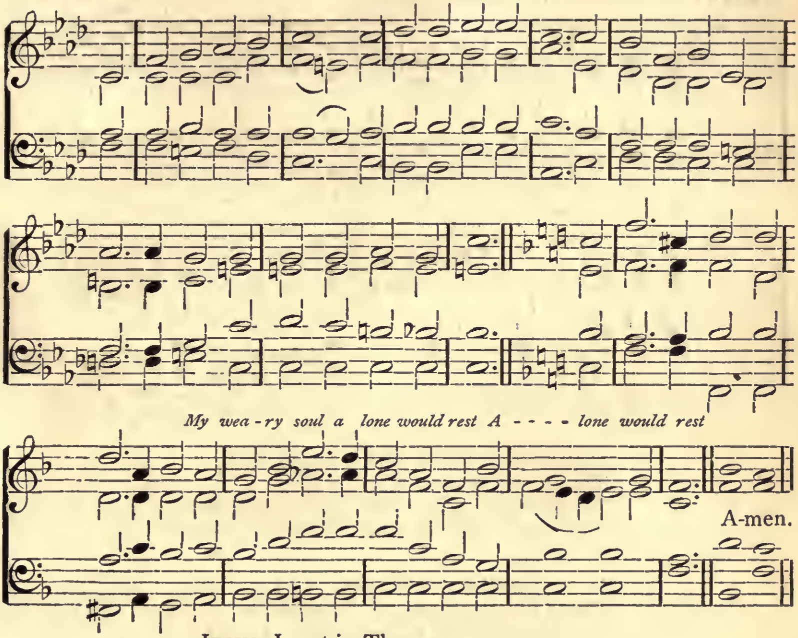


PEACE, troubled soul ; thou needst not fear,
Thy great Protector still is near ;
He who has fed will feed thee still ;
Be calm, and sink into His will !
Who hears the ravens when they cry,
Will all His children's needs supply.



Peace, doubting heart ! distrust not God :
Though dark the valley, steep the way.
Still lean upon His staff and rod,
Still make His providence Thy stay :
A sudden calm thy soul shall fill ;—
'Tis God who whispers, Peace, be still ! Amen.

421. Rest. 6.6.8.6.8.8. S. F. Riley.



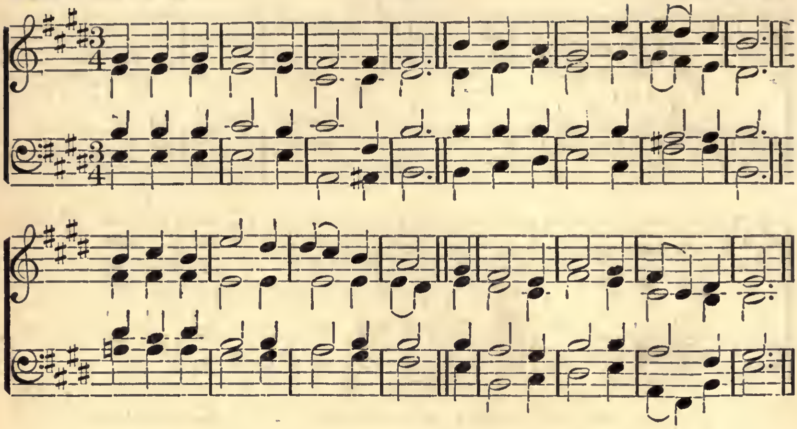
Jesus, I rest in Thee,
  In Thee myself I hide;
Laden with guilt and misery,
  Where can I rest beside?
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast
My weary soul alone would rest.

Thou holy One of God,
  The Father rests in Thee,
And in the savour of that blood
  That speaks to Him for me.
The curse has gone, through Thee I'm blest;
God rests in Thee, in Thee I rest.

The slave of sin and fear,
  Thy truth my bondage broke;
My willing spirit loves to bear
  Thy light and easy yoke;
The love that fills my grateful breast
Makes duty joy and labour rest.

Soon the bright glorious day,
  The rest of God shall come;
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
  And I shall reach my home;
Then of the promised land possest,
My soul shall know eternal rest.

422. Sun of my Soul. L.M. H. P. Smith.



Peace upon peace, like wave on wave,
This is the portion that I crave;
The peace of God which passes thought,
The peace of Christ which changeth not.

Peace like the river's gentle flow,
Peace like the morning's silent glow,
From day to day, in love supplied,
An endless and unebbing tide.

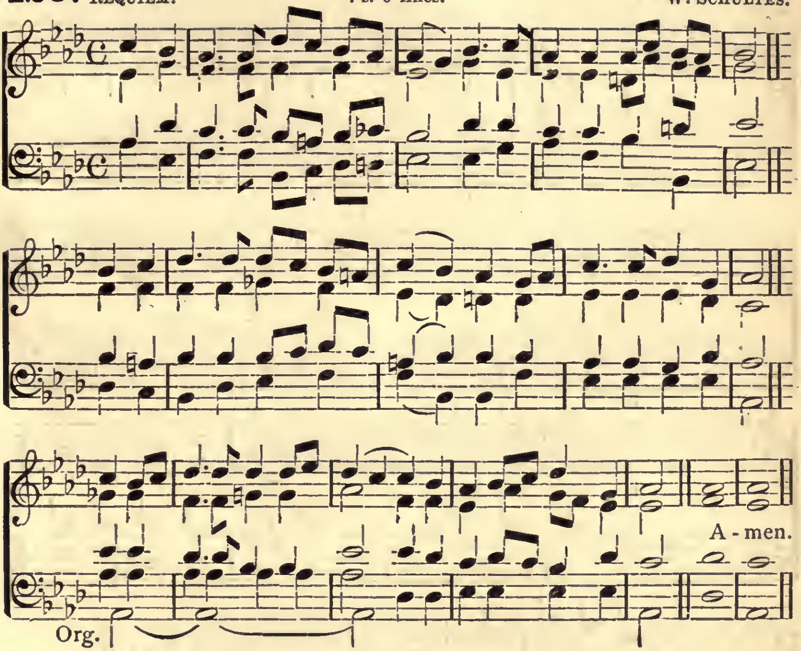
Peace flowing on, without decrease,
From Him who is our joy and peace,
Who by His reconciling blood,
Hath made the sinner's peace with God.

Peace thro' the night and thro' the day,
Peace thro' all windings of our way,
In pain and toil and weariness,
A deep and everlasting peace.

O King of Peace, this peace bestow
Upon a stranger here below;
O God of Peace, Thy peace impart
To every troubled, trembling heart.

Peace from the Father and the Son,
Peace from the Spirit, all His own;
Peace that shall never more be lost,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

423. Requiem. 7's. 6 lines. W. Schultes.

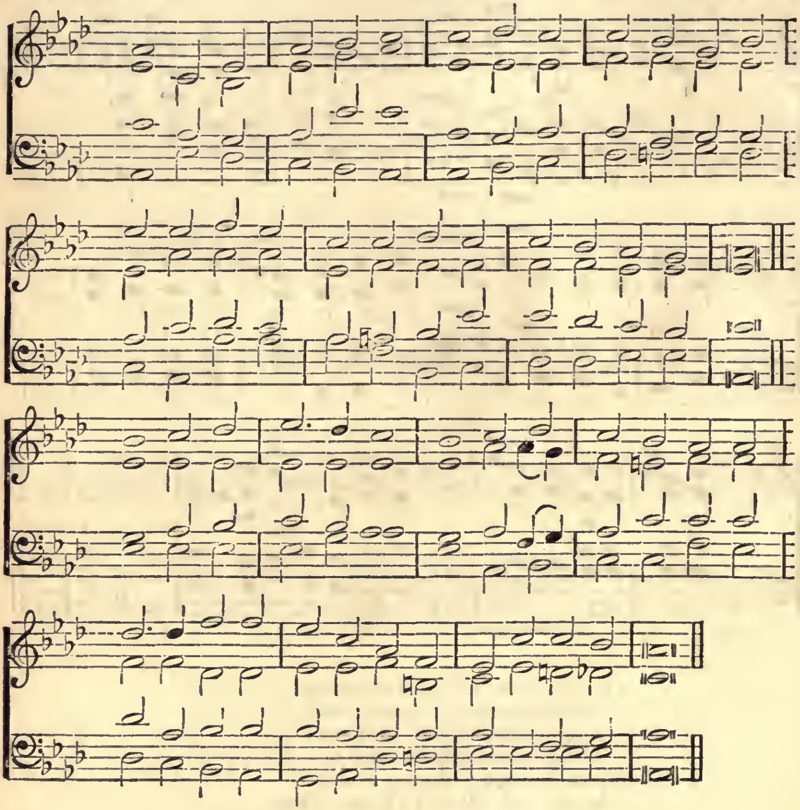


Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;
  Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
  Make me as a little child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
  Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
  Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
  On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
  Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide. Amen.

424. Hebron. D.S.M. Anon.



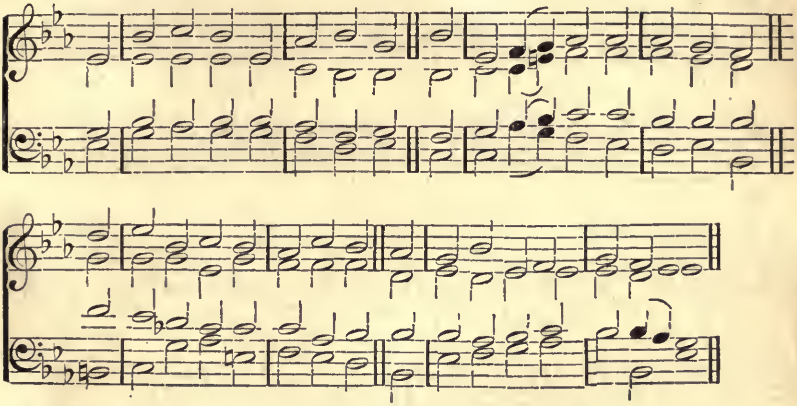
Jesus my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do—
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name;
Give me a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

I rest upon Thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

425. St. Sepulchre. L.M. G. Cooper.



Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou would'st My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

Take up thy cross, let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel:
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

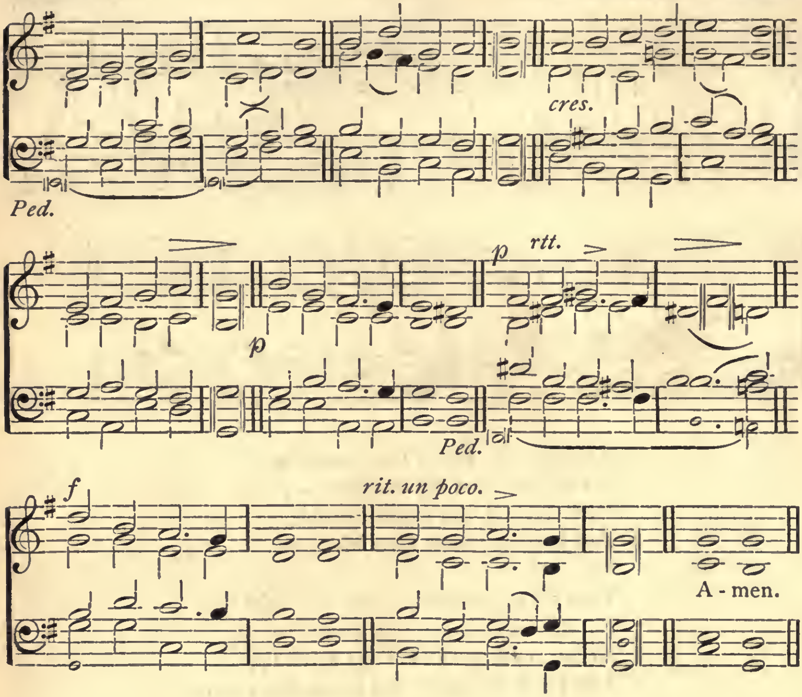
Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

426. Edina.

6.5. D.

Professor Oakeley, Mus. Doc.



Saviour, Blessed Saviour,
  Listen while we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
  Praises to our King.
All we have we offer;
  All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
  All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
  Christ we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
  Bending low the knee.
Thou for our redemption,
  Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
  Hast gone up on high.

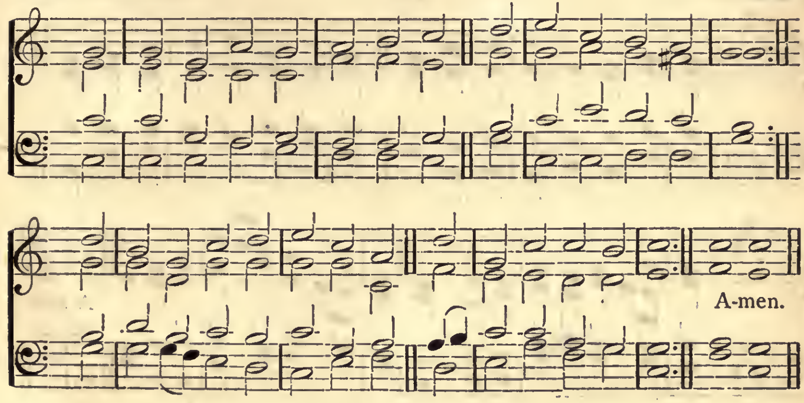
Great, and ever greater,
  Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
  Are the glories there;
Where no pain or sorrow,
  Toil or care, is known;
Where the Angel legions
  Circle round Thy throne.

Dark, and ever darker,
  Was the wintry past;
Now a ray of gladness
  O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
  Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeign'd
  Love that never dies.

Onward, ever onward,
  Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
  Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
  May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
  Till the prize is won.

Higher then, and higher,
  Bear the ransom'd soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
  Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
  Saints with Angels sing,
Never weary, raising,
  Praises to their King. Amen.

427. ST. LEONARD. C.M. H. SMART.



O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood,
So freely shed for me!

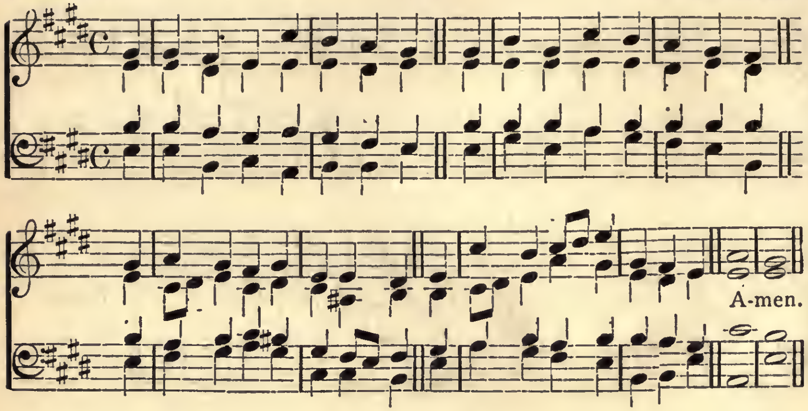
A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean:
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above,
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love. Amen.

428. LEIGH. L.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



THE hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let Thy servant die in peace.

Not in mine innocence I trust:
I bow before Thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

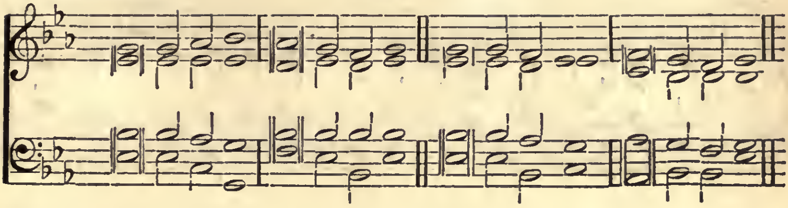
I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a Friend.

I come: I come at Thy command,
I yield my Spirit to Thy hand;
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God, let troubles cease,
Now let Thy servant die in peace. Amen.

RESIGNATION.

429. TROYTE. 8.8.8.4. A. H. D. TROYTE.



My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done!

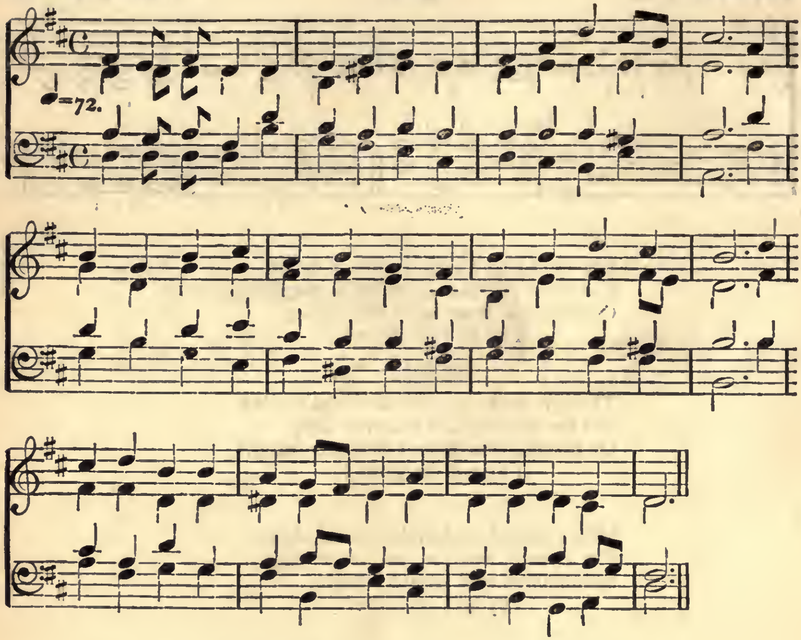
Though Thou hast call'd me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine,
I have but yielded what was Thine;
Thy will be done!

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
Thy will be done!

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

430. BETHSAIDA. 8.6.8.6.8.6. JAMES TURLE.



FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portion'd out for me,
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

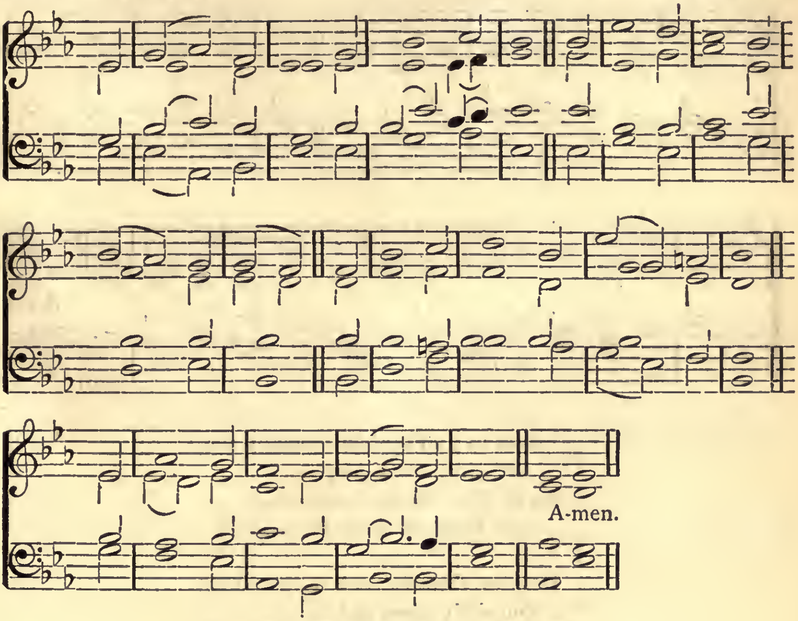
I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathies.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro;
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know.
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
A work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

431. ROCKINGHAM. L.M. W. MILLER.



Be still, my heart! these anxious cares
To Thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.

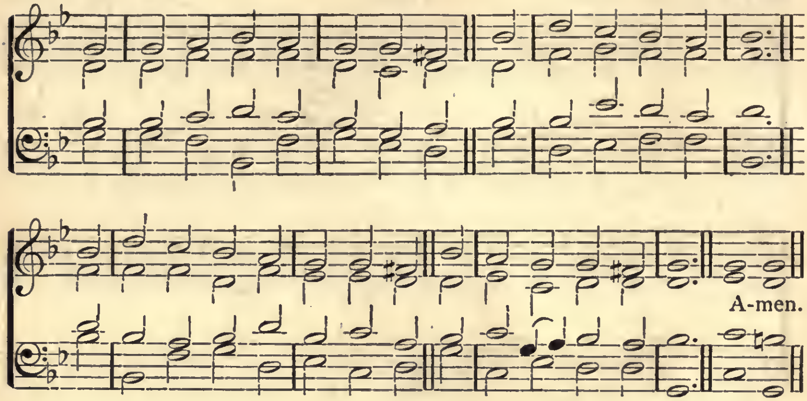
Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear;
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thy all commit;
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust His wisdom, love and power.

Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all. Amen.

432. Windsor. C.M. G. Kirby.



Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
  And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
  And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
  Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
  Our brethren's griefs to share.

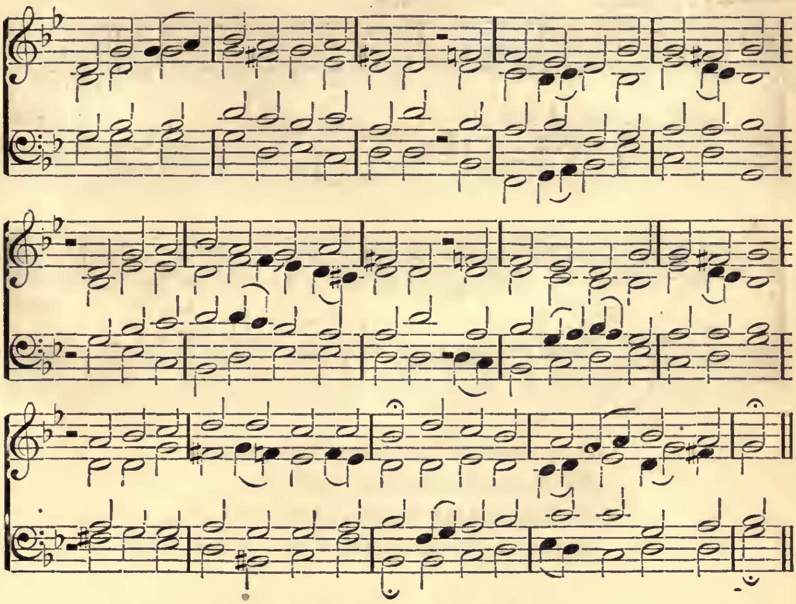
Let grace our selfishness expel,
  Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
  As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
  And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
  "Father, Thy will be done."

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
  Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh may we lead the pilgrim's life,
  And follow Thee to heaven. Amen.

RESIGNATION.

433. ERBRUCHT. P.M. GERMAN.



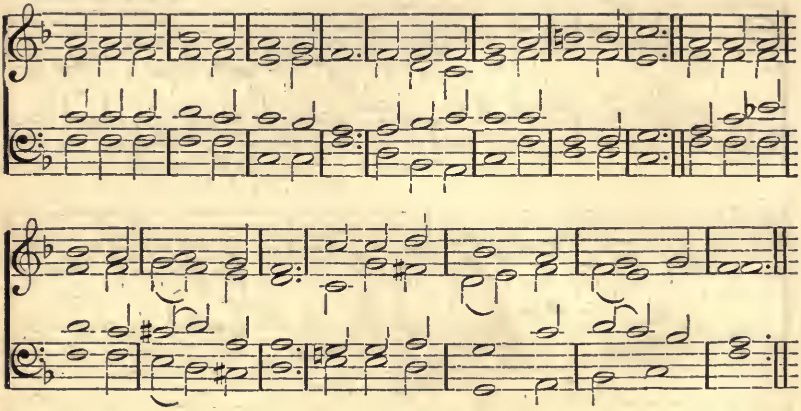
To Thee, O Lord, I yield up my spirit,
  Thine own through life in weal or woe;
If joy or trouble I inherit,
  The joy from Thee doth ever flow;
In trouble still Thy praise shall sound,
Till life shall reach its closing bound.

'Twas Thou who long had waited for me,
  Ere thought of being sprang to life;
My loving guide did not abhor me,
  But towards me yearn'd with mercy rife;
Thou ever didst delight prepare,
Where I could draw but pain or care.

When all forlorn, despairing, weeping,
  What doth my anxious heart desire?
It ever would be pleasure reaping,
  By this, its torment, set on fire;
The sin, oh help me to suppress,
To love Thee more, sin ever less!

"Thy will be done!" be my petition,
  When I my wants to Thee confide!
Oh! grant me with a meek submission,
  Still wholly Thine whate'er betide,
In quiet trust to draw each breath,
  Till these mine eyes shall sleep in death!

434. St. Alban. L.M.



Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
  My Saviour, my eternal rest!
Then only will this longing heart
  Be fully and forever blest!

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
  Thy unveil'd glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
  Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold!

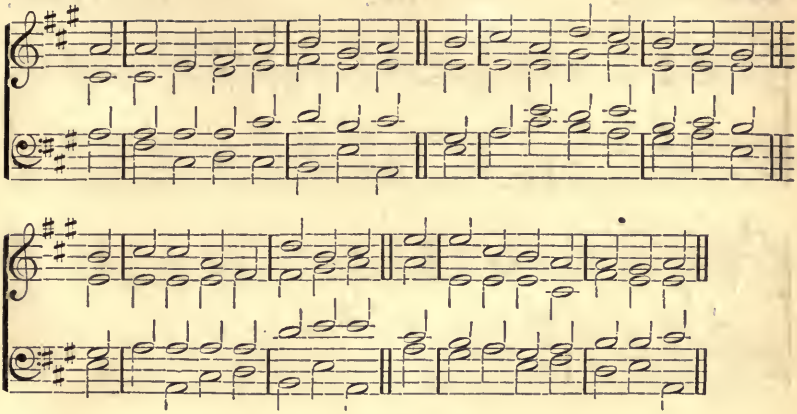
Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
  Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
  Be evil and defiled no more!

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
  Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
  Me from Thy presence and Thy love!

HOPE.

435.

L.M.



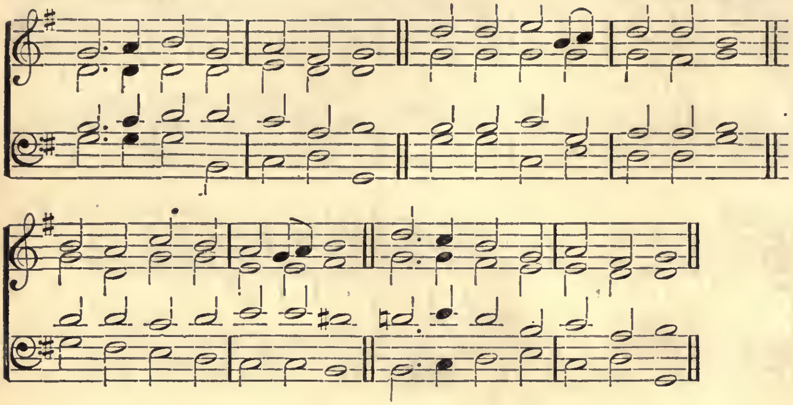
As when the weary traveller gains
  The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
  He sees his home, though distant still.

Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
  By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
  And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The thought of home his spirit cheers;
  No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
  So he may safe arrive at last.

Jesus, on Thee our hopes we stay,
  To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
  For all our toil while on the road.

436. Redhead. 7.7.7.7. Ancient Melody.



CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod;
They are happy now; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

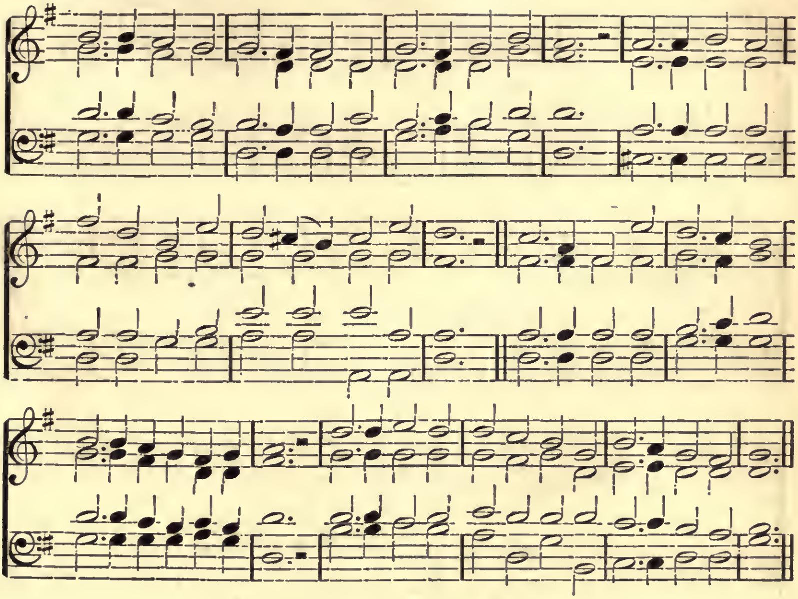
Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' Throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ, the everlasting Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!

437. Eagles' Wings. P.M. J. Howden.



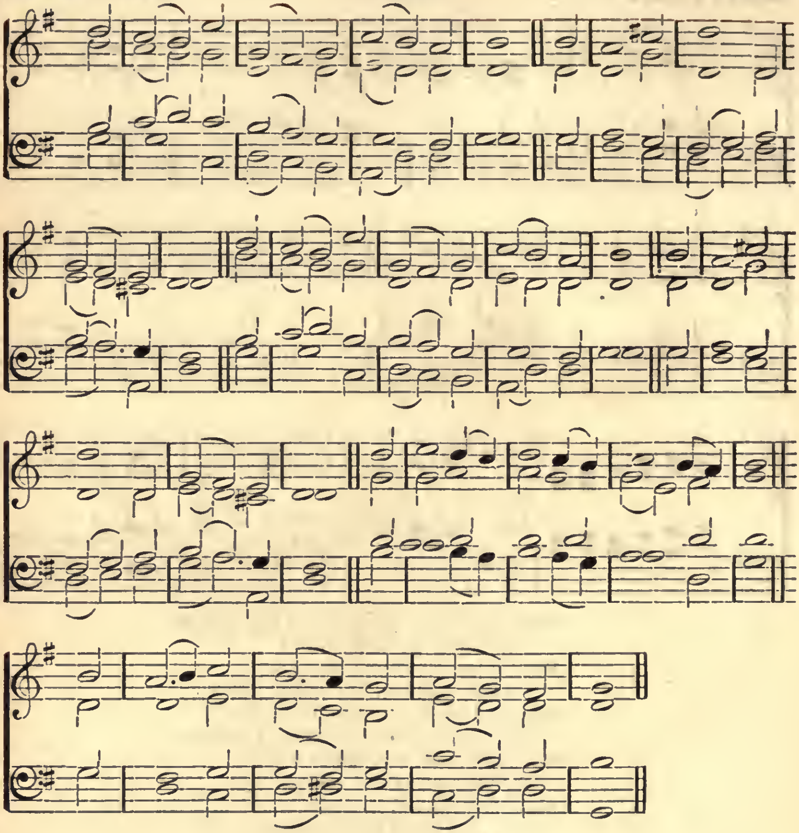
Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
  Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
  Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
  Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
  To seats prepared above!

Rivers to the ocean run,
  Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
  Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
  Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
  To rest in His embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn,—
  Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return
  Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
  Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
  And earth exchanged for heaven.

438. Carey's.

8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.

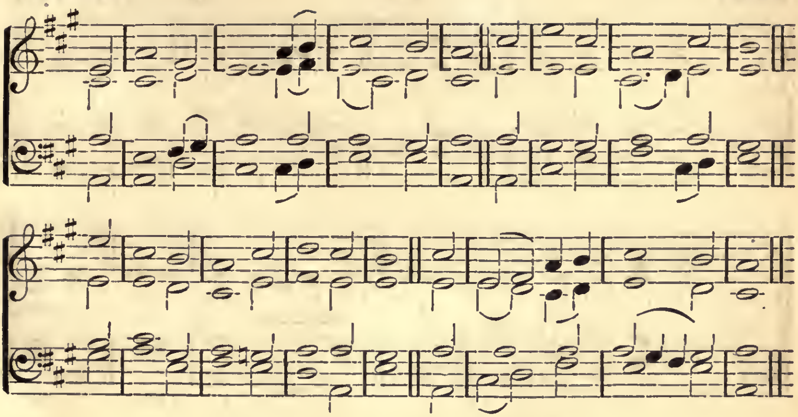


My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name;
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay;
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

439. Martyrdom. C.M.



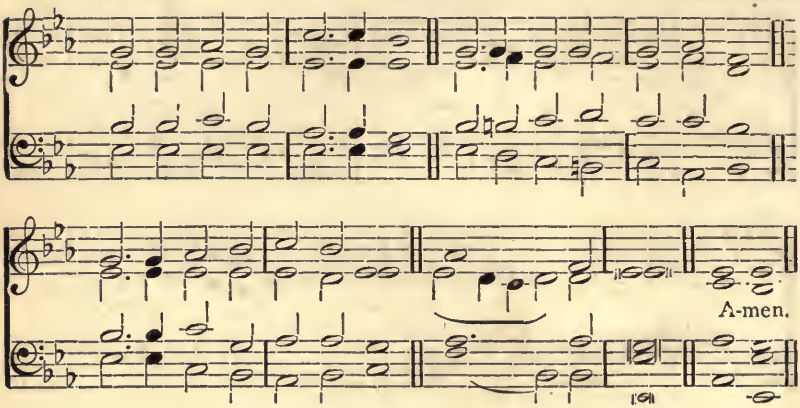
As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

440. VIGILATE. 7.7.7.3. W. H. MONK.



CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian Angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
Watch and pray.

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
Watch and pray.

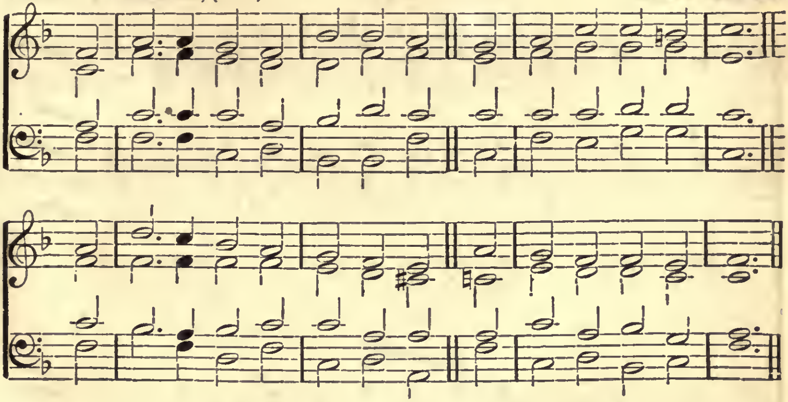
Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one;
Watch and pray.

Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way,
All with earnest voice exclaim—
Watch and pray.

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word—
Watch and pray.

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray! Amen.

441. Winchester, (Old.) C.M. Este's Psalter.



Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

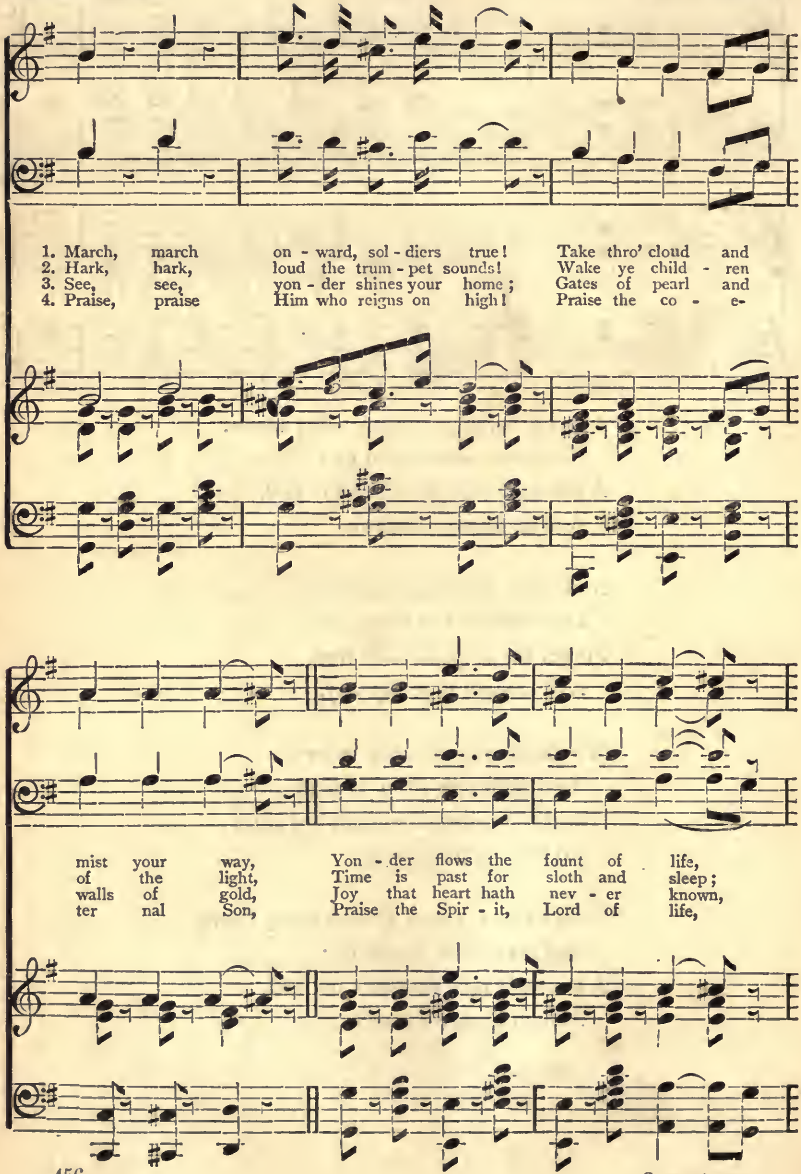
A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

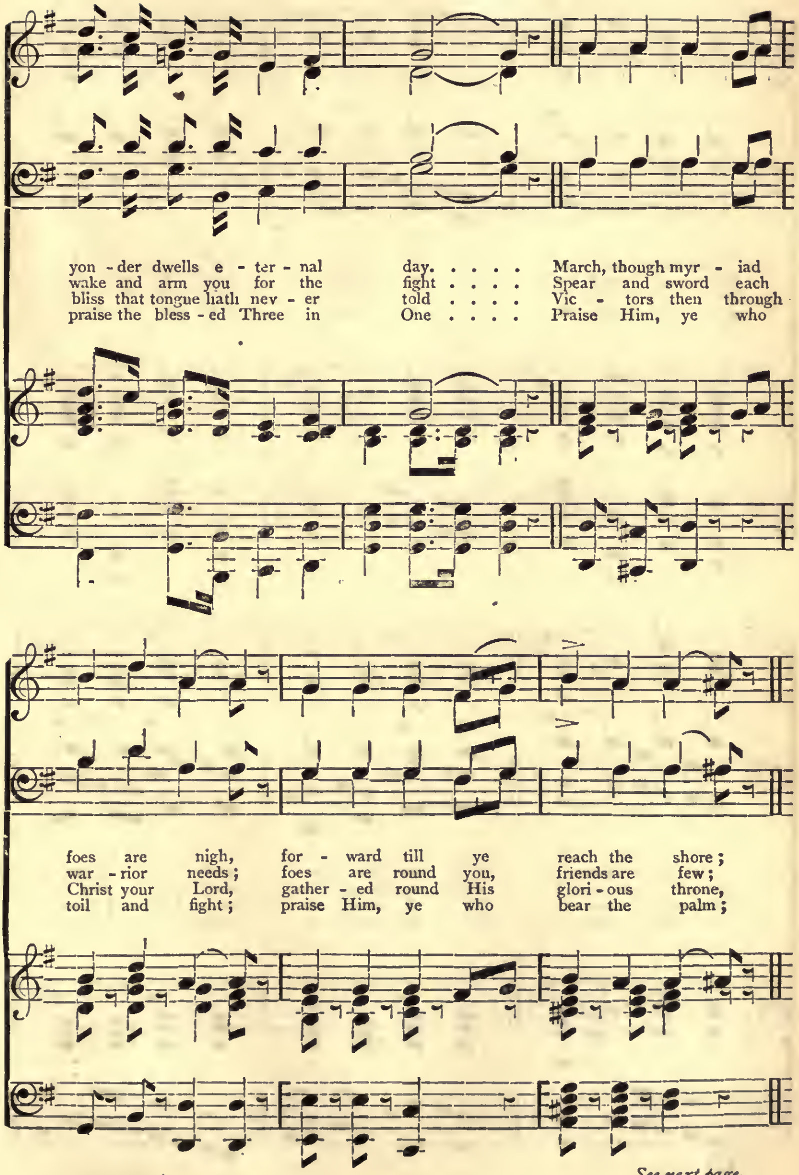
Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

ACTION.

442. SOREL. P.M. HENRY C. BREWER.

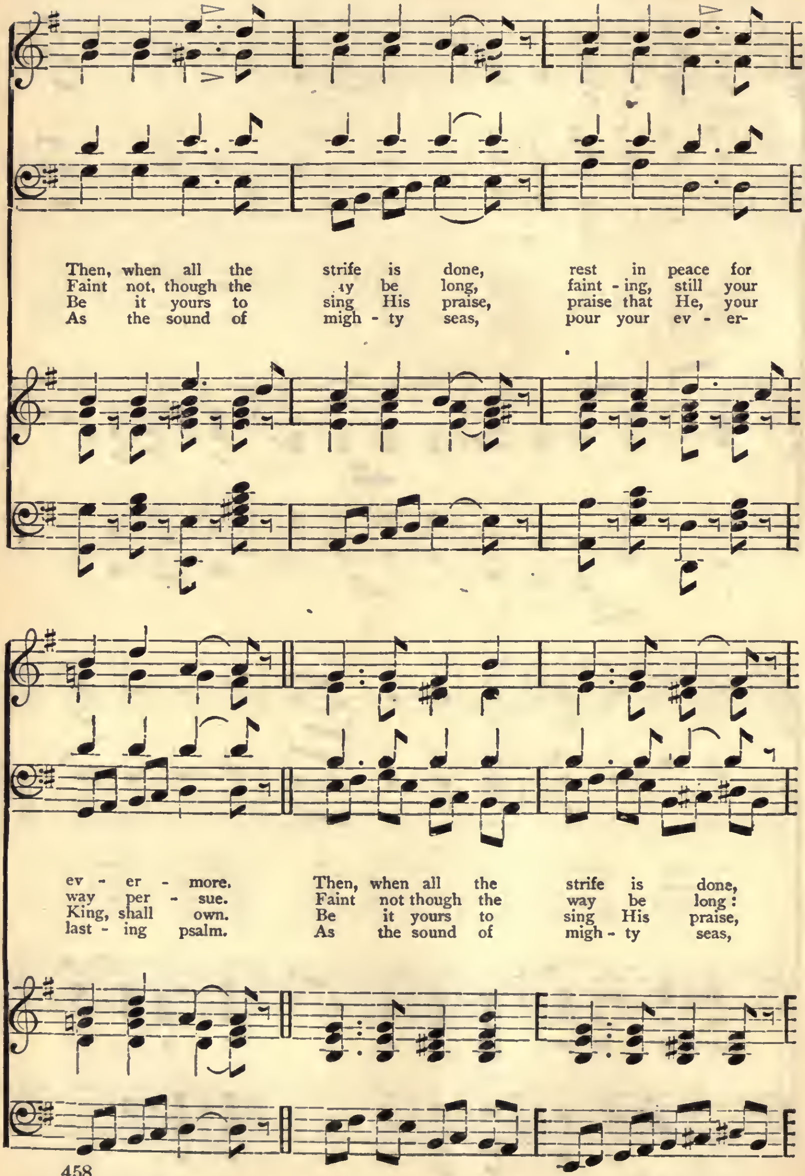

1. March, march on - ward, sol - diers true! Take thro' cloud and
2. Hark, hark, loud the trum - pet sounds! Wake ye child - ren
3. See, see, yon - der shines your home; Gates of pearl and
4. Praise, praise Him who reigns on high! Praise the co - e-
mist your way, Yon - der flows the fount of life,
of the light, Time is past for sloth and sleep;
walls of gold, Joy that heart hath nev - er known,
ter nal Son, Praise the Spir - it, Lord of life,

See next page.

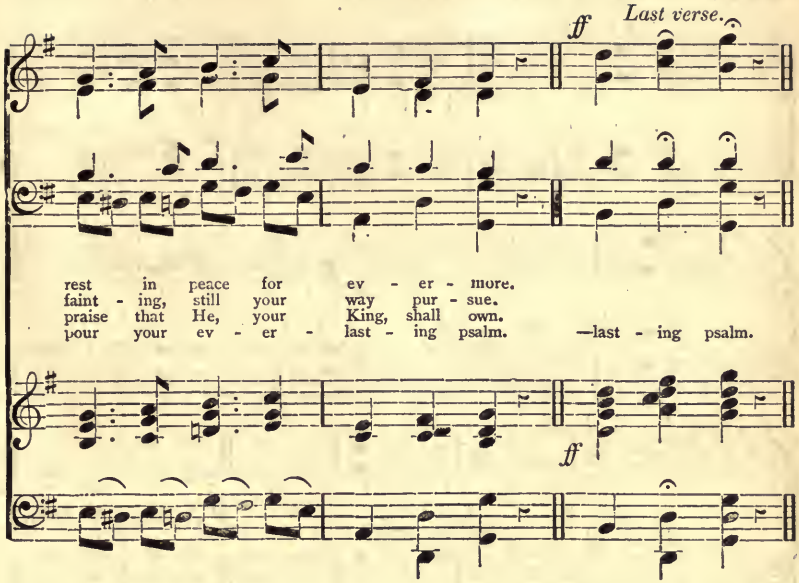

yon - der dwells e - ter - nal day. . . . . March, though myr - iad
wake and arm you for the fight . . . . Spear and sword each
bliss that tongue hath nev - er told . . . . Vic - tors then through
praise the bless - ed Three in One . . . . Praise Him, ye who
foes are nigh, for - ward till ye reach the shore;
war - rior needs; foes are round you, friends are few;
Christ your Lord, gather - ed round His glori - ous throne,
toil and fight; praise Him, ye who bear the palm;

See next page.

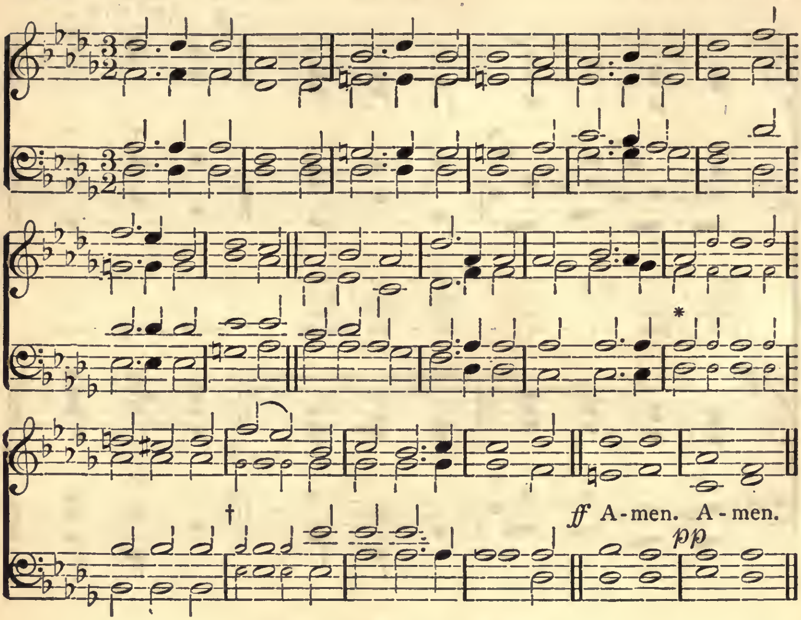
ACTION.


Then, when all the strife is done, rest in peace for
Faint not, though the way be long, faint - ing, still your
Be it yours to sing His praise, praise that He, your
As the sound of migh - ty seas, pour your ev - er-
ev - er - more. Then, when all the strife is done,
way per - sue. Faint not though the way be long:
King, shall own. Be it yours to sing His praise,
last - ing psalm. As the sound of migh - ty seas,

See next page.


ff
Last verse.
rest in peace for ev - er - more.
faint - ing, still your way pur - sue.
praise that He, your King, shall own.
pour your ev - er - last - ing psalm. —last - ing psalm.
ff

443. "Breast the Wave." 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. J. W. F. Harrison.



Breast the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest;
Onward and onward still
Be thine endeavour;
The rest that remaineth
Will be for ever.

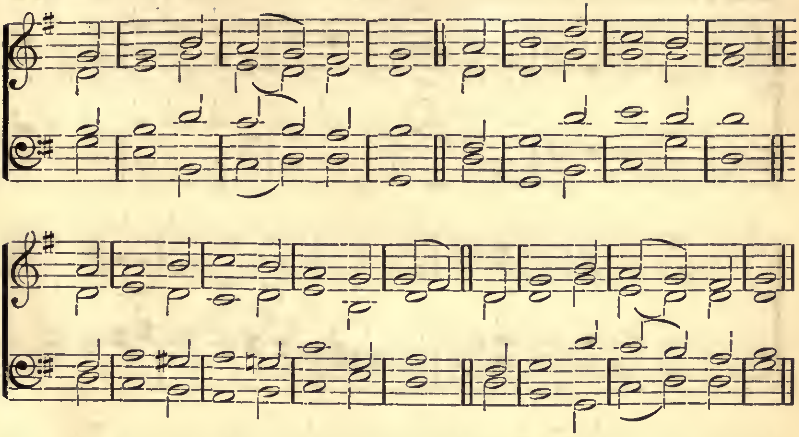
Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever. Amen.

* Small notes for verse 1. † Small notes for verses 2 and 3.

444. DEDICATION.

S.M.

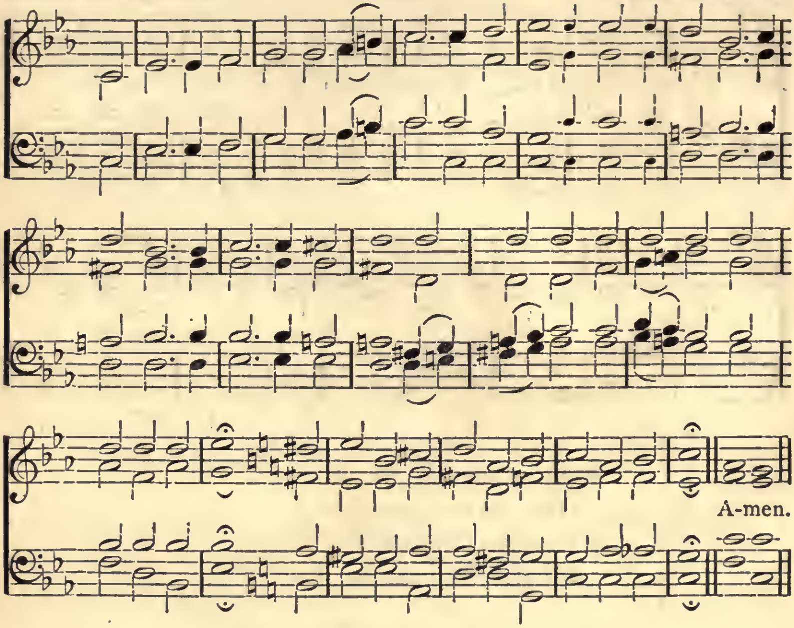


HEIRS of unending life,
  While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
  With trembling and with fear.

God will support our hearts
  With might before unknown:
The work to be perform'd is ours,
  The strength is all His own.

'Tis He that works to will,
  'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
  His be the glory too!

445. ST. MATTHIAS. 11.11.11.11. J. W. F. HARRISON.



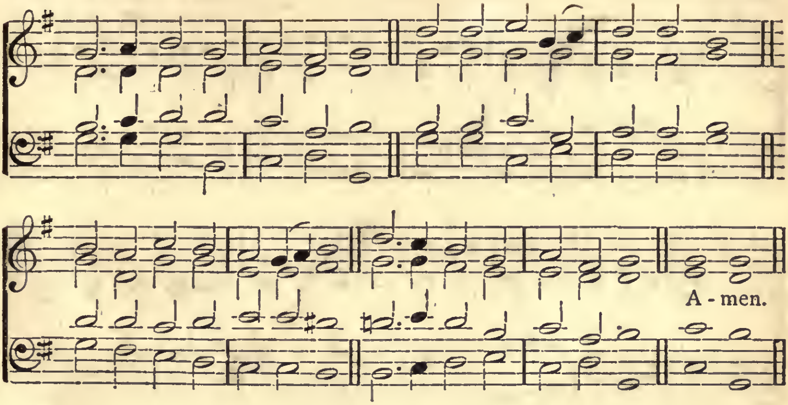
PRESS forward and fear not! the billows may roll,
But the power of Jesus their rage can control:
Though waves rise in anger, their tumult shall cease,
One word of His bidding shall hush them to peace.

Press forward and fear not! though trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge,—whom then shall we fear?
His staff is our comfort, our safe-guard His rod;
Then let us be steadfast, and trust in our God.

Press forward and fear not! be strong in the Lord;
In the pow'r of His promise, the truth of His word;
Through the sea and the desert our pathway may tend,
But He who hath saved us will save to the end.

Press forward and fear not! we'll speed on our way;
Why should we e'er shrink from our path in dismay?
We tread but the road which our Leader has trod;
Then let us press forward and trust in our God. Amen.

446. ANCIENT MELODY. 7.7.7.7. REDHEAD.



OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life.

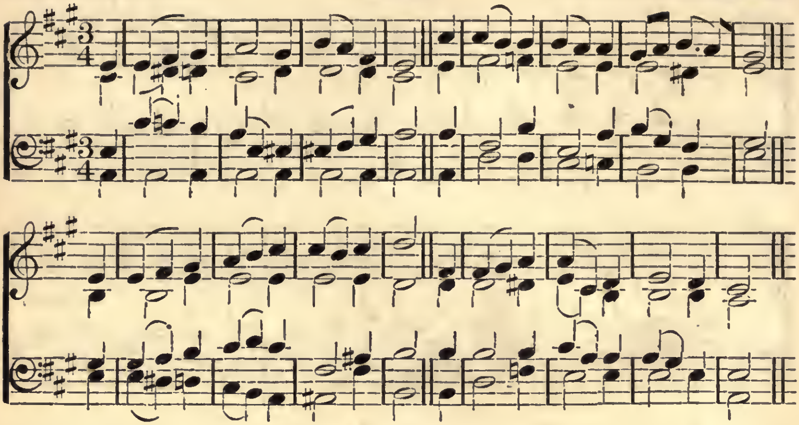
Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Holy Jesus, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

447. Trinity. L.M. Pierracini.



O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee:
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

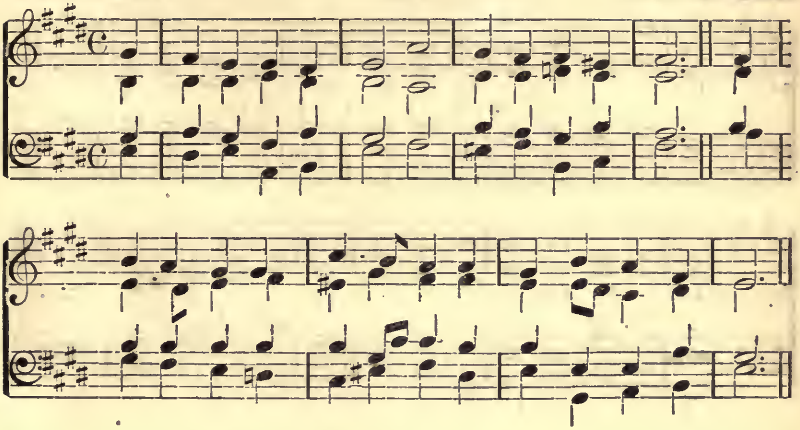
How sweet, within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

O may we love the House of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.

Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

448. UNITY. S.M. F. R. STATHAM.



BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love:
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

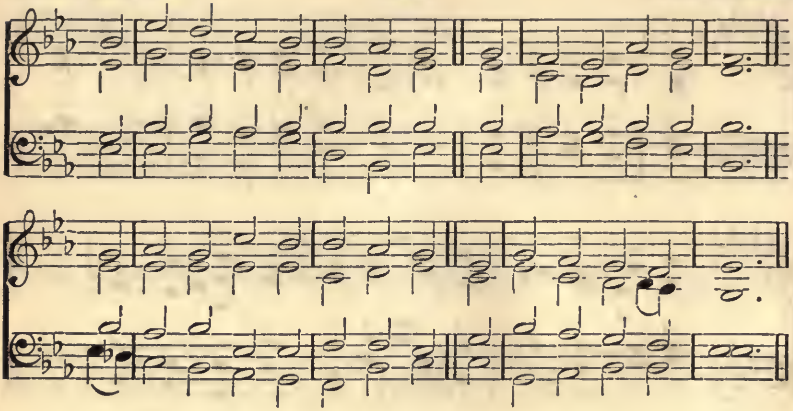
Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

449. ST. PETER. C.M. A. R. REINAGLE



How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word!

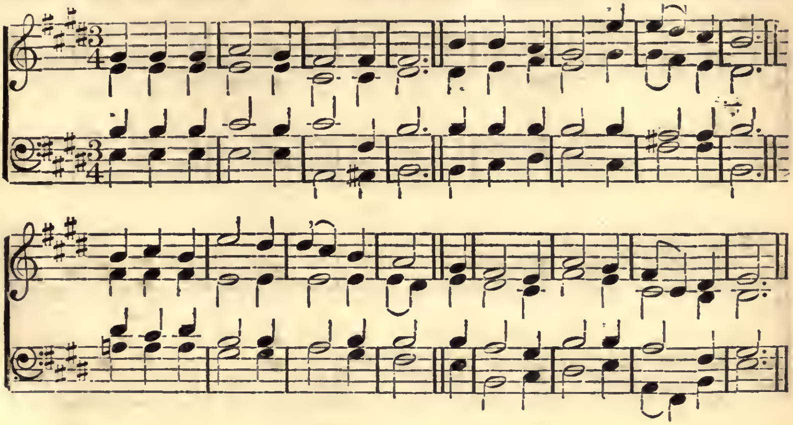
When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and true esteem
In every action glow.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

450. SUN OF MY SOUL. L.M. H. P. SMITH.



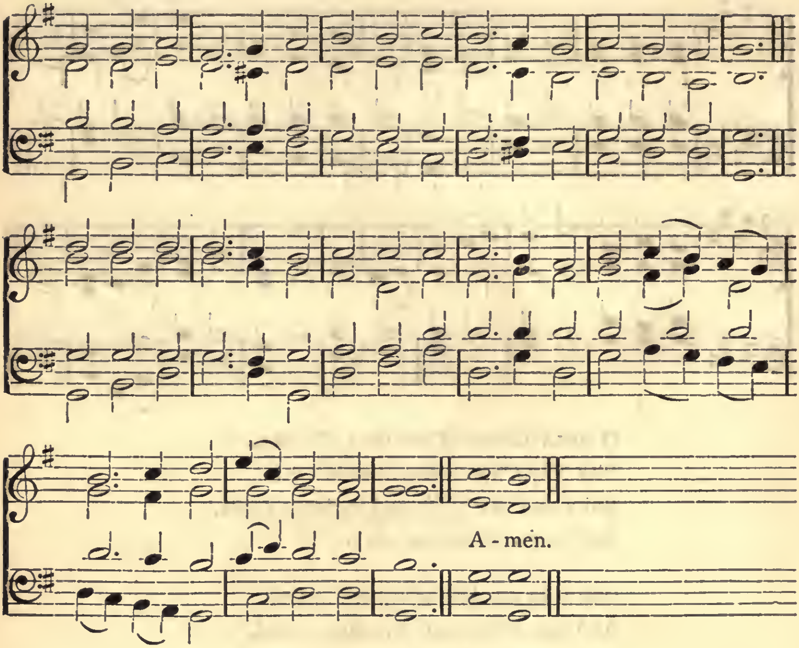
O HOLY Ghost, Thou God of peace,
Pity Thy Church now rent in twain,
Bid wrath and strife and variance cease,
And let us all be one again;

One with our brethren here in love,
And one with saints that are at rest,
And one with Angel hosts above,
And one with God for ever blest.

Oh! make on earth all churches one,
One with the blessed gone before,
All knit in sweet communion,
To love Thee, worship, and adore.

For one the Lord on whom we call,
The Spirit one which He hath given,
One God and Father of us all,
One Faith on earth, one Hope of heaven.
Amen.

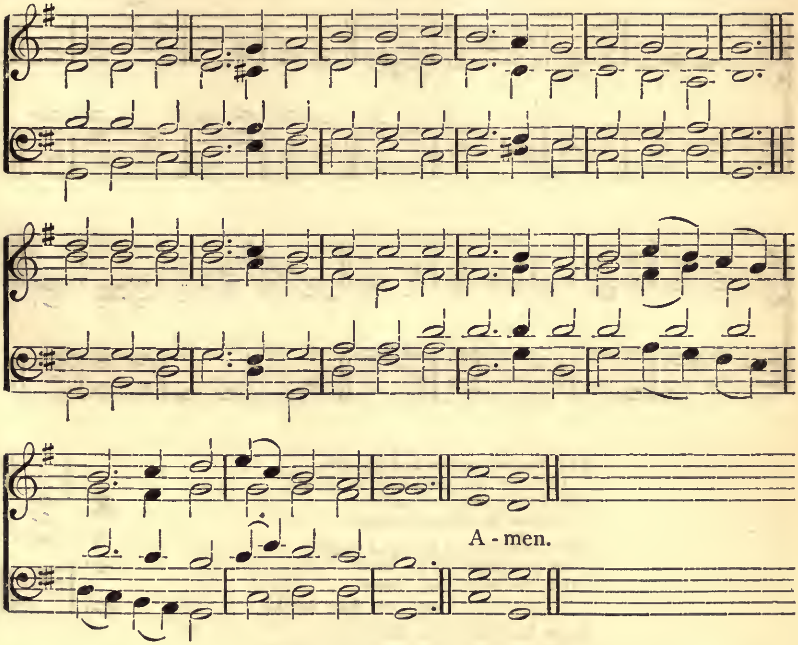
451. God save the Queen. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.



God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
  God save the Queen:
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
  God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour;
  Long may she reign:
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
  God save the Queen. Amen.

452. God save the Queen. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

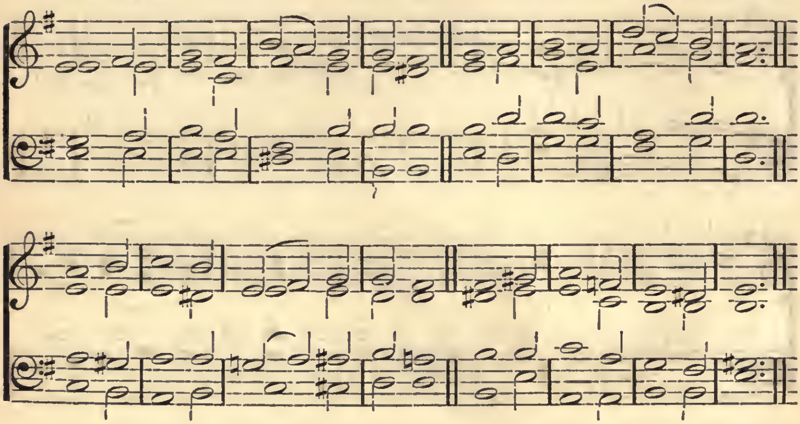


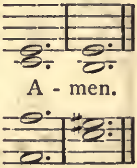
God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
  Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
  By Thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies;
  In Him we stand;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
  God save our land. Amen.

TIME OF CATTLE PLAGUE.

453. MILMAN. 8.7.8.7. J. Y. COOPER.





ALL creation groans and travails;
  Thou, O God, shalt hear its groan;
For of man and all creation
  Thou alike art Lord alone.

Cast Thine eye of love and mercy
  On the misery of the land;
Say to the destroying Angel
  "'Tis enough: stay now thine hand."

In our homesteads, in our valleys,
  Through our pasture-lands give peace:
Through the Goshen of Thine Israel
  Bid the grievous murrain cease.

But with deeper, tenderer pity,
  Call to mind, O Son of God,
Those in Thine own image fashion'd:
  Ransom'd with Thy precious Blood:

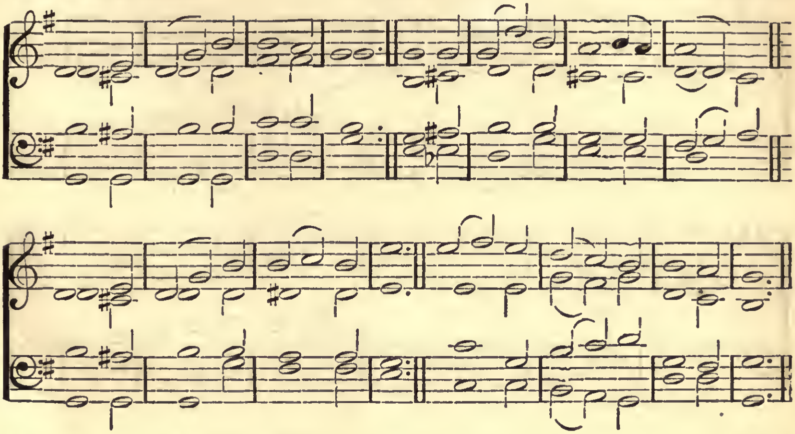
Hear and grant the supplications,
  Like a cloud of incense, borne
Up toward Thy seat of Mercy,
  From Thy people's hearts forlorn:

So—while these her earnest accents
  Day by day Thy Church repeats,—
That our sheep may bring forth thousands
  And ten thousands in our streets;

That our oxen, strong to labour,
  May not know nor fear decay:
That there be no more complaining,
  And the plague have passed away.

And at last, to all Thy servants,
  When earth's troubles shall be o'er,
Threefold Godhead, give a portion
  With Thyself for evermore. Amen.

454. Last Hope. 7.7.7.7. Gottschalk.



To Thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

Thou through Him art reconciled,
I through Him became Thy child;
Abba, Father, give me grace
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.

While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue:
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

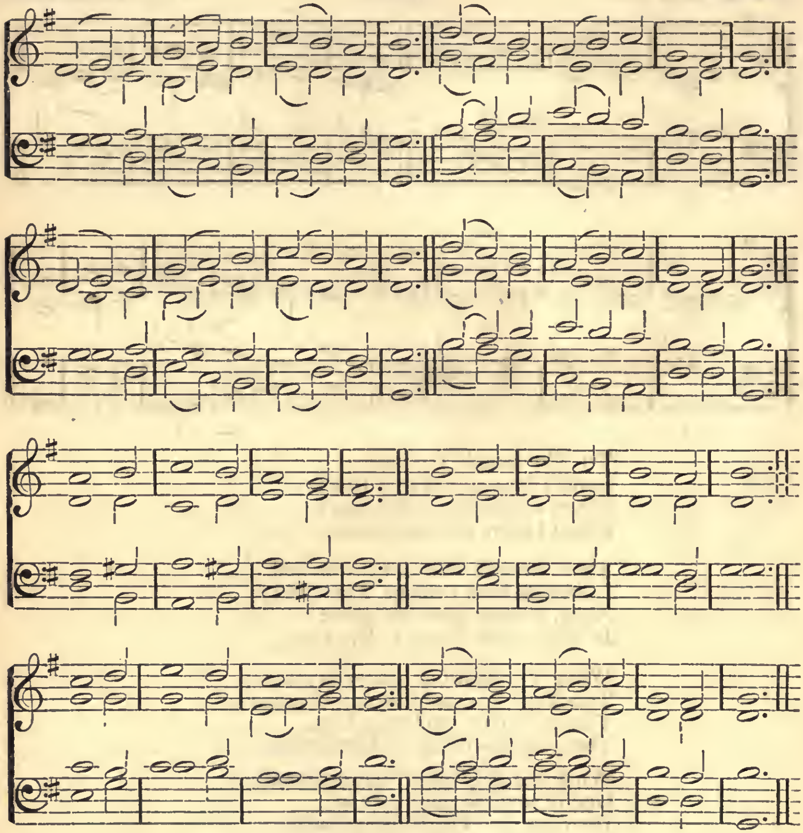
While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear; for Jesus intercedes.

While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice by faith may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe:
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walk'd with God to-day. Amen.

455. MAIDSTONE. 7.7.7.7. (D.) W. B. GILBERT.



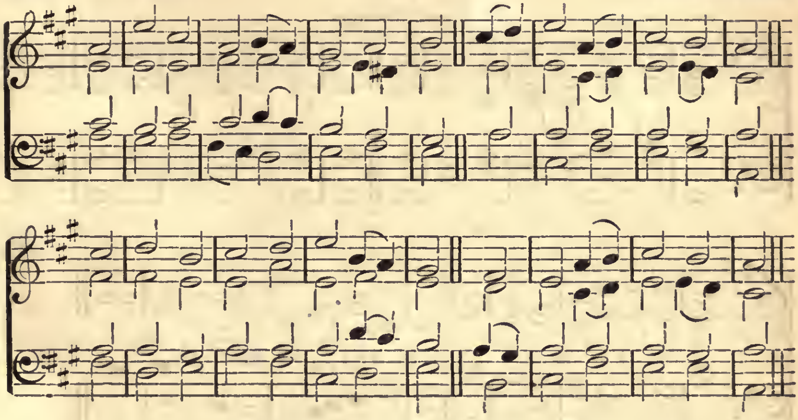
PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace!

Happy birds that sing and fly,
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

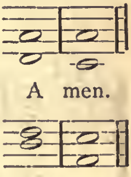
Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord! be mine this prize to win!
Guide me through a world of sin:
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place:
Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart!
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

456. St. Stephen. C.M. Rev. W. Jones.



O god of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, shew'st
The brightness of Thy face.



My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee the living God.

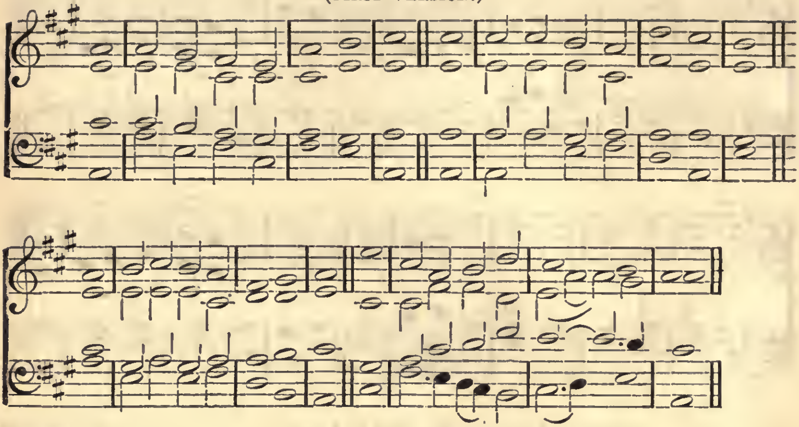
For in Thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display.

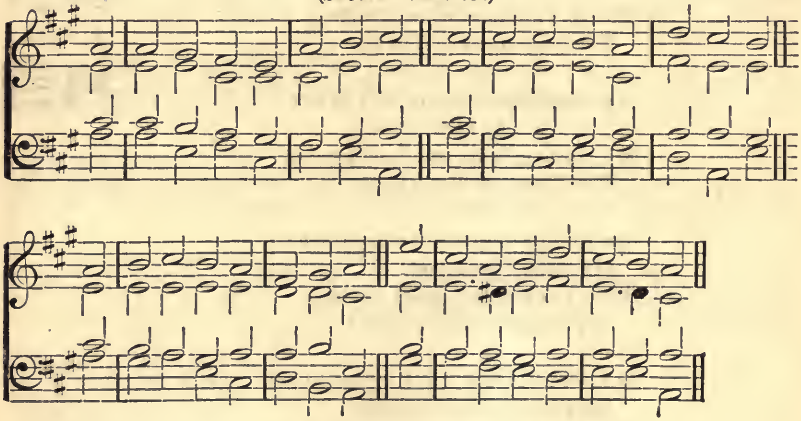
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

457. OLD 100TH. L.M.

(FIRST VERSION.)



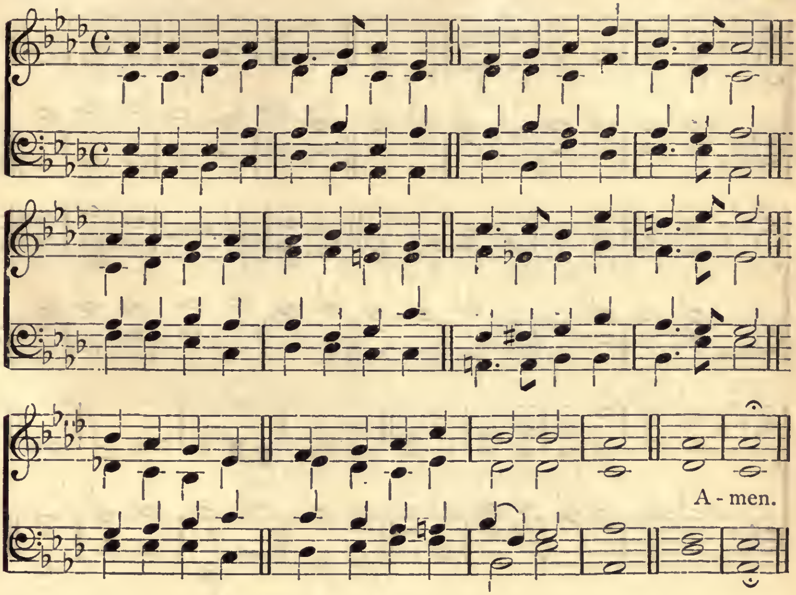
(SECOND VERSION.)



DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our deeds in Jesus' blood;
Give every contrite soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

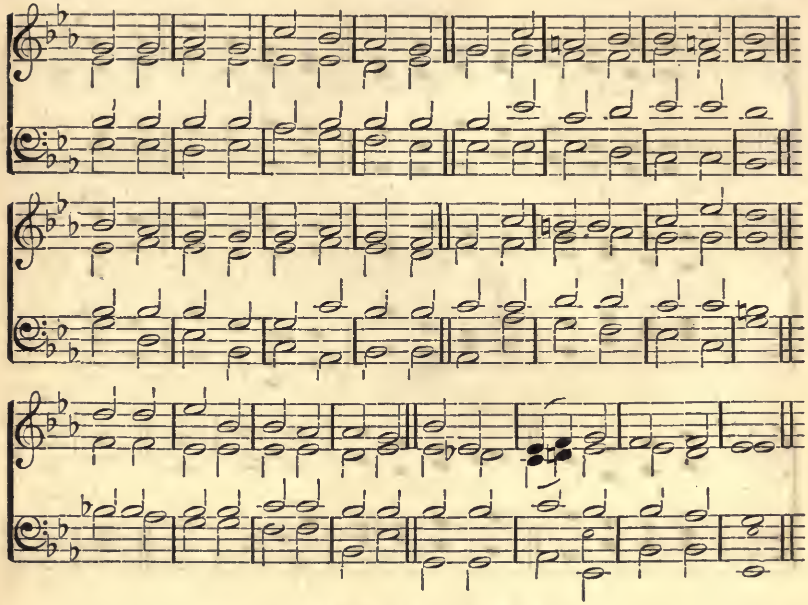
458. St. Raphael. 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. Hopkins.



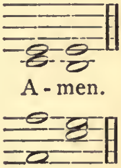
Now in parting, Father, bless us;
Saviour still Thy peace bestow;
Gracious Comforter be with us,
As we from Thy presence go!
Bless us, bless us,
Father, Son and Spirit now.

Bless us here, while still as strangers,
Onward to our home we move;
Bless us with eternal blessings,
In our Father's house above.
Ever, ever,
Dwelling in the light of love. Amen.

459. St. Peter. 8.7.8.7.8.7.



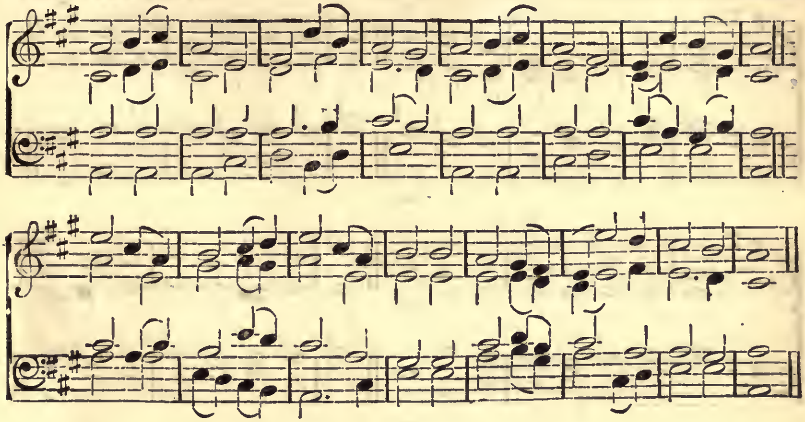
LORD dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.



Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day. Amen.

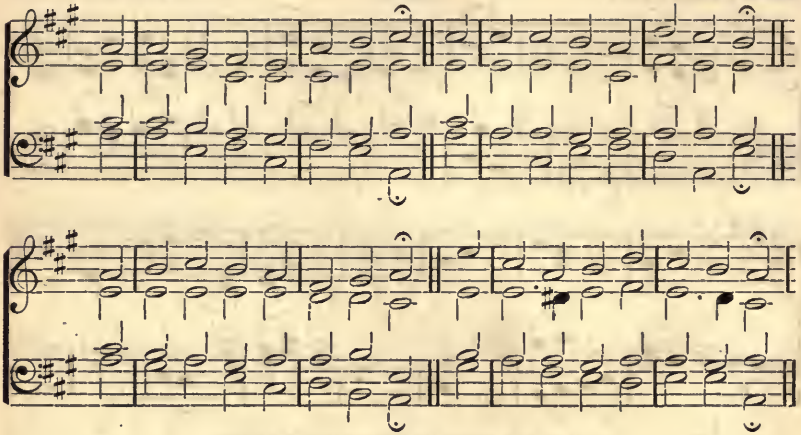
460. MERCY SEAT. 8.7.8.7. ANON.



MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

461. Old Hundredth. L.M. Old Tune.



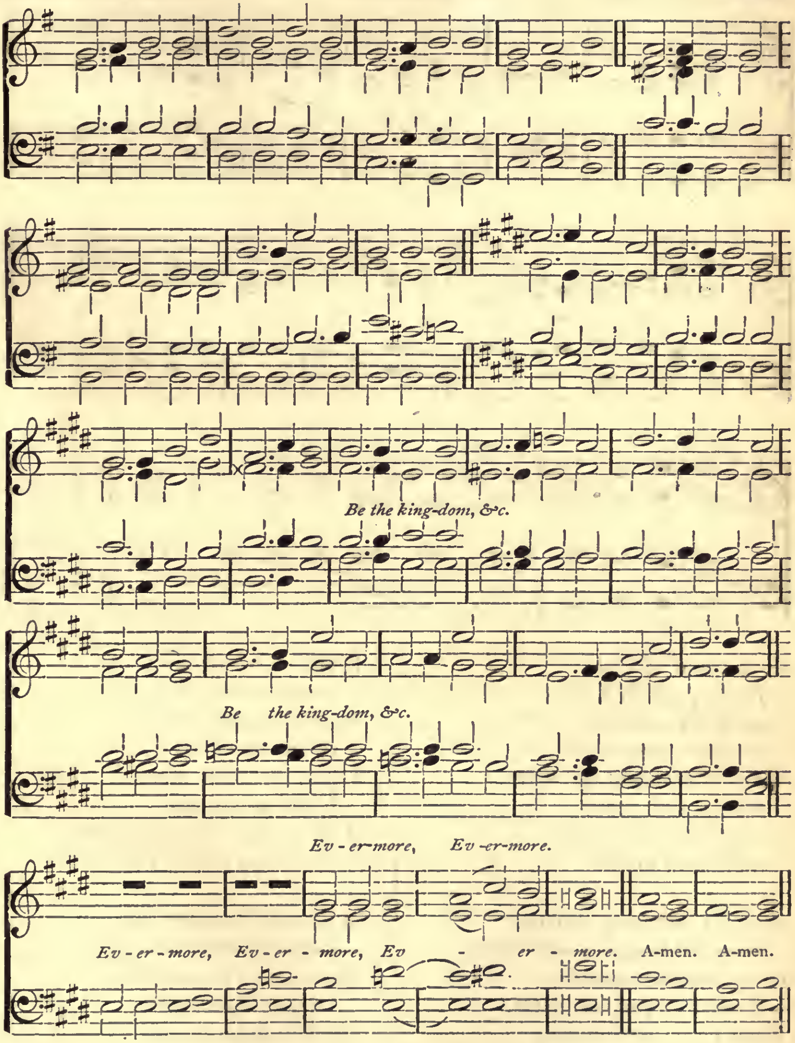
From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

462. DISMISSAL.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

ANON.

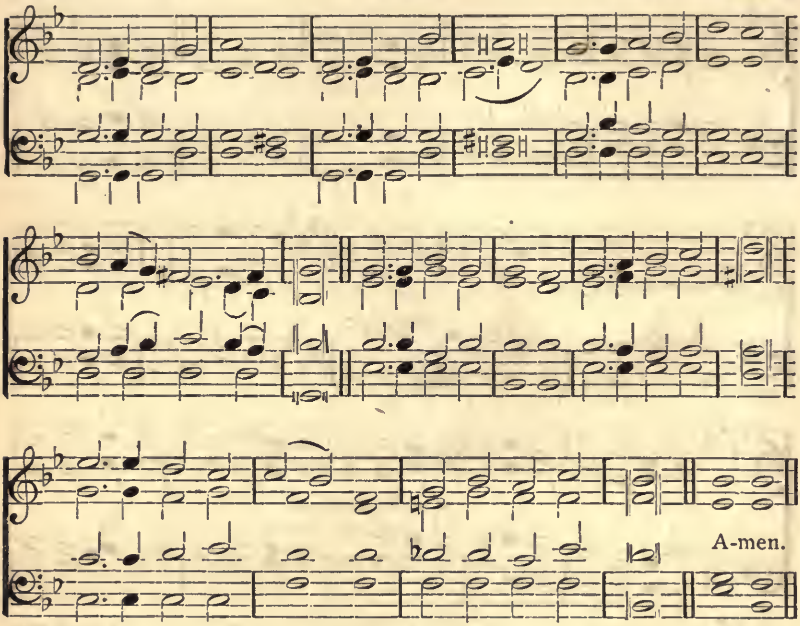

Be the king-dom, &c.
Be the king-dom, &c.
Ev - er-more, Ev -er-more.
Ev - er - more, Ev - er - more, Ev - er - more. A-men. A-men.

Now to Him, who loved us, gave us
Every pledge that love could give,
Freely shed His Blood to save us,
Gave His life that we might live :
Be the kingdom, and dominion,
And the glory, evermore! Amen.

463. AFFLICTION.

FIRST TUNE.
6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

J. W. F. HARRISON.



In the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

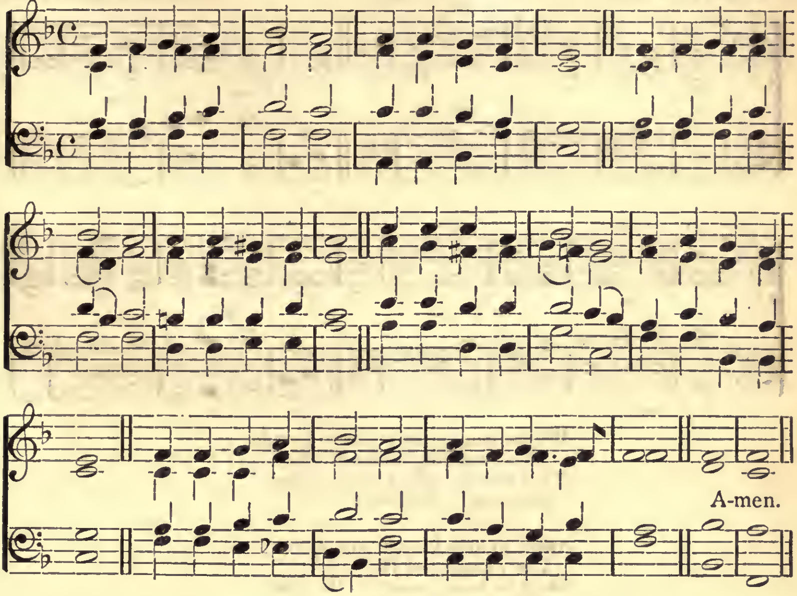
With its 'witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crown'd Calvary.

If with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice.
Freely on Thine altar
I will lay my will,
And, though flesh may falter,
Bless and praise Thee still.

When my lamp, low burning,
Sinks in death's last pain;
Earth to earth returning,
Dust to dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me dying
To eternal life. Amen.

SECOND TUNE.

463. Gethsemane. 6.5. D. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



In the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

With its 'witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
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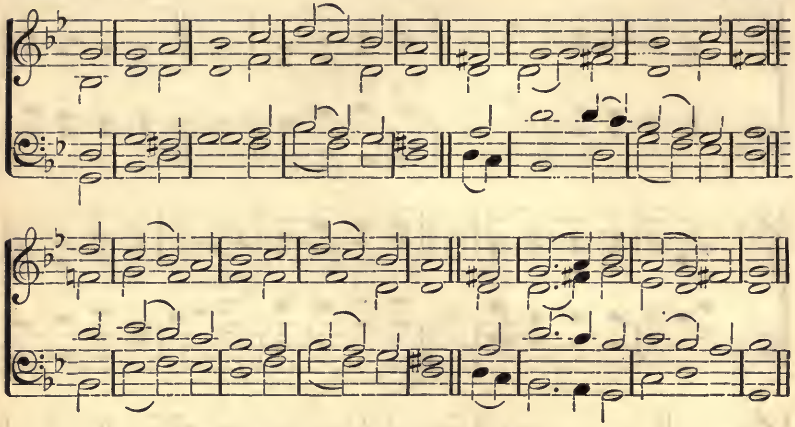
When my lamp low burning
Sinks in death's last pain;
Earth to earth returning,
Dust to dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me dying
To eternal life. Amen.

464. BURFORD. C.M. OLD TUNE.



WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet by faith to look above,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own.

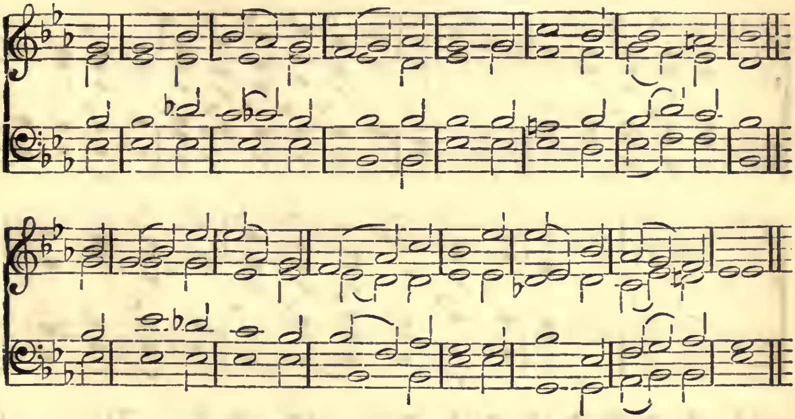
Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of suffering paid.

Sweet in His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust His wise decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hand,
And know no will but His.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be?
What to derive celestial bliss
Immediately from Thee?

465. BOOTERSTOWN. C.M. H. BUSSELL.



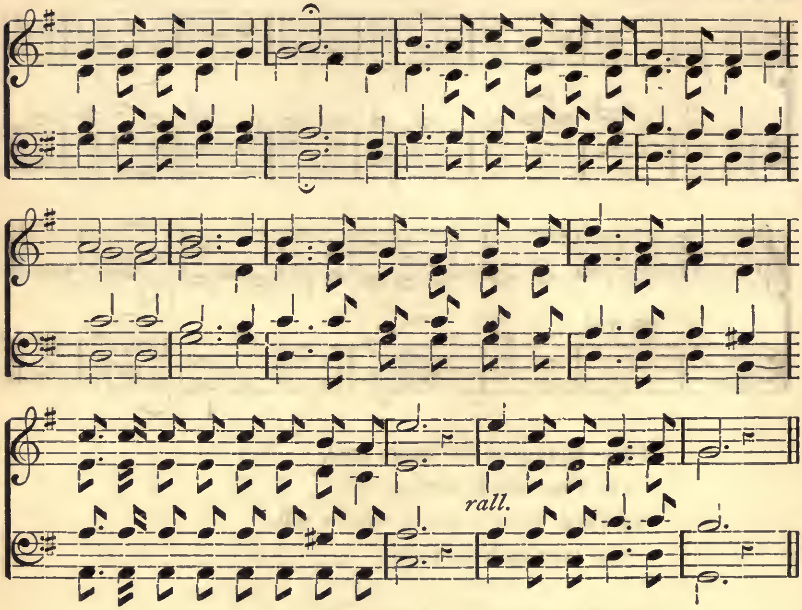
THOU Refuge of the weary soul,
  On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
  Our fainting hope relies.

To Thee we tell each rising grief,
  For Thou alone canst heal:
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
  For every pain we feel.

Thy love is ever nigh to bless
  The mourner's humble prayer;
O may we ever find access
  To breathe our sorrows there!

Thy mercy-seat is open still,
  Here let our soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
  And wait beneath Thy feet.

466. Spes. P.M. J. Howden.

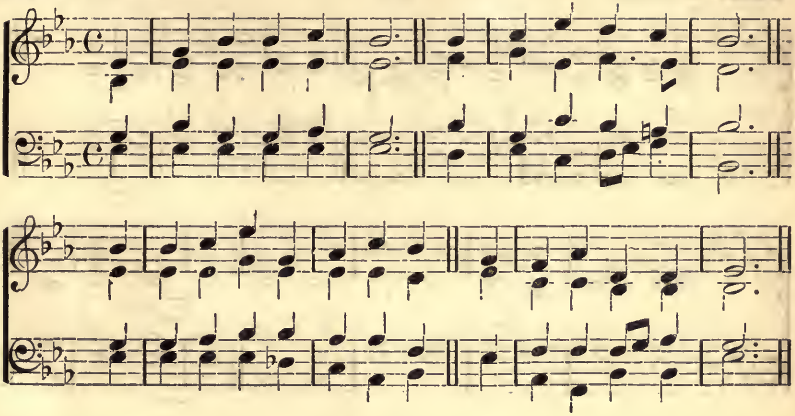


God doth not leave His own !
The night of weeping for a time may last,
Then, tears all past,
His going forth shall as the morning shine :
The sunrise of His favour shall be thine :
God doth not leave His own !

God doth not leave His own !
Though few and evil all their days appear,
Though grief and fear
Come in the train of earth, and hell's dark crowd,—
The trusting heart says, even in the cloud,—
God doth not leave His own !

God doth not leave His own !
Their sorrow in this life He doth permit,—
Yea, chooseth it.
To speed His children in their heavenward way,
He guides the winds ;—faith, hope, and love all say,—
God doth not leave His own !

467. HOLYROOD. S.M. RIZZIO.



GIVE to the winds thy fears,
  Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
  God shall lift up thy head.

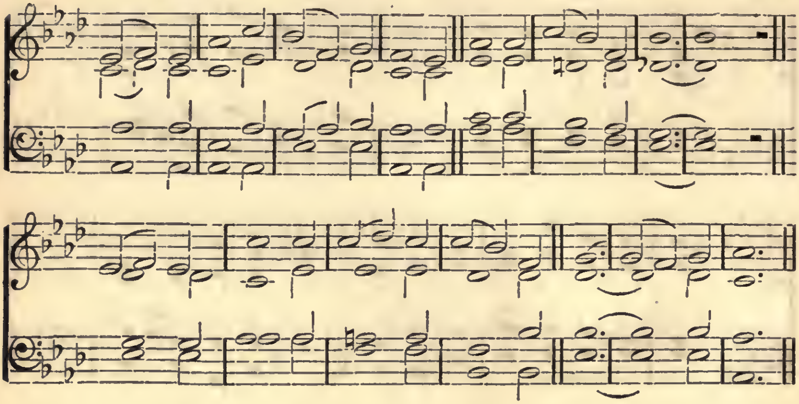
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
  He gently clears the way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
  Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
  Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
  And ev'ry care be gone.

What though thou rulest not?
  Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
  And ruleth all things well.

Leave to His sovereign sway
  To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own His way,
  How wise, how strong His hand!

468. BULLINGER. P.M. REV. E. W. BULLINGER.



ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress'd?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints
And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

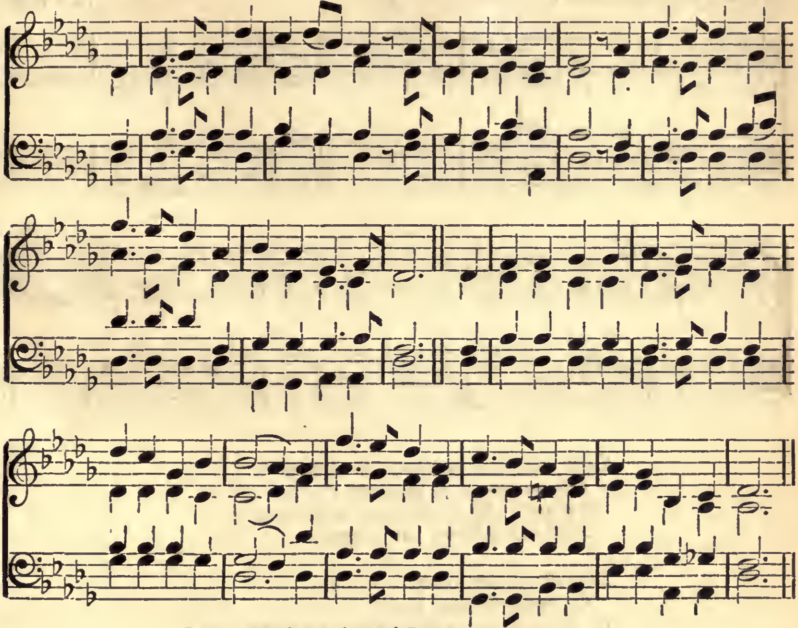
If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan pass'd."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs;
Answer, 'Yes.'"

469. MONTREAL. D.C.M. REV. CANON BALDWIN, M. A.

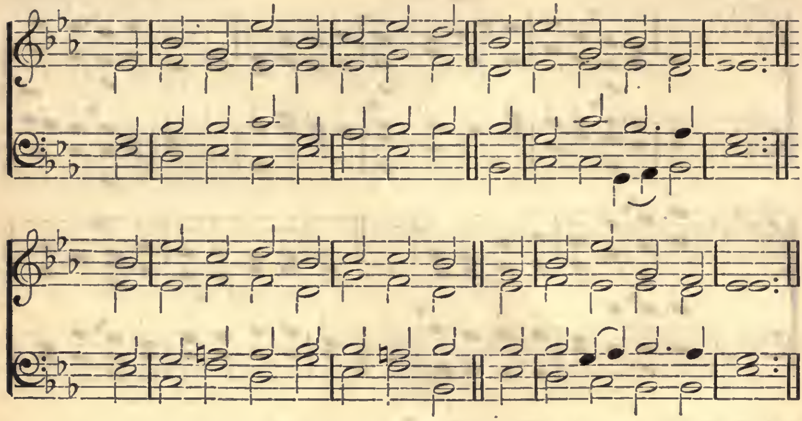


I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me and rest;
"Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 "Thy head upon My breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold! I freely give
"The living water, thirsty one,
 "Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light;
"Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 "And all thy day be bright."
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

470. London, (New.) C.M. Old Tune.



God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

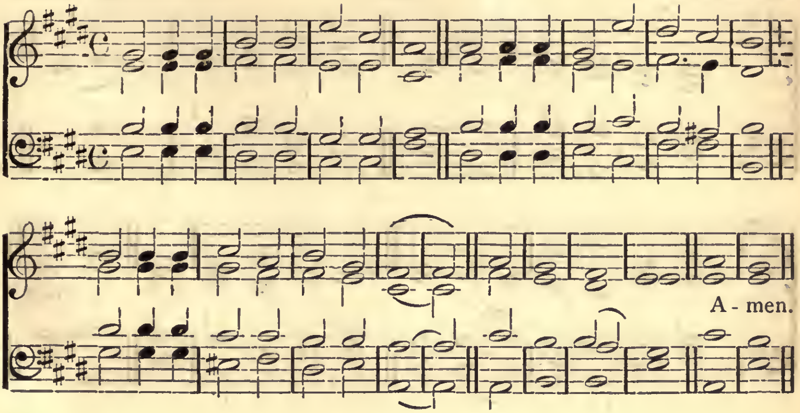
Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

471. Rest. 8.8.8.4. Sir G. J. Elvey.



Jesus, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed;
I come to cast myself on Thee;
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
Thou art my Strength.

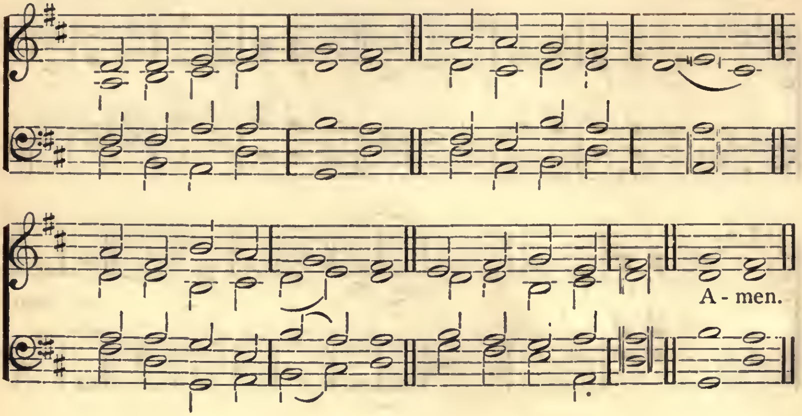
I am bewilder'd on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, shed Thou forth some cheering ray;
Thou art my Light.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts;
Thou art my Peace.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply
E'en to the end whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All. Amen.

472. Clewer. 6.5.6.5. German



O let him, whose sorrow
  No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
  Ease for heart and mind.

Where the mourner weeping
  Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping
  Though none else is near.

God will never leave thee,
  All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
  Sees thy cares and woes.

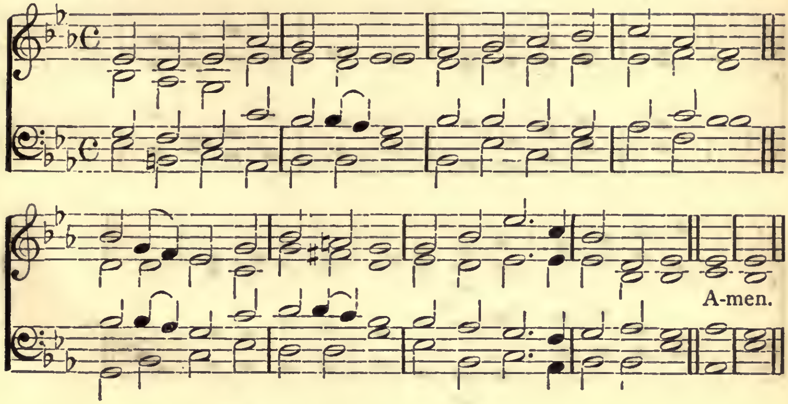
Raise thine eyes to heaven
  When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempest driven,
  Heart and courage fail.

When in grief we languish,
  He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
  Soothes with succour near.

All our woe and sadness,
  In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
  We in Heaven shall know.

Jesus, Holy Saviour,
  In the realms above
Crown us with Thy favour,
  Fill us with Thy love. Amen.

473. Be not Afraid. 7.7.7.7. S. S. Wesley.



When the wild waves around us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,
"It is I; be not afraid."

When we dimly trace the form
In mysterious awe array'd,
Be the echo of the storm,
"It is I; be not afraid."

When we weep that far away
From Thy pathway we have stray'd,
Saviour to the sinner say,
"It is I; be not afraid."

When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,
"It is I; be not afraid."

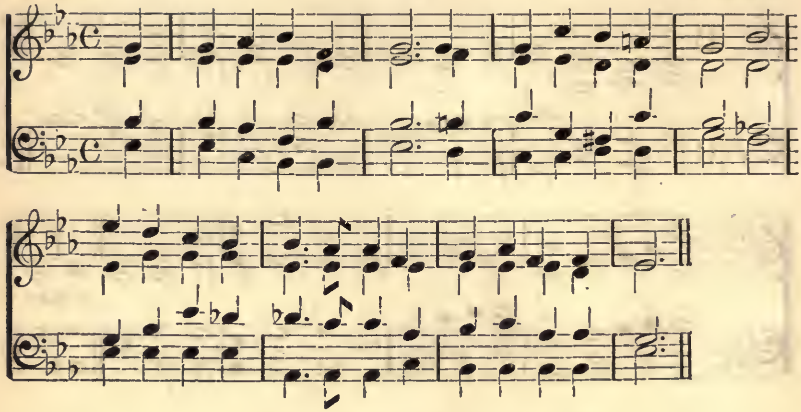
When we gaze upon the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
O may then the mourner hear,
"It is I; be not afraid."

When with wearing, hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit sore dismay'd,
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,
"It is I; be not afraid."

When at last the end we near
Passing into death's dark glade,
May the voice be strong and clear,
"It is I; be not afraid." Amen.

474.

S.M. J. BARNBY.



O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound
Or pierce to either pole.

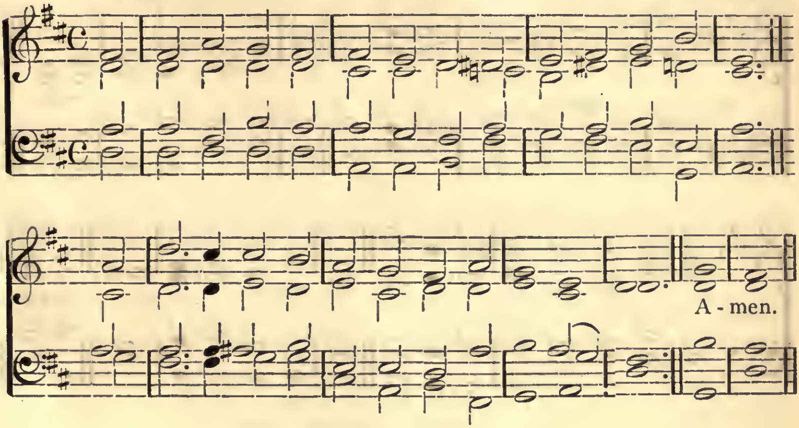
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love:

There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from Thy face,
And ever more undone.

475. WREFORD. 8.6.8.4. E. S. CARTER.



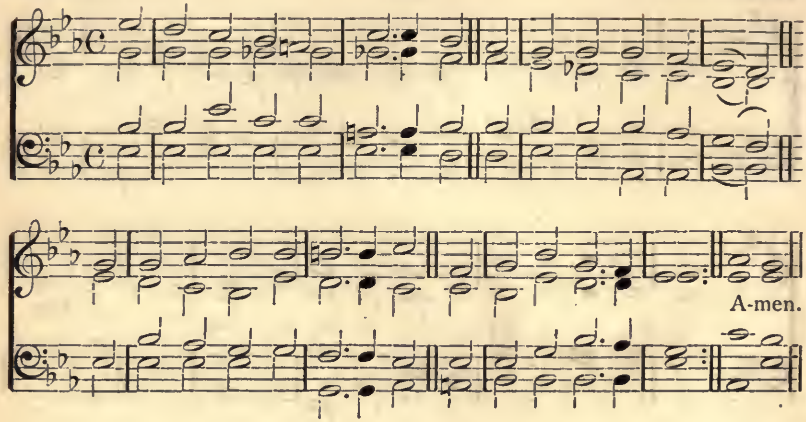
FATHER! that in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen Thy Son:

Oh by the anguish of that night
Send us down blest relief;
Or to the chasten'd let Thy might
Hallow this grief;

And Thou that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry
Thy will be done!

By Thy meek spirit, Thou, of all
That e'er have mourn'd the chief—
Thou sufferer! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief. Amen.

476. HOLY TRINITY. C.M. J. BARNBY.



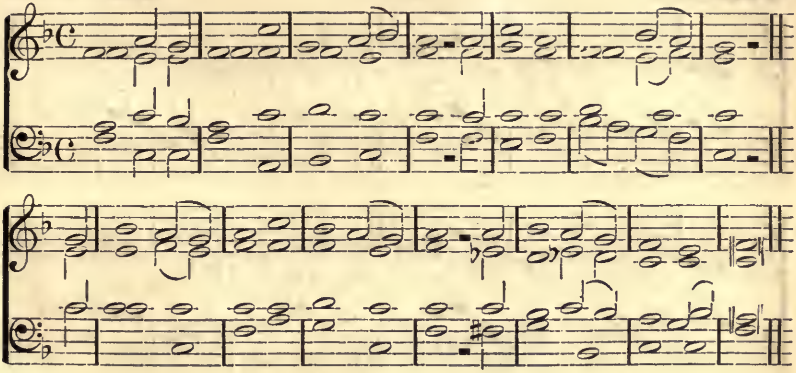
O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

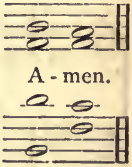
When joy no longer soothes or cheers
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too :—

Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray:
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day. Amen.

477. PEACE. C.M. W. SIEBOTH.





O FOR a closer walk with God,
  A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
  That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
  When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
  Of Jesus and His word?

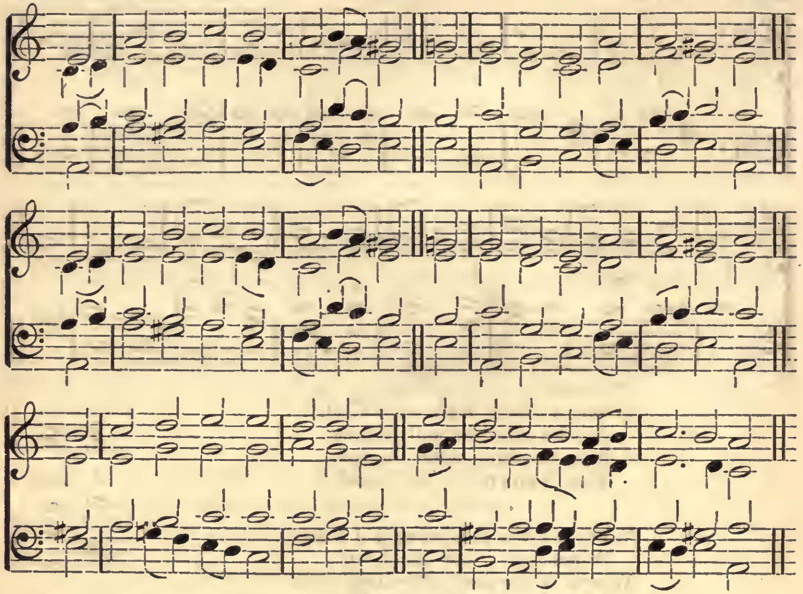
What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
  How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
  The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove! return,
  Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
  And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
  Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
  And worship only Thee!

So shall my walk be close with God,
  Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
  That leads me to the Lamb! Amen.

478. BREMEN. 8.8.8.8.8.8. ARR. FROM BACH.



COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on Thy Hands, and read it there!
But Who, I ask Thee, Who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name and tell me now.

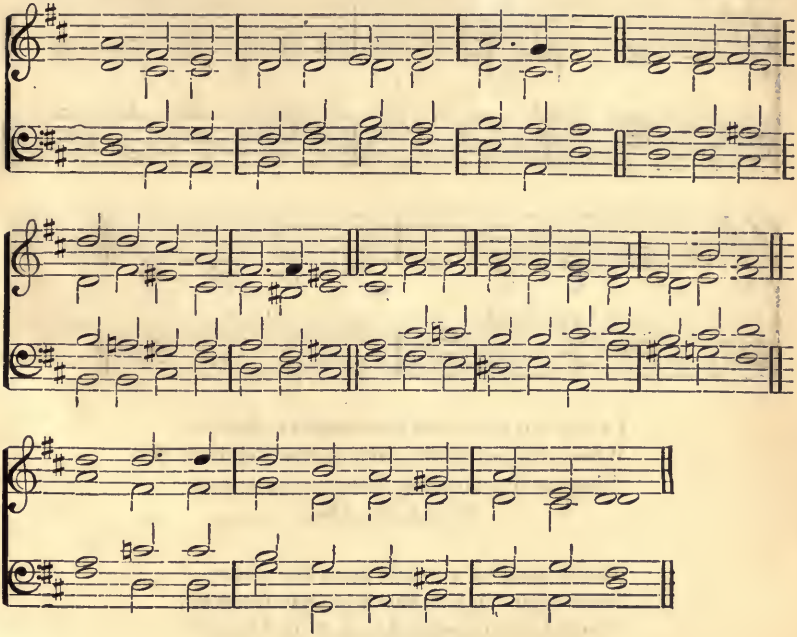
In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell:
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer!
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name is Love?

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art!
To me, to all, Thy bowels move;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love?

479. Dalkeith. 10.10.10.10. J. Hewlett.



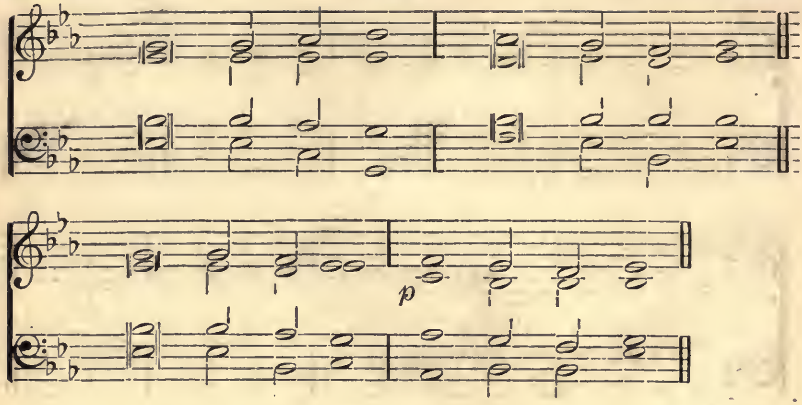
Thou that art strong to comfort, look on me!
  I sit in darkness and behold no light;
Over my soul the waves of agony
  Have gone, and left me in a rayless night.

A bruis'd and broken reed sustain! sustain!
  Divinest Comforter, to Thee I fly,
To whom no soul hath ever fled in vain:
  Support me with Thy love, or else I die.

Father! whate'er I had, it all was Thine;
  A God of mercy Thou hast ever been;
What I most loved O help me to resign,
  And if I murmur count it not for sin.

My soul is strengthen'd now, and it shall bear
  All that remains, whatever it may be;
And from the very depths of my despair
  I will look up, O God! and trust in Thee.

480. TROYTE. P.M. A. H. D. TROYTE.



In the still silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee?

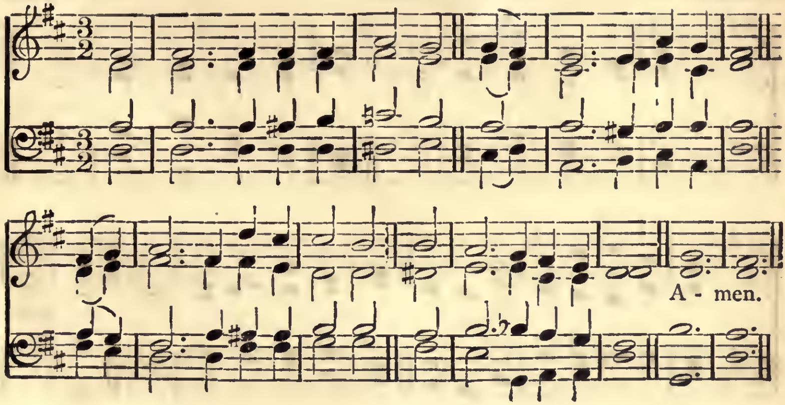
And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

Often, in spite of present care,
Or anything beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with Thee!

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me?
Or whom in heaven doth my Spirit seek,
O God, but Thee?

481. Eden. 7.6.7.6. Adam



Oh help me o'er this river
  Thou who hast cross'd before;
Oh help, or I shall never
  Attain the further shore.

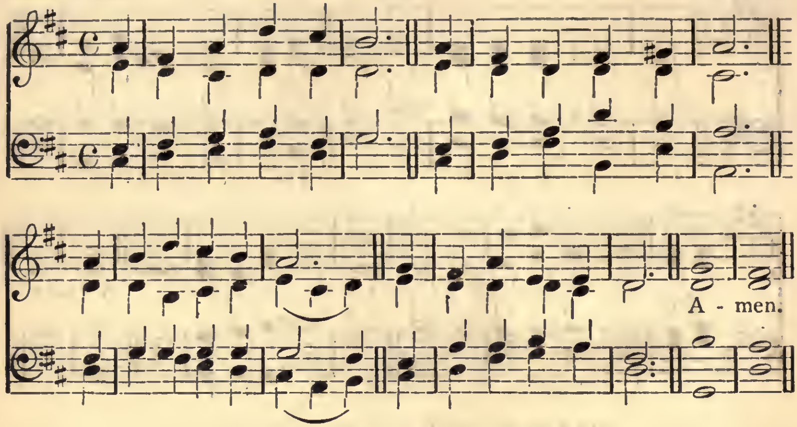
Its waters swell and eddy;
  I fall, I sink, I'm lost:
Oh keep my footsteps steady,
  Till I have safely cross'd

Stretch out Thy hand to save me,
  As Thou hast often done;
For if Thou will not save me,
  Then I am wholly gone.

Oh help me through this trial,
  Thou tried and tempted One;
I cannot take denial;—
  Thou must, or I am gone.

'Tis Thou,—Thou, Saviour, only,
  That can suffice for me,
For I am tried and lonely,
  I have no friend but Thee.

482. Eden. 6.6.6.6. Feilden.



Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
  However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
  Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
  It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
  Right onward to Thy rest.

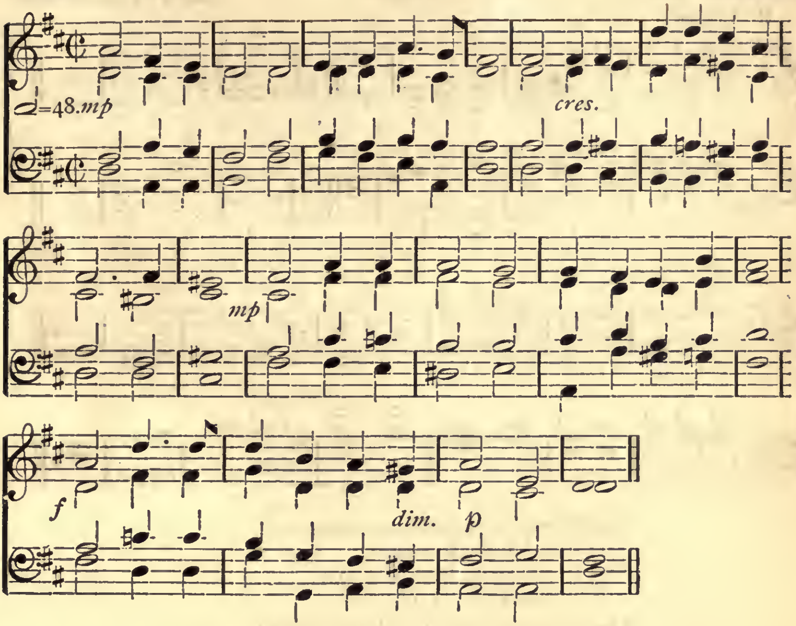
I dare not choose my lot;
  I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
  So shall I walk aright.

Take Thou my cup, and it
  With joy or sorrow fill
As best to Thee may seem;
  Choose Thou my good and ill;

Choose Thou for me my friends,
  My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
  My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
  In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
  My wisdom, and my all! Amen.

483. DALKEITH. 10.10.10.10. J. HEWLETT.



I THOUGHT upon my sins, and I was sad,
My soul was troubled sore and fill'd with pain;
But then I thought on Jesus and was glad,
My heavy grief was turn'd to joy again.

I thought upon the law, the fiery law,
Holy, and just, and good in its decree;
I look'd to Jesus, and in Him I saw
That law fulfill'd, its curse endured for me.

I thought I saw an angry, frowning God,
Sitting as Judge upon the great white throne;
My soul was overwhelm'd,—then Jesus show'd
His gracious face, and all my dread was gone.

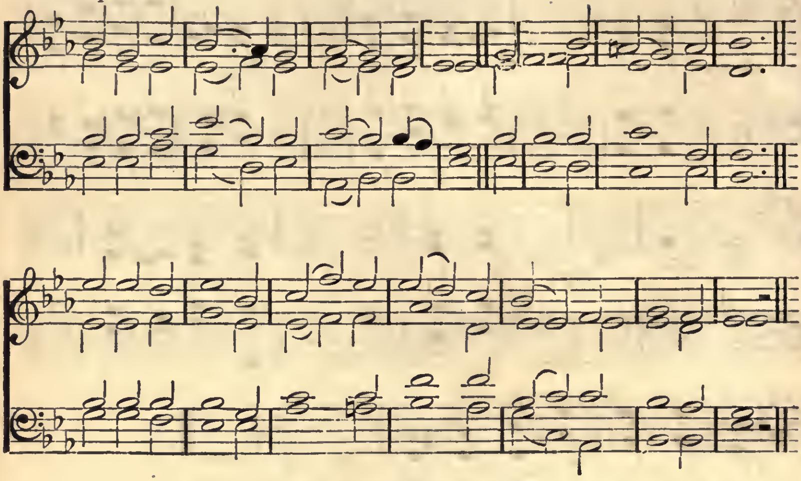
I saw my sad estate, condemn'd to die;
Then terror seized my heart, and dark despair;
But when to Calvary I turn'd my eye,
I saw the Cross, and read forgiveness there.

I saw that I was lost, far gone astray;
No hope of safe return there seem'd to be;
But then I heard that Jesus was the Way,
A new and living Way prepared for me.

And in that Way, so free, so safe, so sure,
Sprinkled all o'er with reconciling blood,
Will I abide, and never wander more,
Walking along in fellowship with God.

484. CHILDHOOD. C.M. REV. C. J. DICKINSON.

With spirit.



SHEPHERD of Israel from above
  Thy feeble flock behold;
And let us never lose Thy love,
  Nor wander from Thy fold.

Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
  Thy hand is ever near
To guide them, lest they go astray,
  And keep them safe from fear.

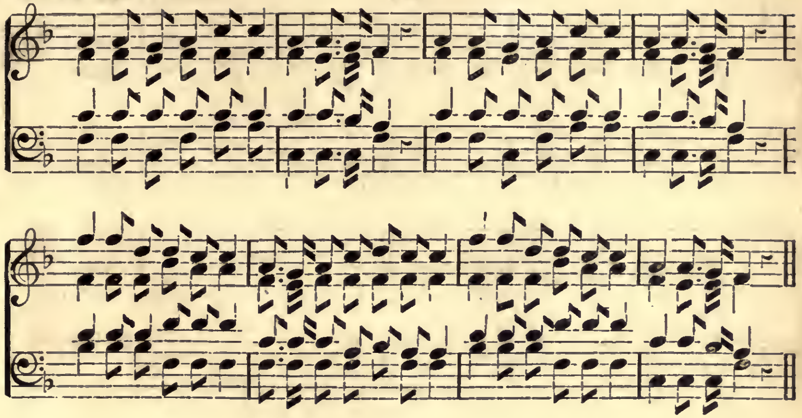
Thy tender care supports the weak,
  And will not let them fall;
Then teach us, Lord, Thy praise to speak,
  And on Thy name to call!

We need Thy help, for we are frail;
  Thy light, for we are blind;
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,
  Since Thou art ever kind.

Teach us the things we ought to know;
  And may we find them true;
And still, in stature as we grow,
  Increase in wisdom too.

Guide us through life; and when at last
  We enter into rest,
Thy tender arms aroung us cast,
  And fold us to Thy breast!

485. Happy Land. P.M.

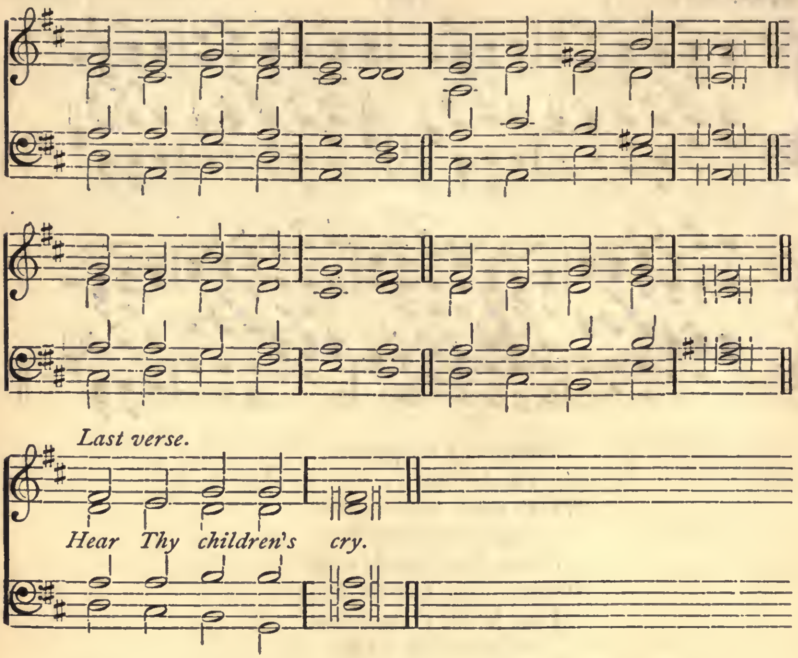


There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day;
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

486. St. Constantine. 6.5.6.5. W. H. Monk.



Jesus meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

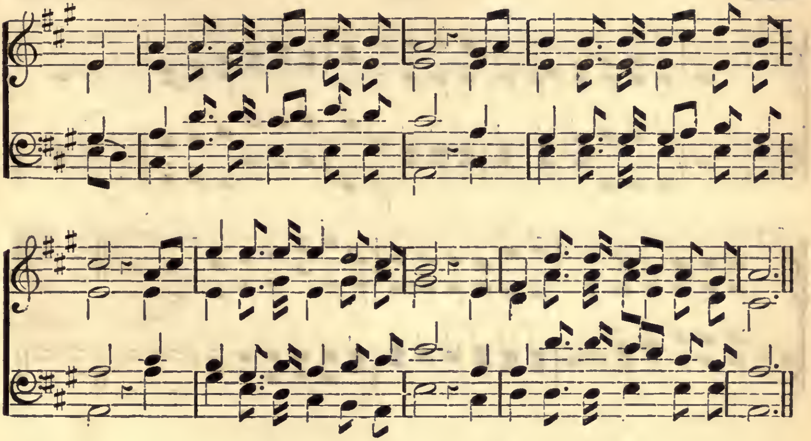
Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, Holy Jesus!
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesus meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

487. EXPECTATION. P.M. ANON.



We speak of the realms of the blest,
  Of that country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd;
  But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathways of gold,
  Of its walls deck'd with jewels most rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
  But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
  From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
  But what must it be to be there?

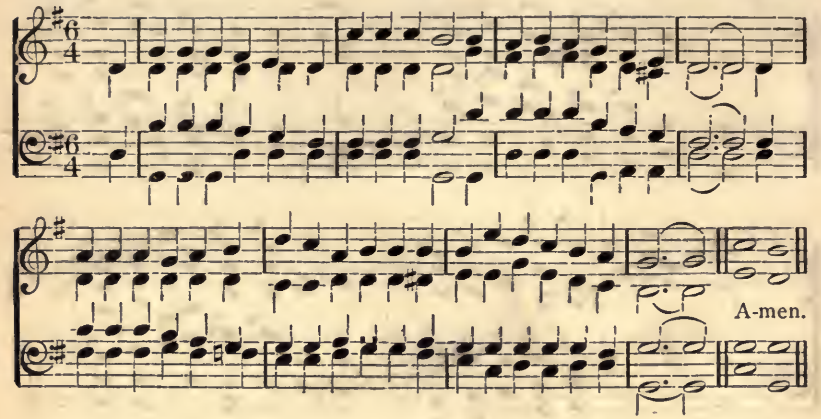
We speak of its anthems of praise,
  With which we can never compare,
The sweetest on earth we can raise;
  But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love,
  Of the robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the First-born above;
  But what must it be to be there?

Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
  Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And grant that we also may know,
  And feel what it is to be there.

488.

P.M. H. LESLIE.



I think when I read that sweet story of old,
  When Jesus was here among men,
How He call'd little children as lambs to His fold,
  I should like to have been with them then.

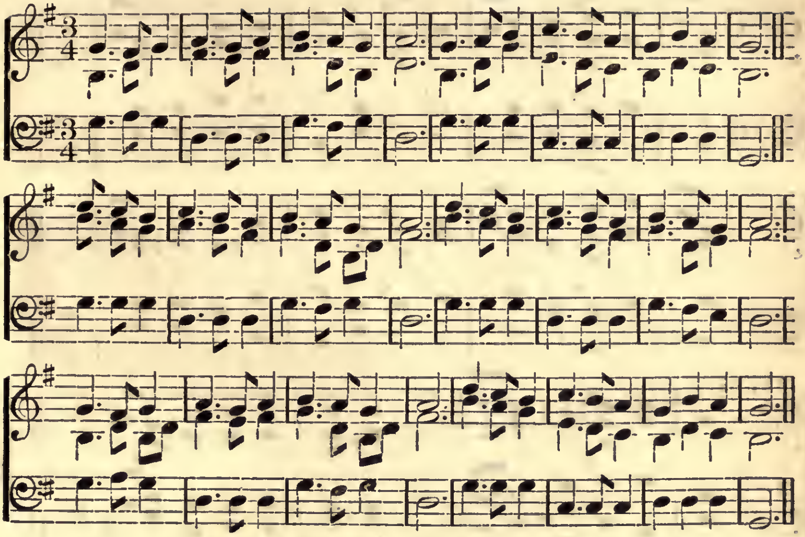
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head
  That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
  Let the little ones come unto Me.

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
  And ask for a share in His love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
  I shall see Him and hear Him above.

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
  For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
  For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
  Never heard of that heavenly home ;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
  And that Jesus has bid them to come. Amen.

489. JUBILATE. P.M.



JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Jesus our Saviour, in mercy says, "Come,"
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
  Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
  Bound to the land of bright spirits above.

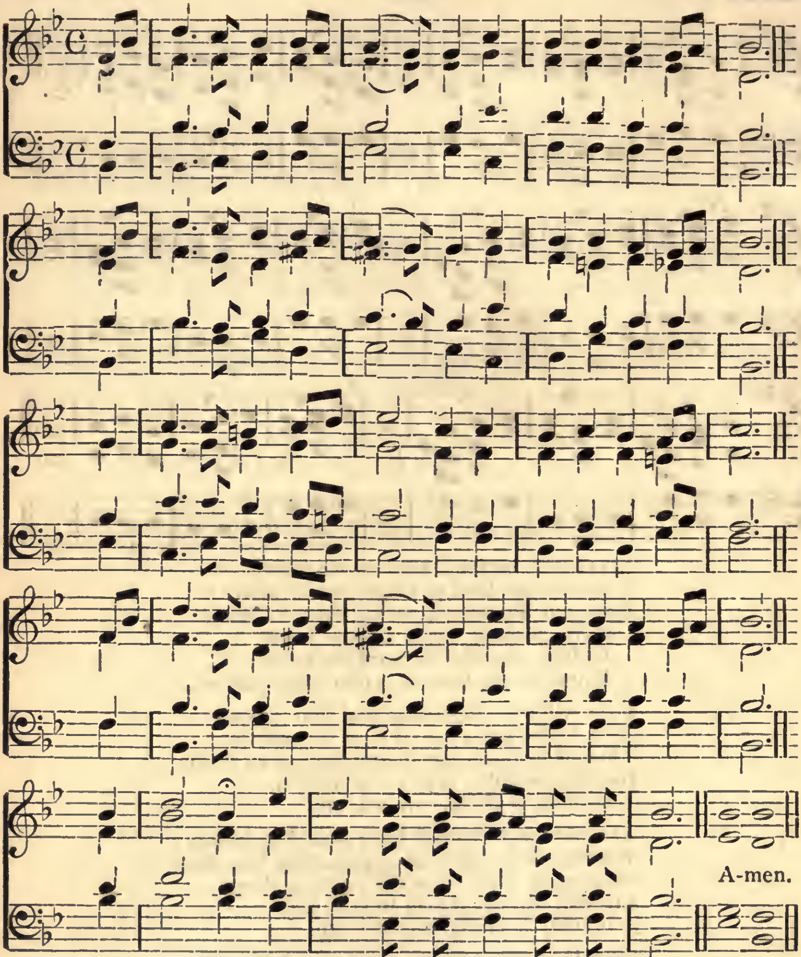
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.
  Joyfully, joyfully, onward, etc.

Teachers and kindred have pass'd on before;
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing, to cheer us while passing along,—
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
  Joyfully, joyfully, onward, etc.

Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear;
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome;
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
  Joyfully, joyfully, onward, etc.

Death, with its arrow, may soon lay us low;
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow:
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb—
Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home.
  Joyfully, joyfully, onward, etc.

490. JOSEPH. P.M. MEHUL.

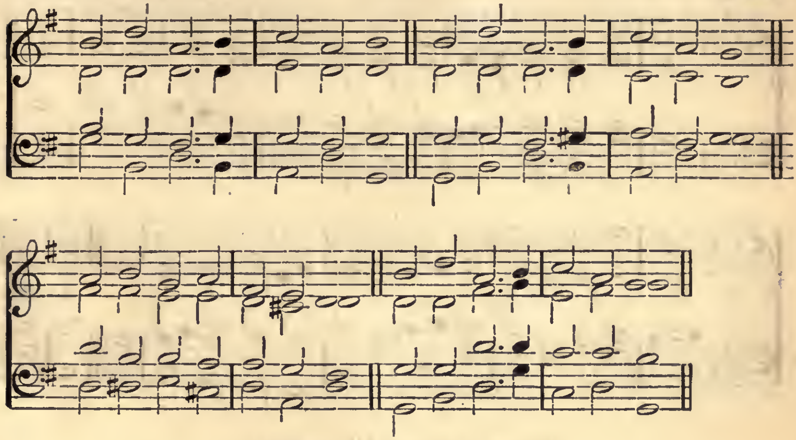


WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And deign'd to hear their song.
Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son:
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's,
Hosanna to Jesus, our King. Amen.

491. German Hymn. 7.7.7.7. Pleyel.



Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart!
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind!

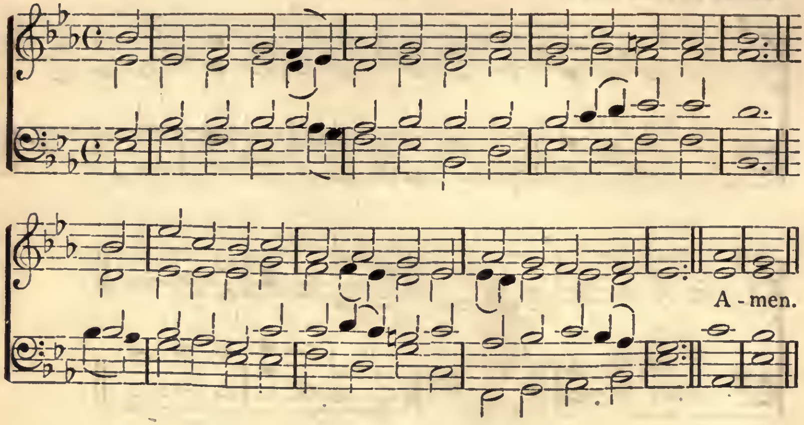
Meek and lowly may I be;
Thou wert all humility!
Let me to my betters bow;
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve;
Only to His glory live!

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart!

I shall then show forth Thy praise;
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

492. St. Bernard. C.M. L. G. Hayne.



There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

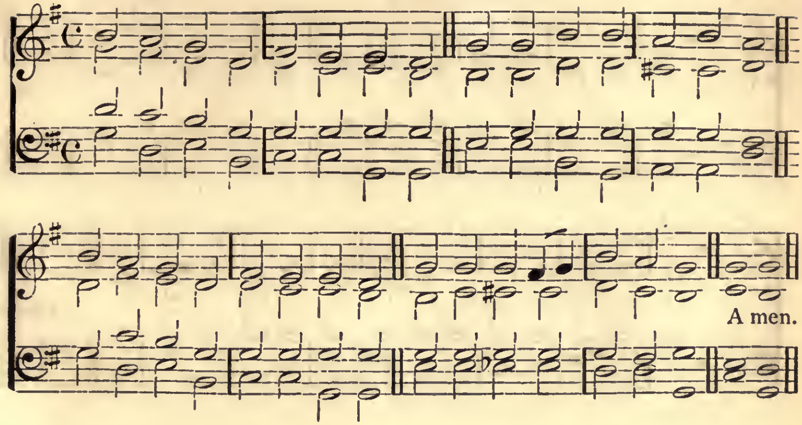
We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffer'd there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love Him to,
And trust in His redeeming blood.
And try His works to do. Amen.

493. MERTON. 8.7.8.7.

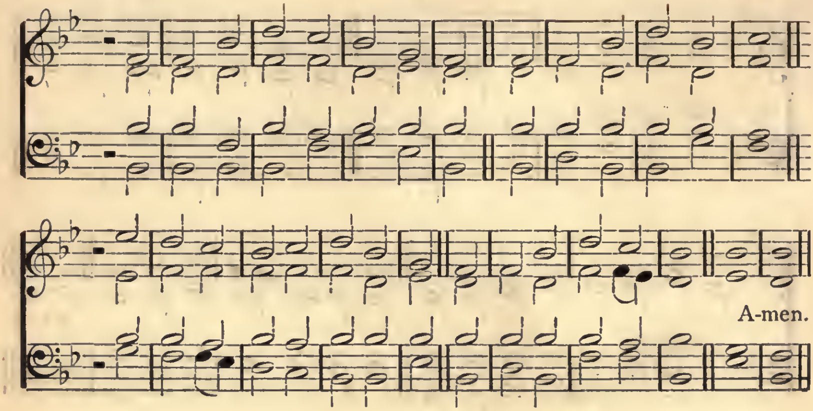


JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care:
Thou hast warm'd me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer!

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

494. Evan. C.M.



Remember thy Creator now,
While youth is fresh and bright,
Ere earth shall close upon thy form,
And hide thee out of sight.

The sun shall set, the stars shall sink,
The moon shall fade away,
The sound of music shall be hush'd,
In that distressful day.

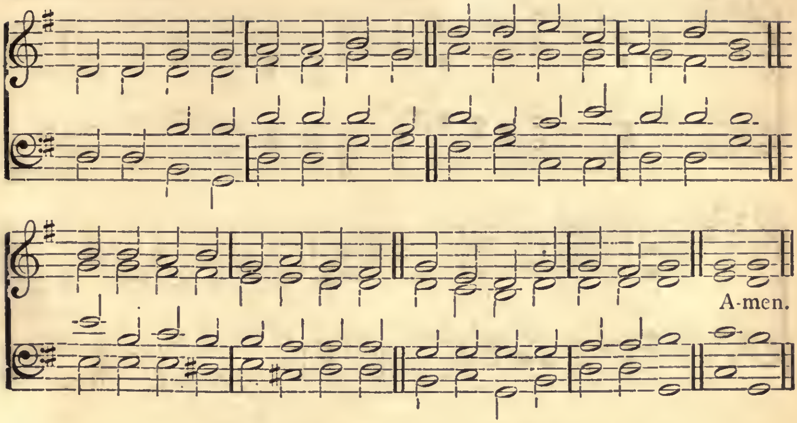
The mourners then shall pace the streets,
The knell shall sadly toll;
For death has loosed the silver cord,
Broken the golden bowl.

Then think of thy Creator now,
Lest evil days arise,
To steel thy heart against His love,
And keep thee from the skies.

Good Lord my giddy thoughts restrain,
My heart to Thee incline;
So keep me in my youth that I
In age may still be Thine.

Then when my dust to Him returns,
Who gave it living breath,
On Thee reposing, may my soul
Not fear, but welcome death! Amen.

495. STUTGARD. 8.7.8.7.



HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing
  On Thy children gather'd here;
May they all Thy name confessing,
  Be to Thee forever dear!

May they be, like Joseph, loving,
  Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David's proving
  Steadfast unto death endure.

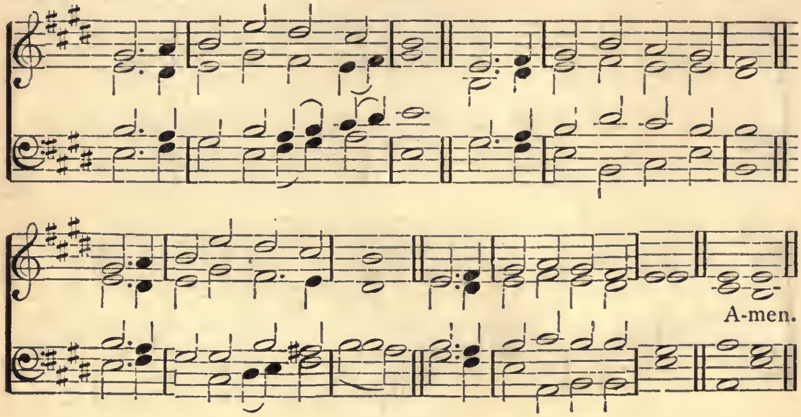
Holy Saviour, who in meekness
  Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps, and help their weakness,
  Bless, and make them like to Thee.

Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
  In Thine arms, and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
  Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

Spread Thy guardian wings above them;
  Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove;
Guide them, lead them, go before them;
  Give them peace, and joy, and love.

Temples of the Holy Spirit,
  May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
  And for evermore be Thine. Amen.

496. INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7.



LORD this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet;
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord we would remember Thee.

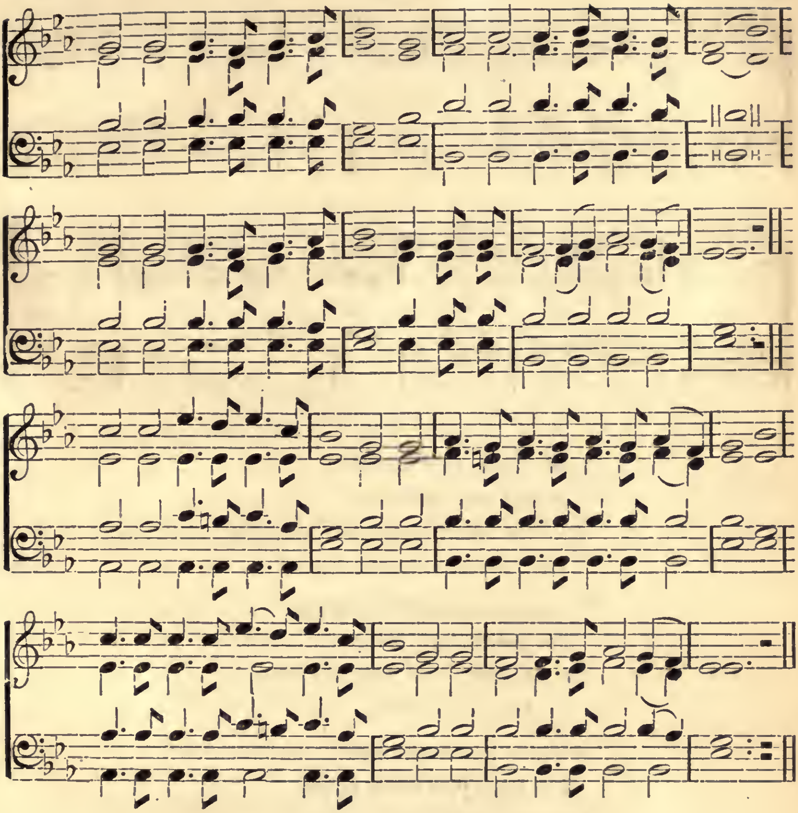
Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure, and free from sin.

All our pleasures here below,
Saviour from Thy mercy flow;
But if earth has joys like this,
What shall be our heavenly bliss?

Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace like Thine:
Then through all eternity
We shall live in Heaven with Thee. Amen.

497.

P.M.



Shall we gather at the river,
  Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
  Flowing by the throne of God

CHORUS.

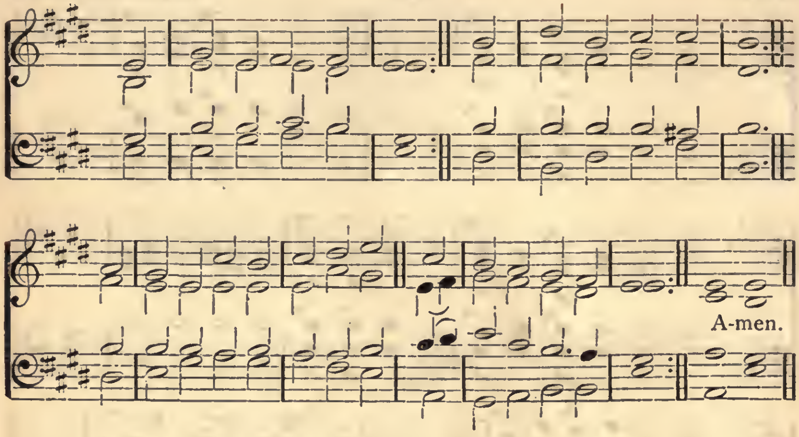
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
  The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
  That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
  Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
  All the happy, golden day.
    CHORUS.

On the bosom of the river,
  Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet and sorrow never,
  'Neath the glory of the throne.
    CHORUS.

Ere we reach the shining river,
  Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
  And provide a robe and crown.
    CHORUS.

498. St. Helena. S.M.



Lord Jesus, God and Man,
In this our festal day
To Thee for precious gifts of grace
Thy ransom'd people pray.

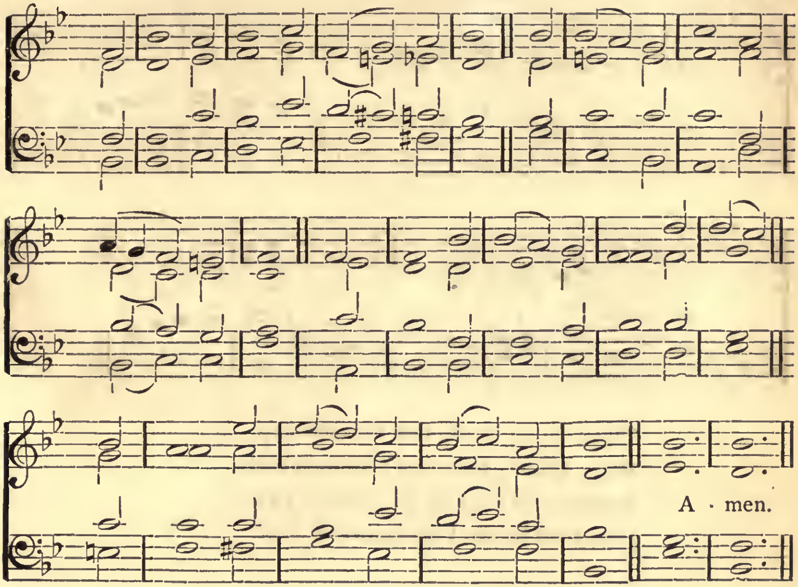
We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle, holy love,
For strength to do Thy will below
As Angels do above.

We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all Thy blessed saints.

On friends around us here,
Oh, let Thy blessing fall!
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

Oh, joy to live for Thee!
Oh, joy in Thee to die!
Oh, very joy of joys to see
Thy face eternally! Amen.

499. WALTON. L.M. BEETHOVEN.



JESUS! Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Mid flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

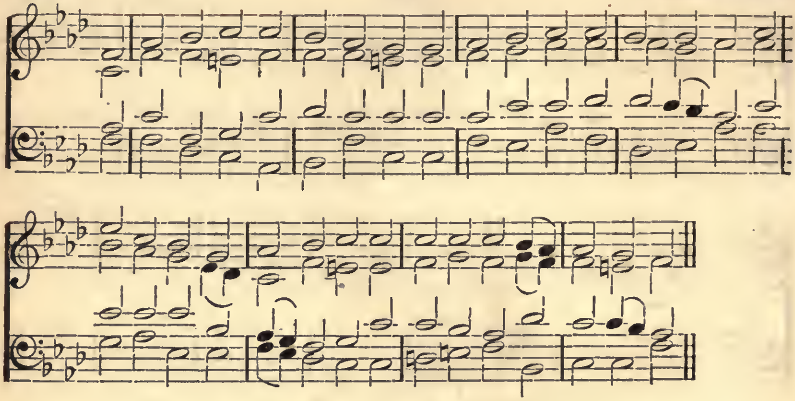
When from the dust of earth I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies;
Ee'n then shall this be all my plea:
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,—
The robe of Christ is ever new.

Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress—
Jesus! Thy blood and righteousness! Amen.

500.

L.M. **OLD MELODY.**

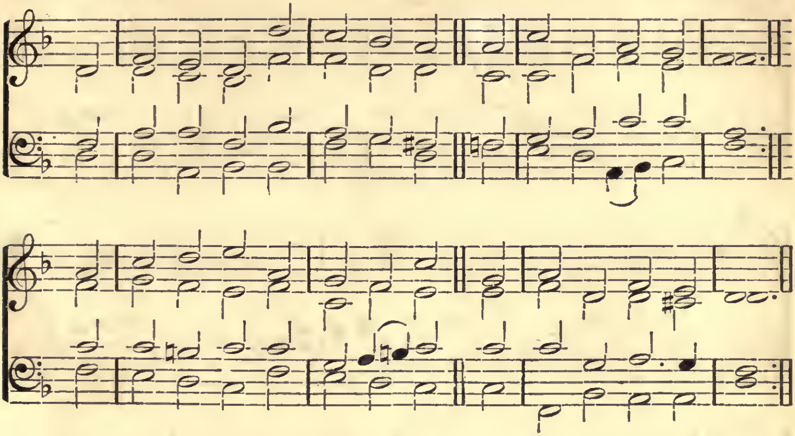


THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

501. ST. MARY. C.M. OLD TUNE.



WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear!

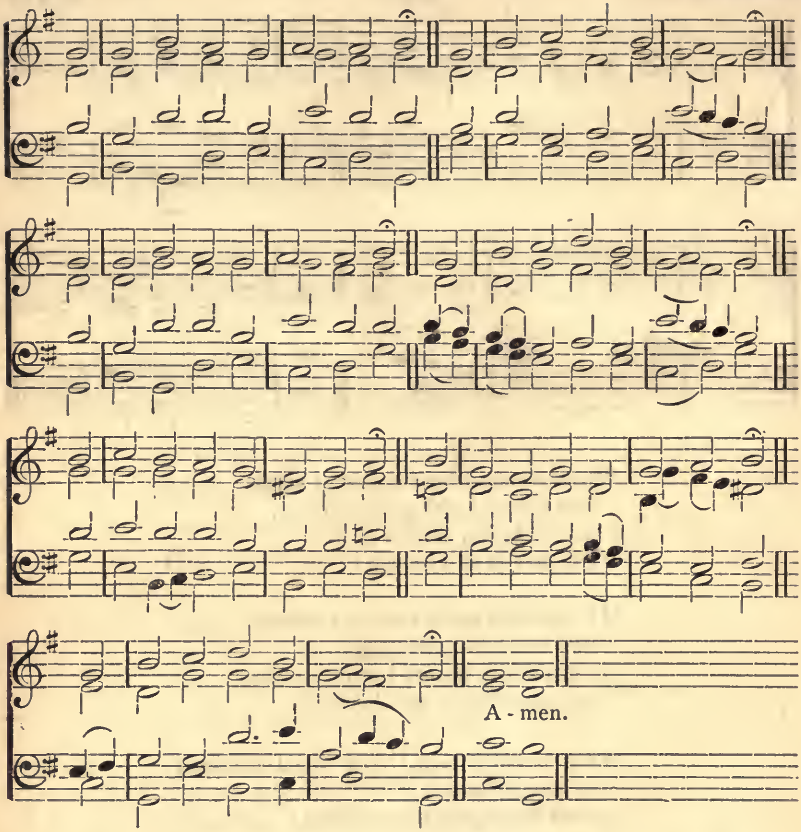
If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

When Thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear!

But Thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins bewail,
That faith in Christ's atoning Blood
For pardon shall avail.

Then never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure;
Who knows Thine only Son has died
To make that pardon sure!

502. LUTHER. P.M. OLD TUNE.



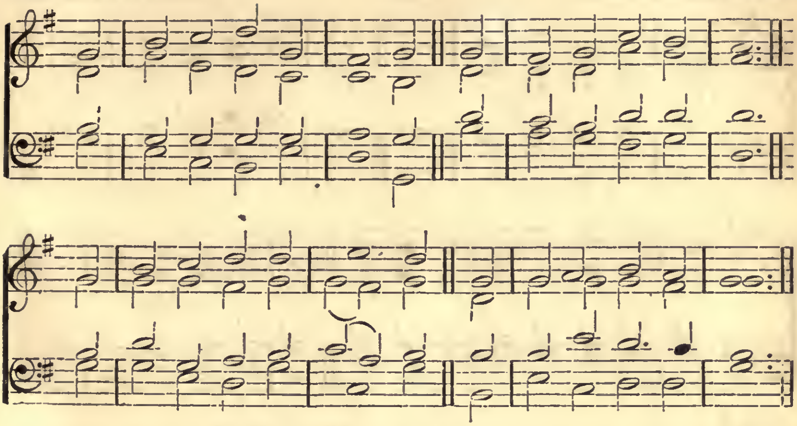
GREAT God what do I see and hear?
The end of things created;
The Judge of all men doth appear
On clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

The dead in Christ are first to rise
At that last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepar'd to meet Him.

The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
In woe they rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before His Throne,
All unprepar'd to meet Him.

Great Judge to Thee our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending;
O shield us through that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous love extending;
May we in this our trial day
With faithful hearts Thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet Thee. Amen.

503. St. Alphege. 7.6.7.6. H. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.



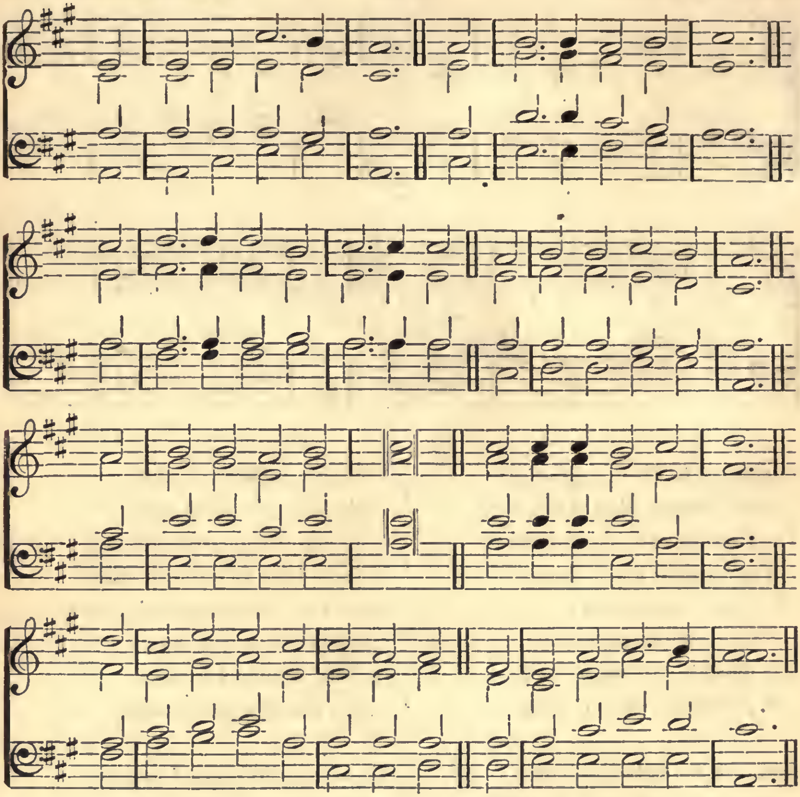
Brief life is here our portion,
  Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
That life that knows no ending,
  The tearless life is there.
Oh, happy retribution!
  Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
  A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle,
  But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
  And passionless renown.
But He whom now we trust in
  Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
  Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
  The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
  Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and portion,
  In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
  And worship face to face.

Oh, sweet and blessed country,
  The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
  That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
  To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
  And Spirit, ever blest.

504. NEARER HOME. D.S.M. J. WOODBURY.



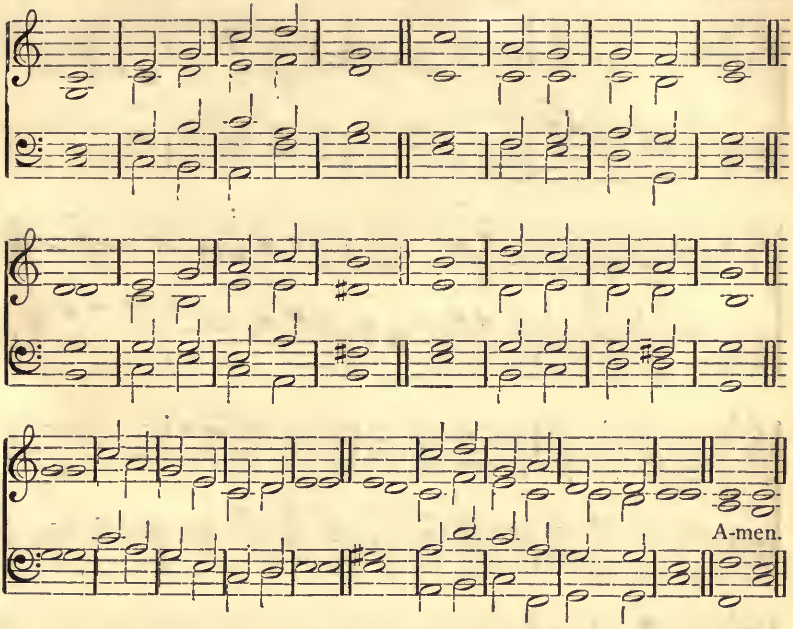
FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's far-seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.

Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
And sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

505. Christ Church. P.M. C. Steggall, Mus. Doc.



Jerusalem on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss :
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live :
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The Patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease :
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The Lord's apostles there
I might with joy behold ;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

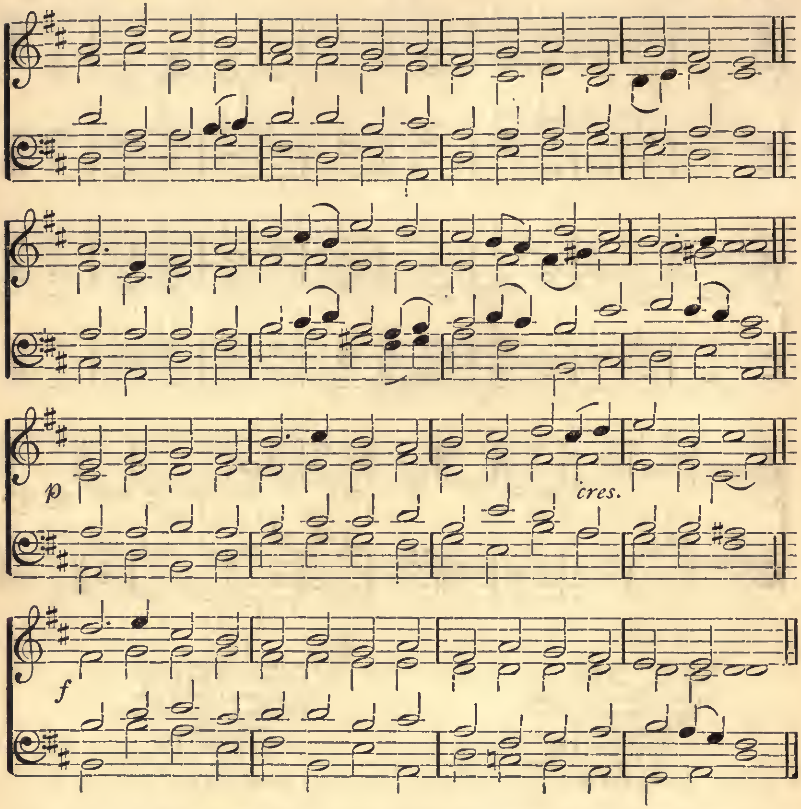
The bleeding Martyrs, they
Within these courts are found,
Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd :
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay!
No place like that on high ;
Lord, thither guide my way!
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face? Amen.

HEAVEN.

FIRST TUNE.

506. Gloria. 8.7.8.7. D. H. Smart.



Hark! the sound of holy voices
Chanting, at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee:
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr, and Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,
Widows who have watch'd to prayer,
Join'd in holy concert singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in blood,
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus:
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, ston'd, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy Cross their banner,
They have triumph'd following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour, and their King:
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
They were born, and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
Of the Blessèd Trinity.

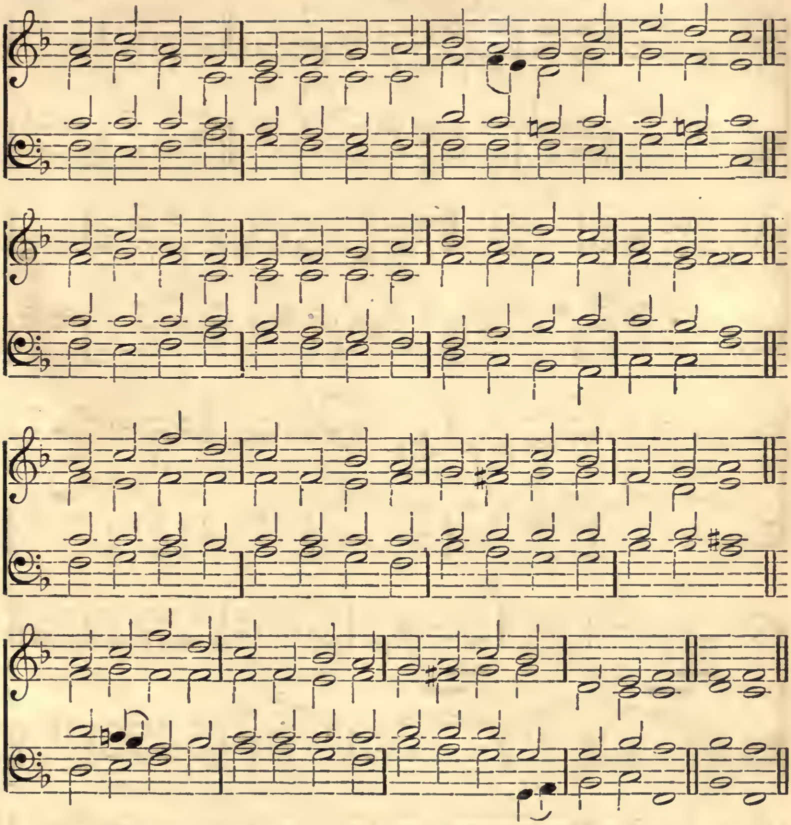
God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In whose Body join'd together
All the saints for ever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
Thee with Thine Eternal Father
And the Holy Ghost adore.

506. SANCTUARY.

SECOND TUNE.

8.7.8.7. D.

REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.



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  Alleluia, Lord to Thee:
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  Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
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King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
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  To the Lord of all, are there.

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Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus:
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  Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
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In the Beatific Vision
  Of the blessèd Trinity.

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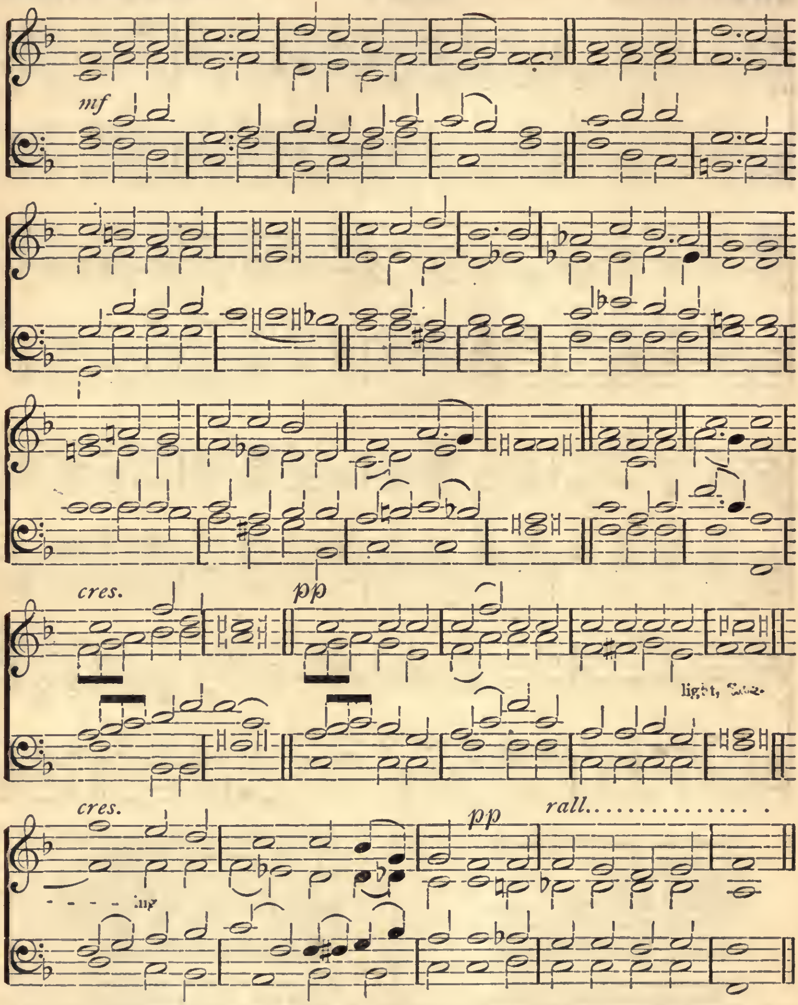
  Light of Light, Immanuel,
In whose Body join'd together
  All the saints for ever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
  That we may for evermore
Thee with Thine Eternal Father
  And the Holy Ghost adore.

HEAVEN.

FIRST TUNE.

507. VOX ANGELICA. P.M. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.



HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O,er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

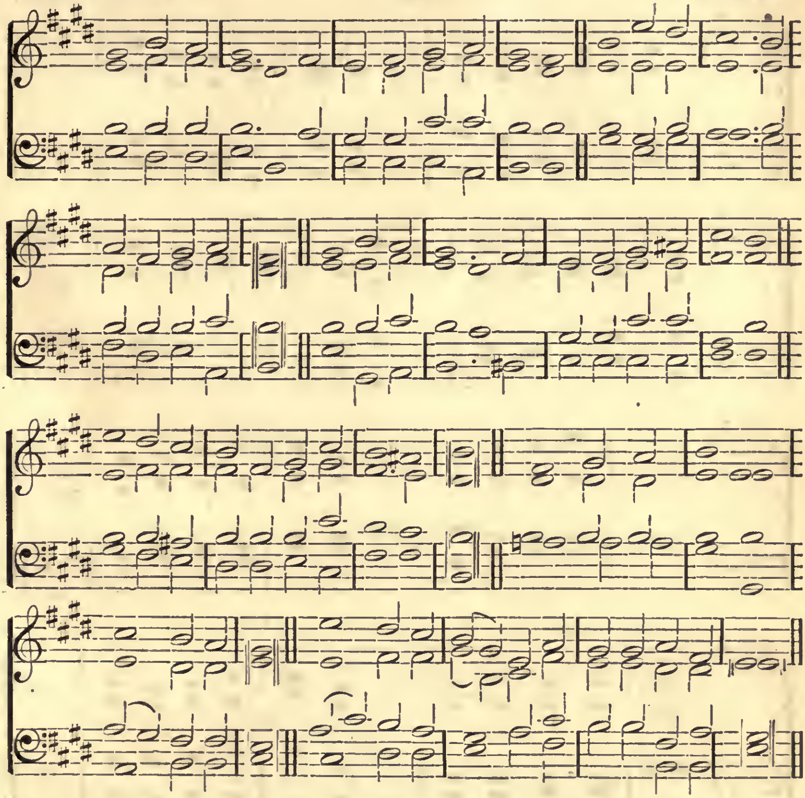
Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

507. Pilgrims.

SECOND TUNE.
P.M.

Henry Smart.



Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
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Angels of Jesus,
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Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
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Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

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And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
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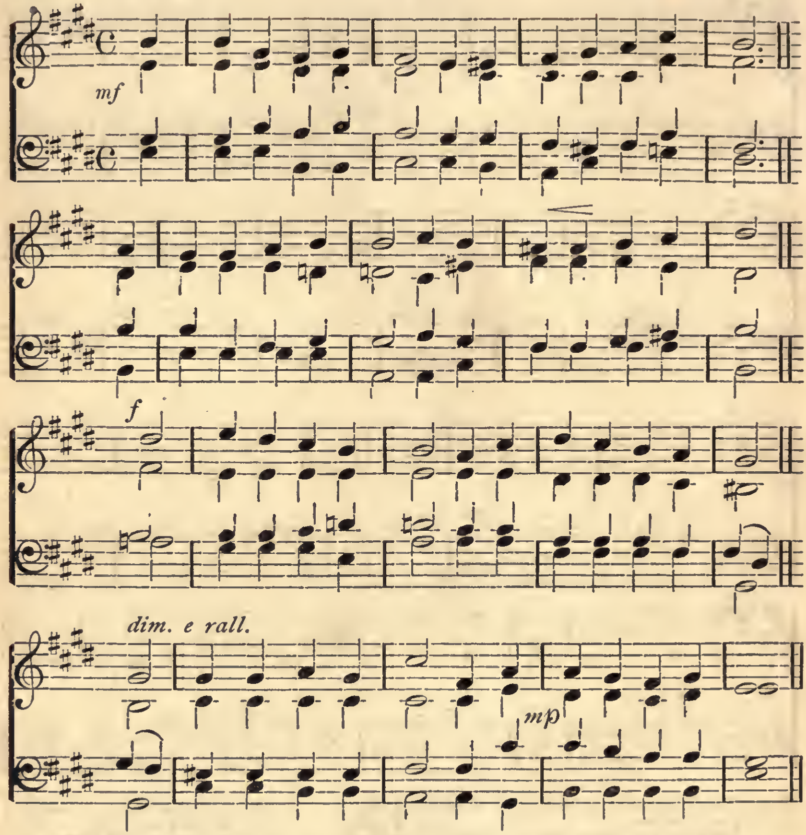
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night

508. St. Anselm. 7.6.7.6. D. Joseph Barnby.



For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy,

Thy ageless walls are garnish'd
With amethyst unpric'd:
Thy saints build up its fabric,
The Corner-Stone is Christ.

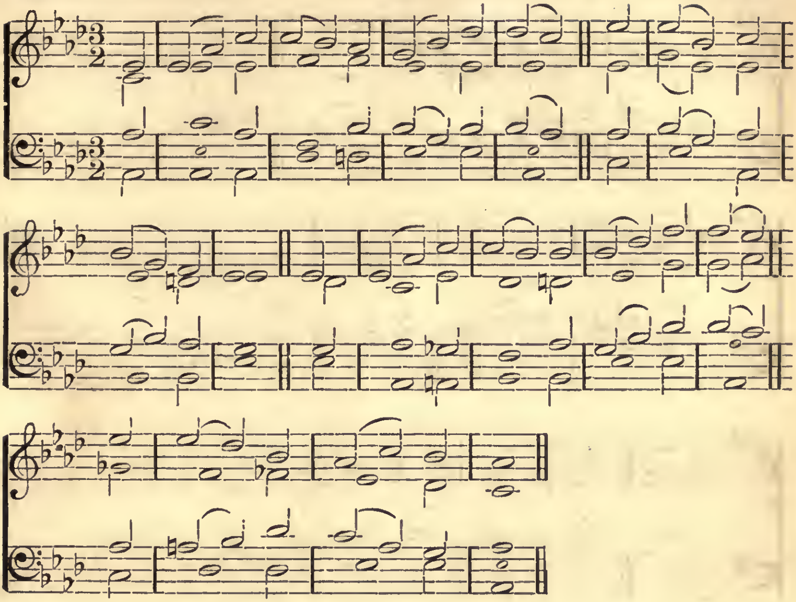
With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with em'ralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucifi'd thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransom'd people raise.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower!
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower

509. Chestnut Ridge. C.M. W. H. W.



There is a land of pure delight,
  Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
  And pleasures banish pain.

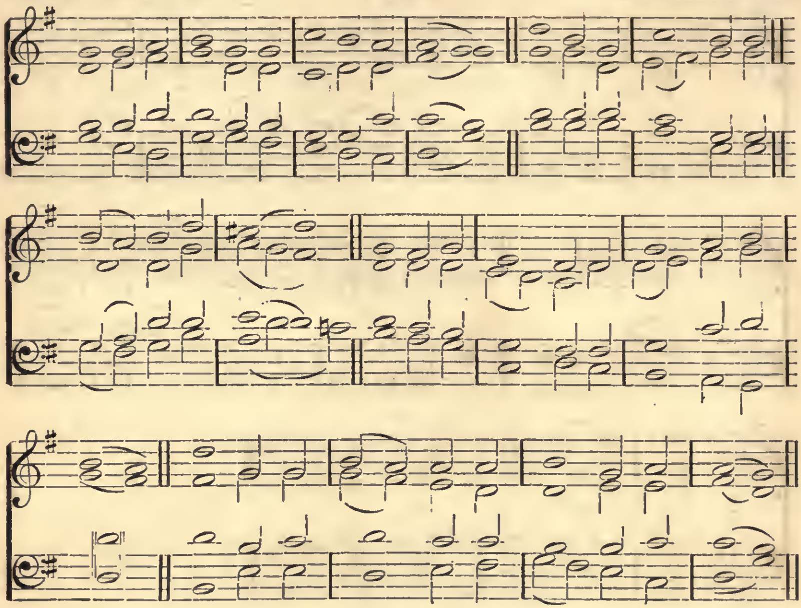
There everlasting spring abides,
  And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
  This heavenly land from ours.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
  To cross this narrow sea,
And linger trembling on the brink,
  And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we all our doubts remove,
  These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
  With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
  And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
  Should fright us from the shore.

510. O Quanta Qualia. 10.10.10.10. Ancient Plain Song.



Oh, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest!

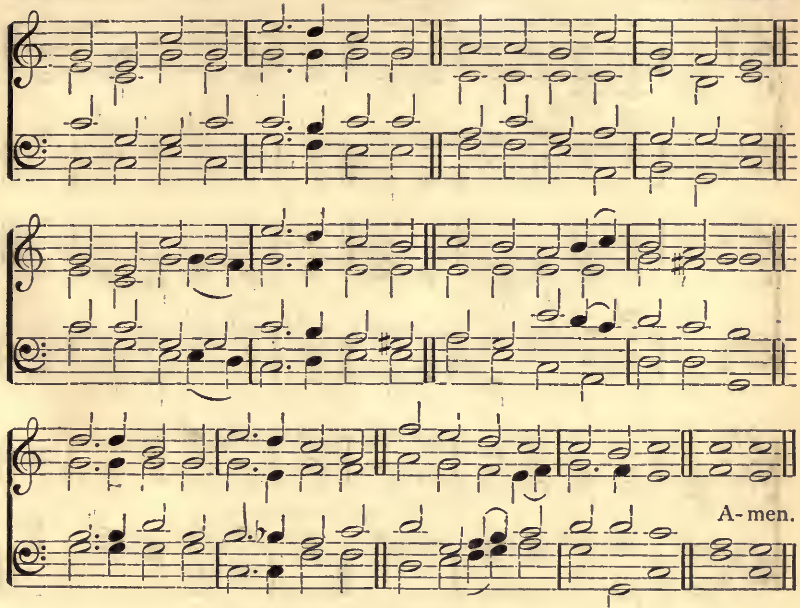
What are the monarch, his court, and his throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore!
Wish and fulfilment can sever'd be ne'er,
Nor the thing pray'd for come short of the prayer.

There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise,
Thy blessed people eternally raise.

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.

511. REGENT SQUARE. 8.7.8.7.8.7. H. SMART.



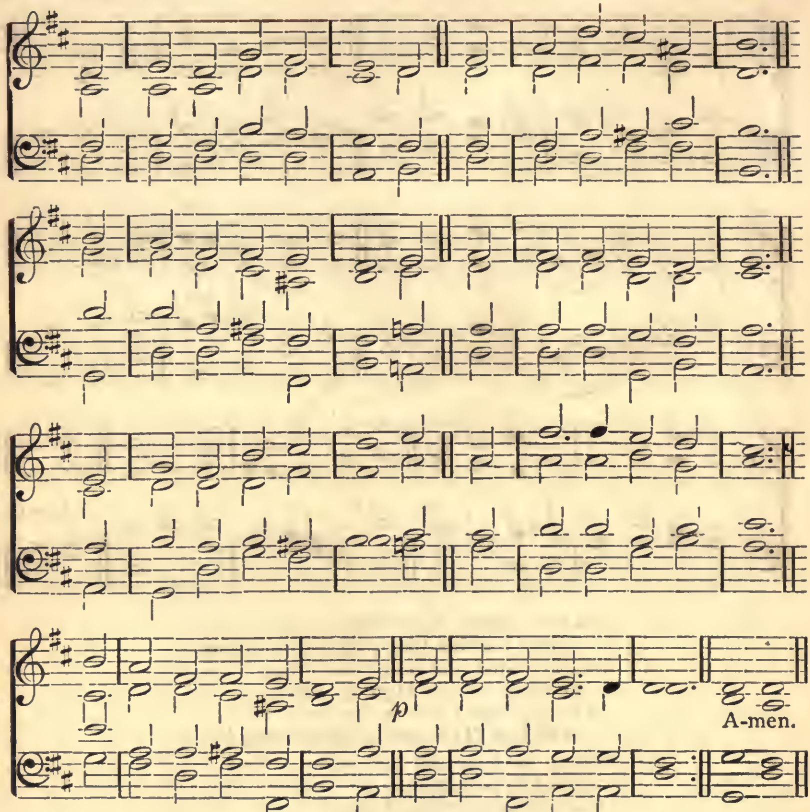
LIGHT'S abode, Celestial Salem,
  Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
  Mansion of the Highest King;
O how glorious are the praises
  Which of Thee the prophets sing!

There for ever and for ever
  Alleluia is out-poured;
For unending, for unbroken
  Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure, and all is holy
  That within Thy walls is stored.

There no cloud nor passing vapour
  Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
  From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
  For unknown are toil and care.

Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
  Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
  Full of health, and strong and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
  That shall last eternally! Amen.

512. EWING. 7.6.7.6. (D.) A. EWING.



JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd.

I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessèd
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;

And they, who with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

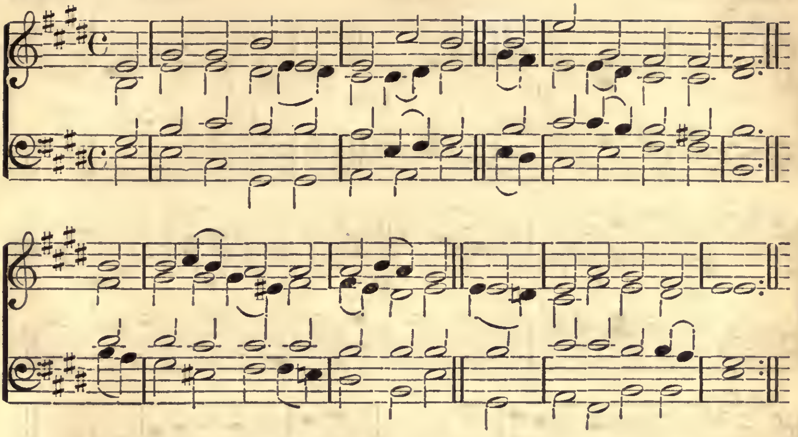
O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

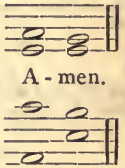
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

513. Southwell.

C.M.

H. S. Irons.





Jerusalem, my happy home,
  Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
  In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
  And gates of pearl behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
  And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
  Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
  I onward press to you.

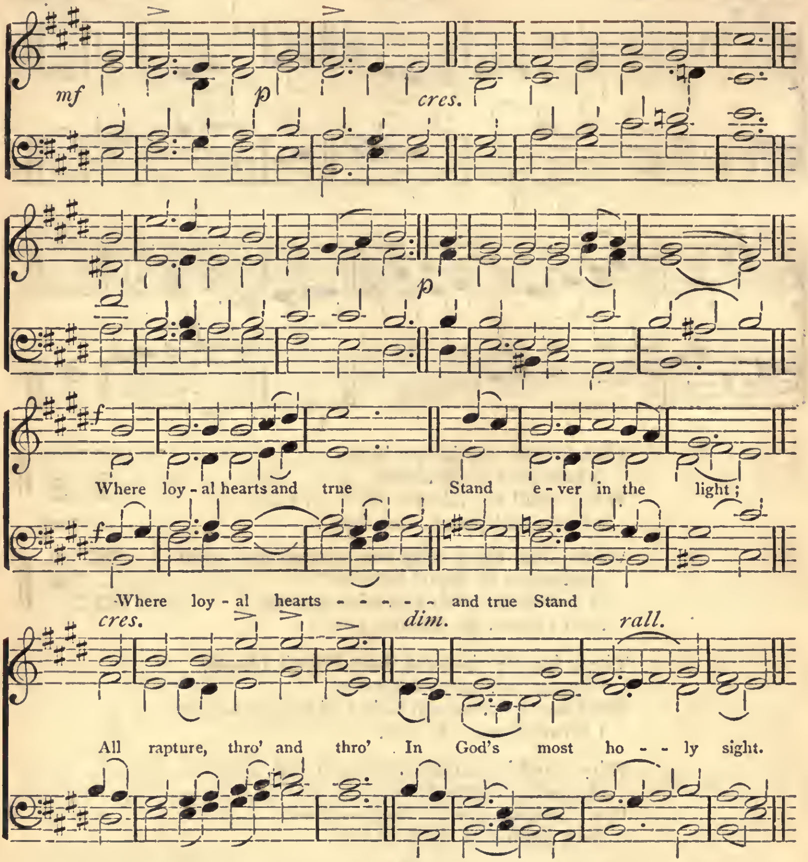
Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
  Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
  And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
  Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
  Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem my happy home,
  My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
  When I thy joys shall see.

O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare
  For that bright home of love;
That I may see Thee and adore,
  With all Thy saints above. Amen.

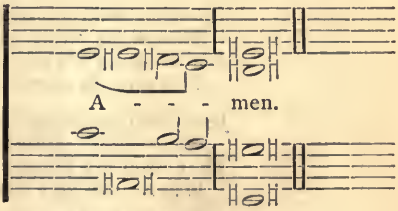
514. PARADISE. 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. REV. J. B. DYKES.


mf
p
cres.
p
f
Where loy - al hearts and true
Stand e - ver in the light;
Where loy - al hearts - - - - - - and true Stand
cres.
dim.
rall.
All rapture, thro' and thro' In God's most ho - - ly sight.

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that lov'd are blest;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

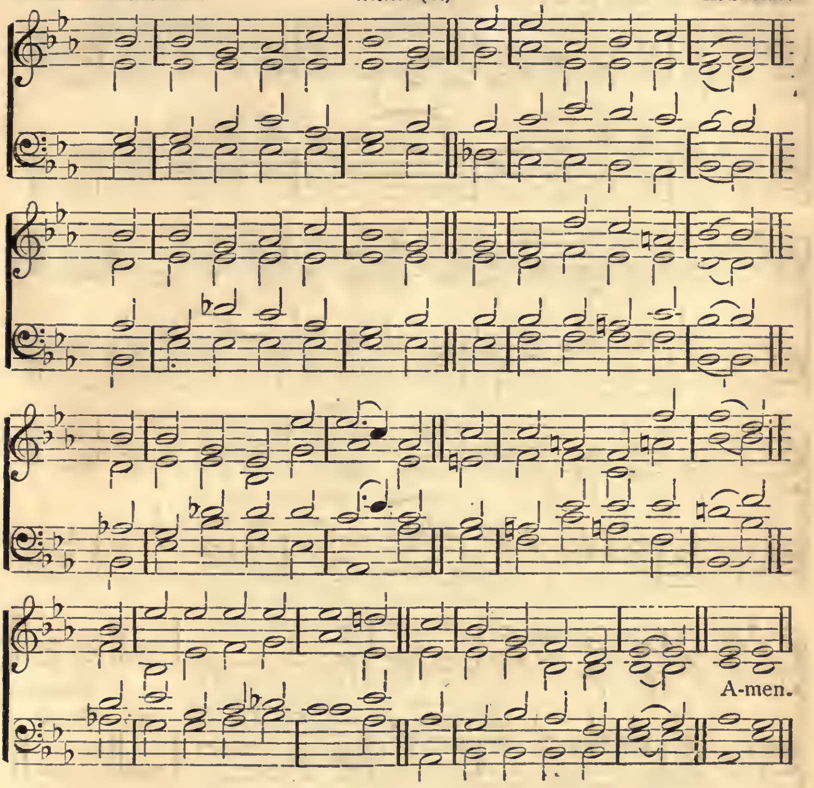
O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;



I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth,
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc. Amen.

515. Lancashire. 7.6.7.6. (D.) H. Smart.



I know her walls are jasper;
  Her palaces are fair;
And to the sound of harping
  The saints are singing there.
I know that living waters,
  Flow under fruitful trees;
But ah, to make my heaven,
  It needeth more than these.

Read on the sacred story,
  What more doth it unfold,
Beside the pearly gateways
  And streets of shining gold?
No temple hath that city,
  For none is needed there;
No sun nor moon enlighteneth,
  For all is radiance fair.

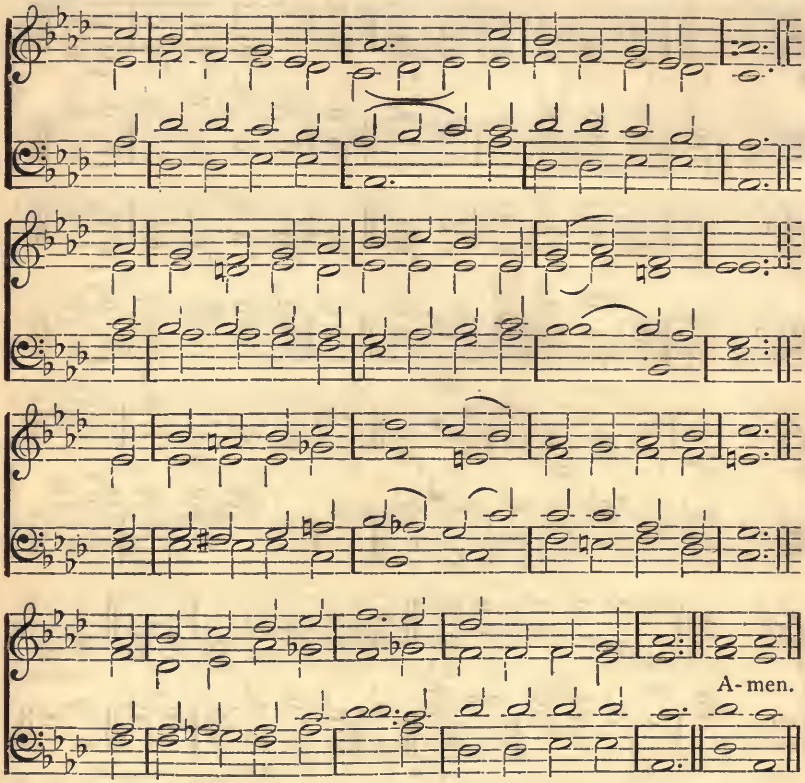
And now the joy revealing,
  The crowning joy of all;
What need of other sunlight,
  Where God is all in all?
He fills the wide ethereal
  With glory all His own,
He whom my soul adoreth,
  The Lamb amidst the throne.

Speed on, oh lagging moments;
  Come birthday of the soul;
How long the night appeareth,
  The hours how slow they roll.
How sweet the welcome summons,
  That greets the willing Bride!
And when my eyes behold Him,
  I shall be satisfied. Amen.

516. The Blessed Home.

6.6.6.6. (D.)

Dr. Stainer.



There is a blessèd home
  Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
  Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
  And patient hope is crown'd,
And everlasting light
  Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
  Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
  Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
  Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
  And Spirit, evermore.

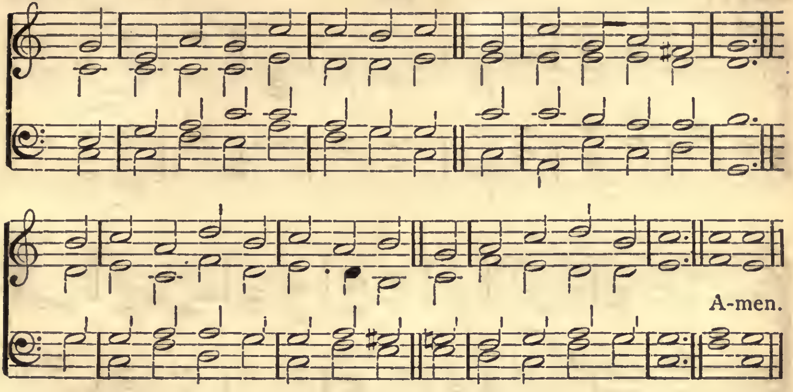
O joy all joys beyond,
  To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
  In hands and feet and side;
To give to Him the praise
  Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
  The great things He hath done.

Look up ye saints of God,
  Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
  Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
  In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
  Shall welcome you above. Amen.

517. St. Anne.

FIRST TUNE.

C.M.



O God, our Help in ages past,
  Our Hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
  And our eternal Home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne
  Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
  And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
  Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
  To endless years the same.

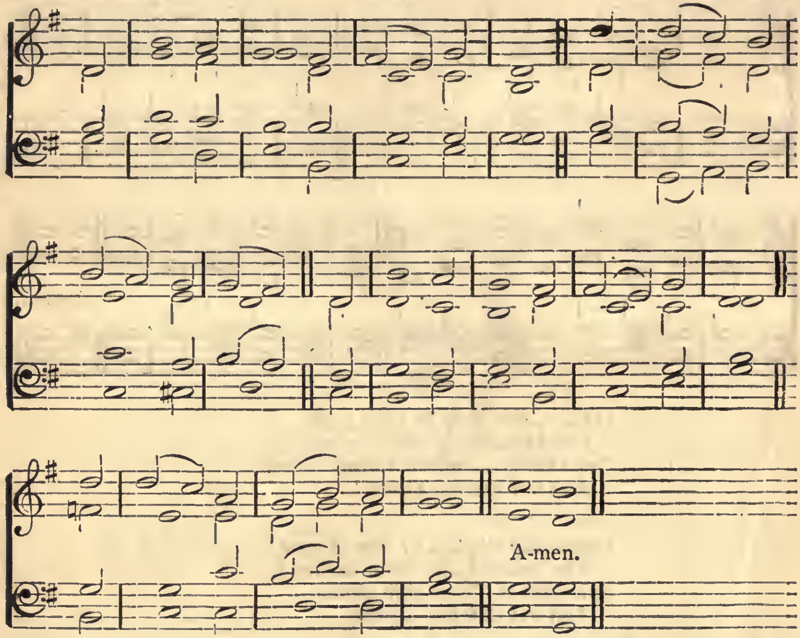
A thousand ages in Thy sight
  Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
  Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
  Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
  Dies at the opening day.

O God, our Help in ages past,
  Our Hope for years to come;
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
  And our eternal Home! Amen.

SECOND TUNE.

517. St. Anne. C.M.



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  Before the rising sun.

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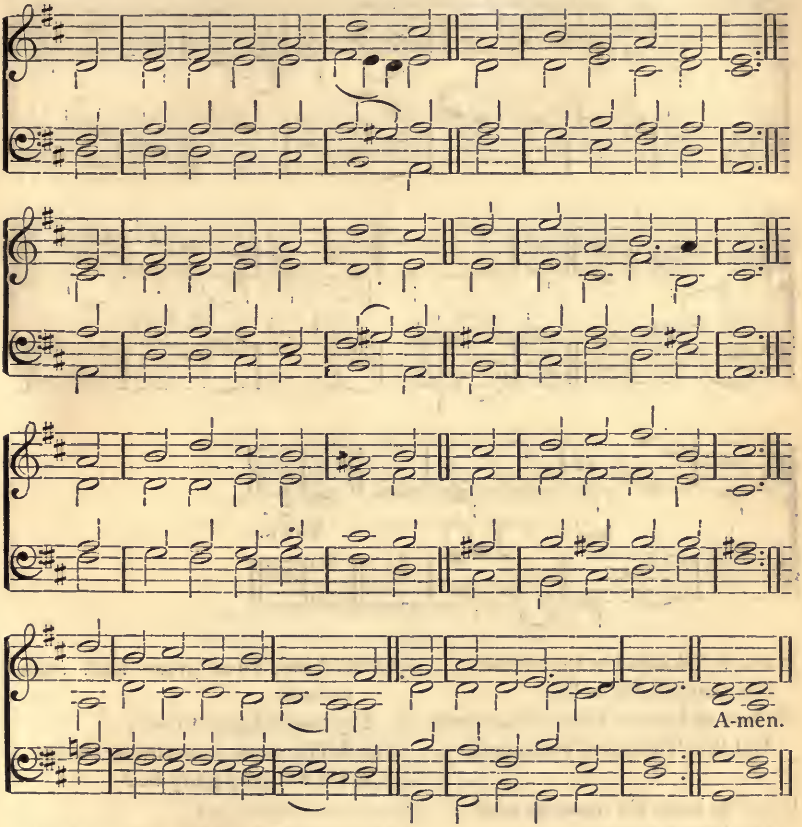
  Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
  Dies at the opening day.

O God, our Help in ages past,
  Our Hope for years to come;
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
  And our eternal Home! Amen.

518. St. Catherine. 7.6.7.6. (D.) Rev. R. F. Dale.

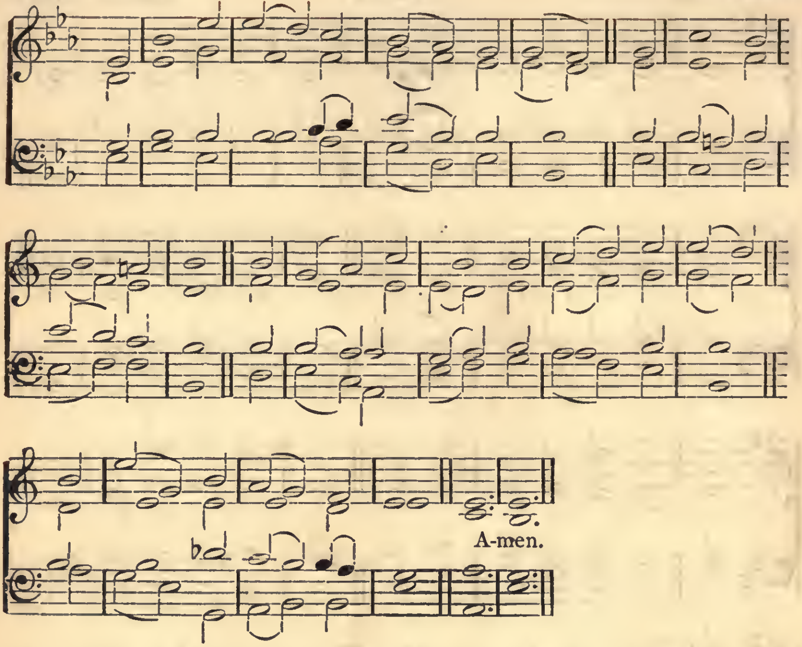


O Jesus, Thou art standing
  Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
  To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
  His Name and sign who bear,
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us
  To keep Him standing there.

O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
  And lo! that Hand is scarr'd,
And thorns Thy Brow encircle,
  And tears, Thy Face have marr'd:
O love that passeth knowledge
  So patiently to wait!
Oh sin that hath no equal
  So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesus, Thou art pleading
  In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children.
  And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
  We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
  And leave us never more. Amen.

519. ABRIDGE. C.M. ISAAC SMITH.



LORD, it belongs not to our care
  Whether we die or live;
To love and serve Thee is our share,
  And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, oh, make us glad
  The longer to obey;
If short, no labourer is sad
  To end his toilsome day.

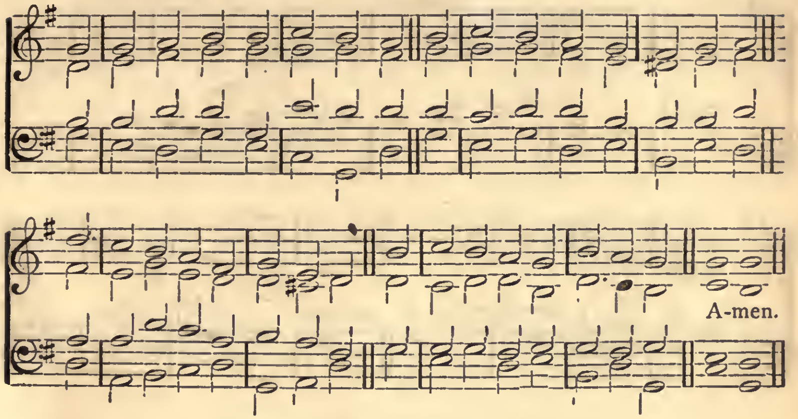
Christ leads us through no darker rooms
  Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
  Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made us meet
  Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
  What will Thy glory be?

There shall we end our sad complaints,
  Our weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
  That sing Jehovah's praise.

Our knowledge of that life is small,
  The eye of faith is dim;
Enough for us that Christ knows all,
  And we shall be with Him. Amen.

520. COMMANDMENTS. L.M.



WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

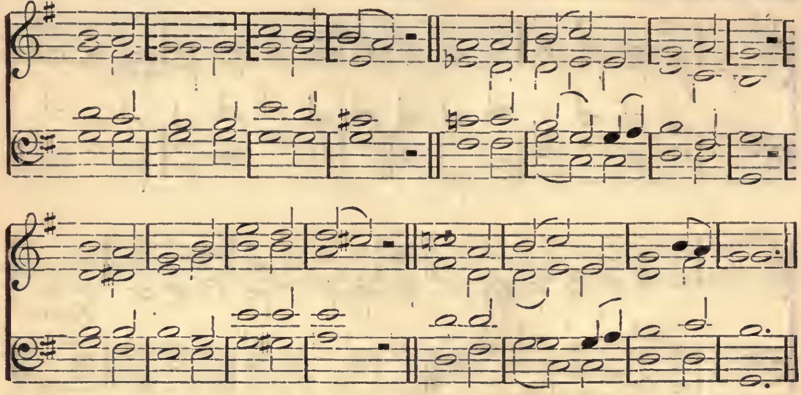
He who for men their Surety stood,
And pour'd on earth His precious Blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the weakness of our frame.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
Touch'd with the feeling of our grief,
He to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at His throne,
Come, let us make our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour. Amen.

521. MIZPAH. 7.7.7.7. ADAPTED FROM BEETHOVEN.



LET my life be hid with Thee,
  Gracious Saviour, Lord of might:
Saved from sin, from dangers free,
  Lighten'd by Thy perfect light.

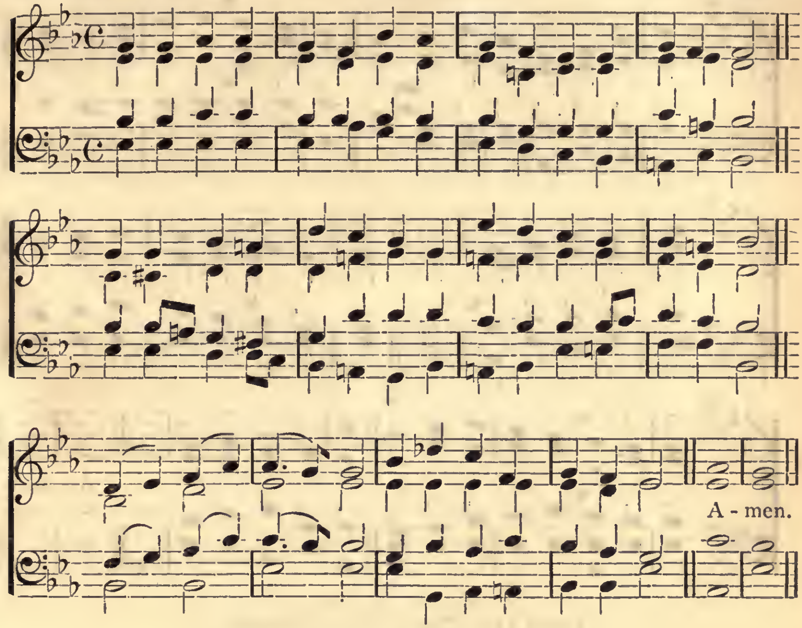
Let my life be hid with Thee,
  When my raging foes abound,
Cover'd by Thy panoply,
  Safe within Thy holy ground.

Let my life be hid with Thee,
  When my soul is vex'd below;
Let me still Thy mercy see,
  When bow'd down by grief and woe.

Let my life be hid with Thee,
  When in death I sink and fail,
Lest my raging enemy
  In that dying hour prevail.

Let my life be hid with Thee,
  Bound within Thy life above,
Living through eternity
  In the realms of peace and love.

522. Realms of Glory. 8.7.8.7.4.7. John Naylor.



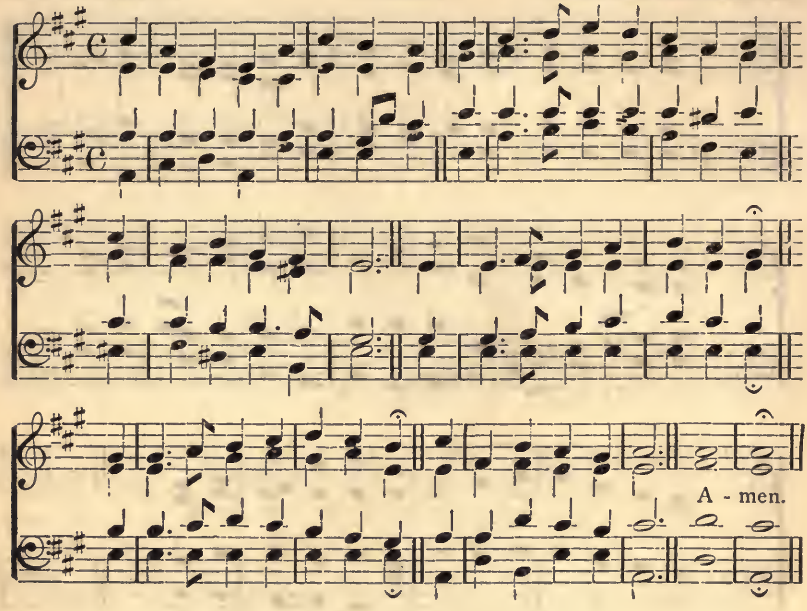
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!
  Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
  Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
    Bread of Heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal Fountain,
  Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
  Lead me all my journey through;
    Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
  Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and Hell's Destruction,
  Land me safe on Canaan's side;
    Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

523. CARMINE.

8.8.6.8.8.6. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. BAC.



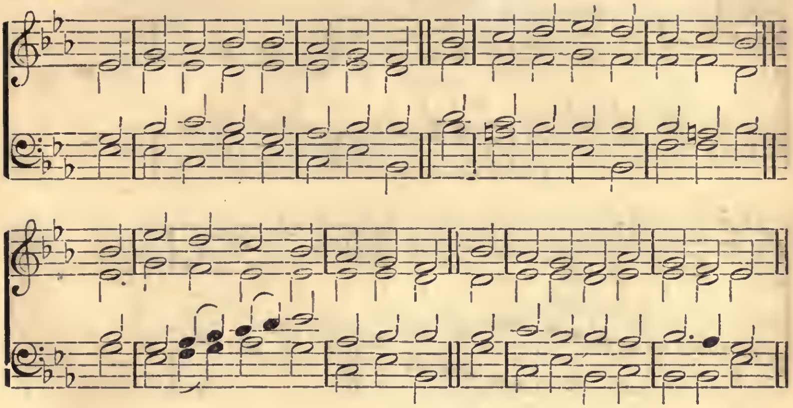
JESUS, I love Thee ;—Thou dost know
How true my love, how deep my woe,
Almost too deep to bear;
But Thou wilt guide me by Thy hand;
Strong in Thy strength I yet may stand,
Still resting in Thy care.

Thou wilt not leave the weakest one :
Though every outward hope be gone,
I know that Thou art nigh;
Man knows not what my sufferings are;
He cannot know; he would not care ;
But Thou art sympathy.

Thou wilt not let my footsteps fail,
Nor let me, journeying through this vale,
Bring on Thy Gospel shame;
Though nought is mine but sin and woe,
Yet in thy righteousness I go,
And triumph in Thy name.

And when the bitter cup is past,
And when I sink in death at last,
It is to be with Thee;
To come with Thee in clouds of heaven,
Ransom'd, pure, holy, Thine, forgiven,
Ever to reign with Thee. Amen.

524. Eisenach. L.M. Old Tune.



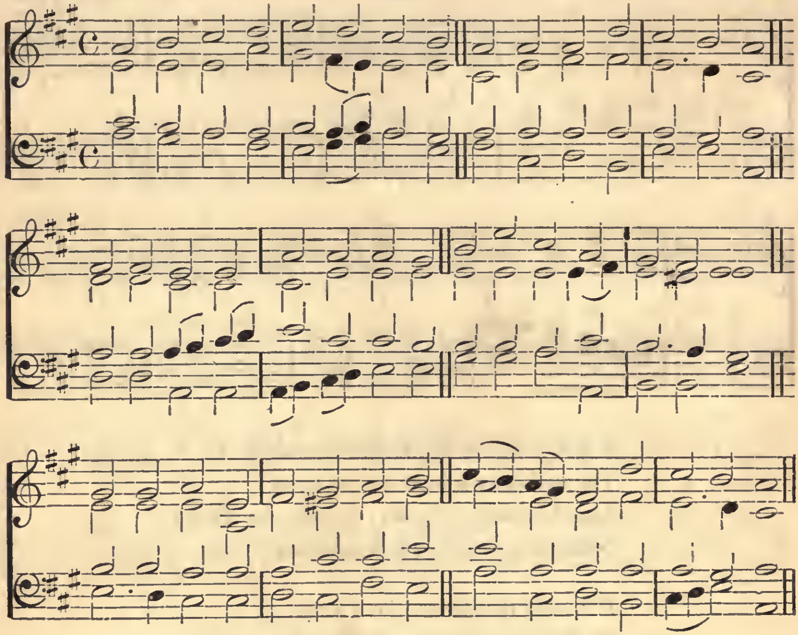
O Thou to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee
O burst these bonds and set it free.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

525. Alleluia dulce Carmen. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

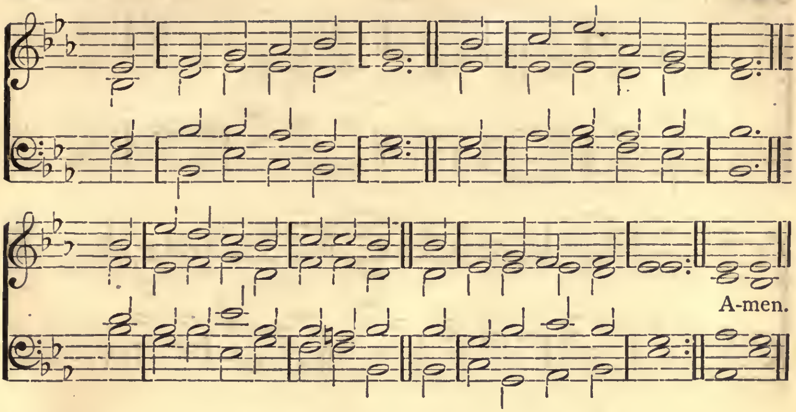


Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'èr the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

526. Franconia. S.M. German.



Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

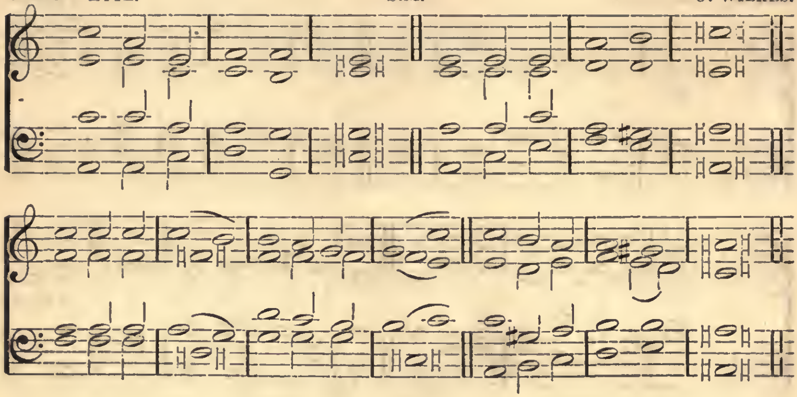
The Lord, who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King;

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

527. LYTE. S.M. J. WILKES.

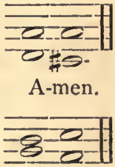


FAR from my heavenly home,
  Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,
  And speed me to my rest.

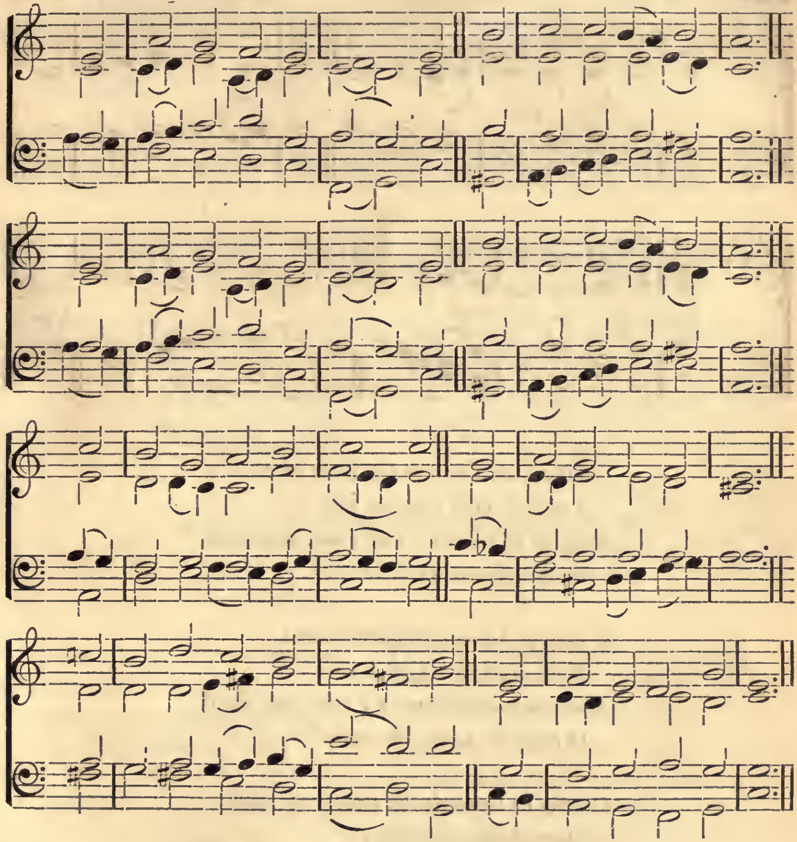
My spirit homeward turns,
  And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
  When I remember Thee.

To Thee, to Thee I press,
  A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
  And reach the saints' abode?

God of my life, be near:
  On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
  And bring me home at last. Amen.



528. Passion Chorale. 7.6. D. German.

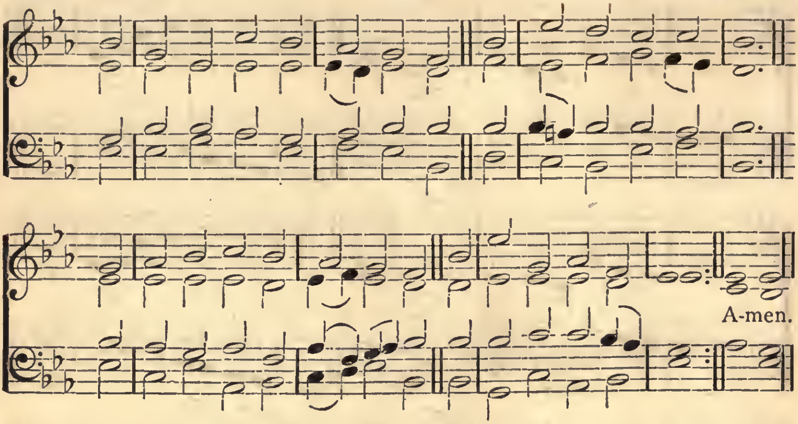


O Lamb of God! still keep me
  Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis only then in safety
  And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
  What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
  Alone can keep me clean.

'Tis only in Thee hiding,
  I feel my life secure,—
Only in Thee abiding,
  The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
  O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
  In all its cares and woe.

Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
  With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
  Of all Thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
  The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
  Of all Thy saints above.

529 BEDFORD. C.M. W. WHEALE.



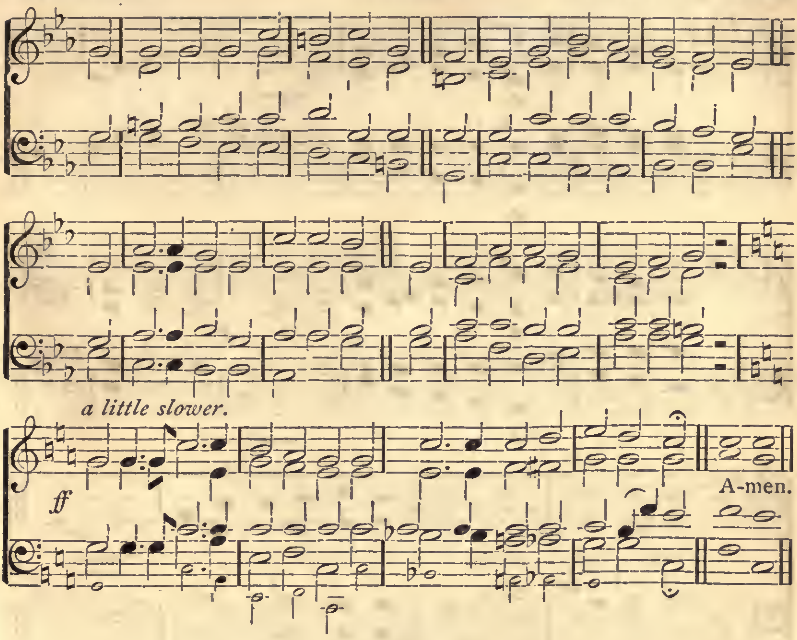
O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold, and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesus, from on high
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be. Amen.

530. CREDO. 8's 6 lines. J. STAINER, M. A., MUS. DOC.



WE saw Thee not when Thou didst tread,
O Saviour, this our sinful earth,
Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead,
And wake them to a second birth;
But we believe that Thou didst come,
And leave for us Thy glorious home.

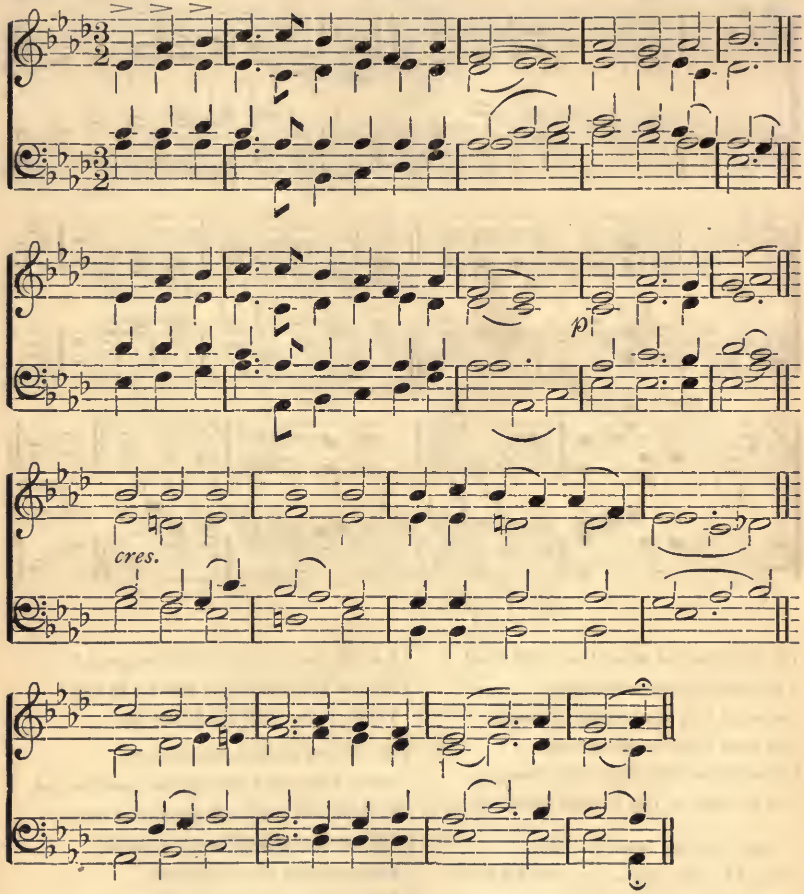
We saw Thee not upon the wave,
When Thou the stormy sea didst bind,
Nor saw the health Thy blessing gave
To lame and sick, to deaf and blind;
But we believe the Fount of light
Could give the darken'd eyeball sight.

We were not with the faithful few
Who stood Thy bitter Cross around,
Nor heard Thy prayer for those that slew,
Nor felt the earthquake rock the ground;
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side;
Yet we believe that Thou hast died.

We did not see those faithful few.
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
But we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And still, our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Shines down upon our wilderness:
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.
Amen.

531. Lux Benigna. 10.4.10.4.10.10. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

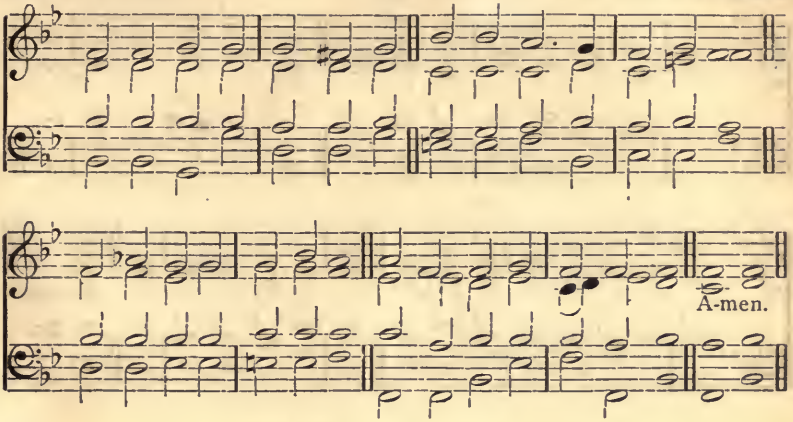


Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on,
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
Amen.

532. BUTTERBY. 7.7.7.7. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.



SHADOW of a mighty rock,
  Stretching o'er a weary land,
Hide me from the tempest's shock,
  Let me in thy shelter stand!

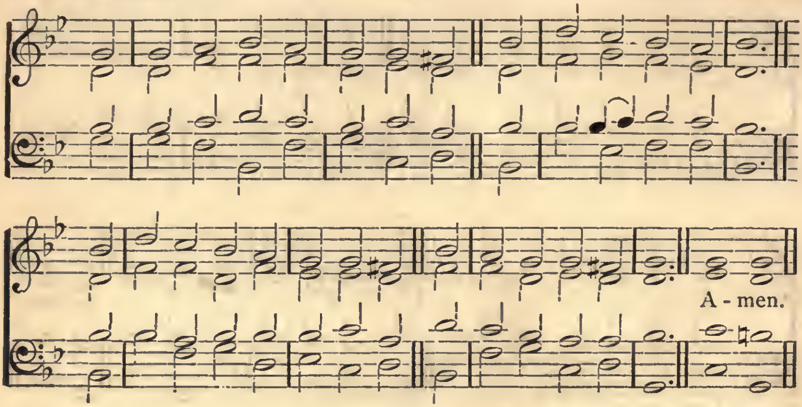
When Thy presence, O my God,
  Brighter is than eye can see,
Shadow on the heavenward road,
  Let me find my shade in Thee.

When life's passions o'er me break,
  Like a storm against the wall,
Let me find, for mercy's sake,
  Shelter where Thy shadows fall.

Out of Thee are shades of death,
  Weary ways, and hours unblest;
Shadow of the Rock, beneath
  Thee alone are joy and rest.

Till the race of life be run,
  Till my soul in rest be laid,
Source of light, be Thou my Sun;
  Rock of Ages, Thou my shade! Amen.

533. Windsor. C.M.



There is an hour, when I must part
  With all I hold most dear;
And life, with its best hopes, will then
  As nothingness appear.

There is an hour, when I must lie
  Low on affliction's bed,
And anguish, pain, and tears become
  My bitter daily bread.

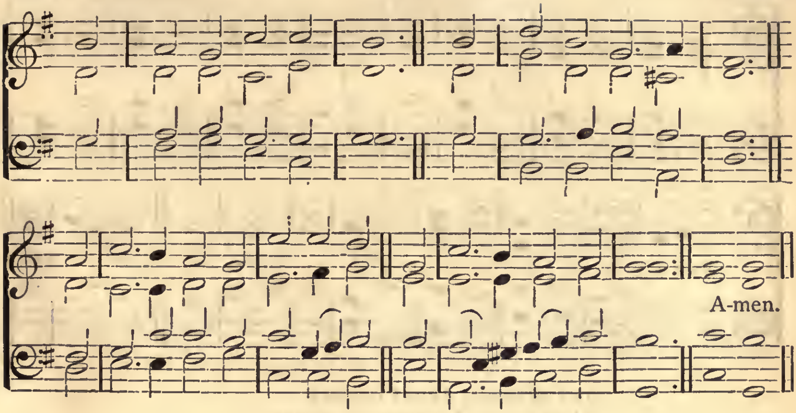
There is an hour, when I must sink
  Beneath the stroke of death,
And yield to Him, who gave it first,
  My struggling vital breath.

There is an hour, when I must stand
  Before the judgment seat,
And all my sins, and all my foes,
  In awful vision meet.

There is an hour, when I must look
  On one eternity,
And nameless woe, or blissful life,
  My endless portion be.

O Saviour, then, in all my need,
  Be near, be near to me;
And let my soul, in steadfast faith,
  Find life and Heaven in Thee. Amen.

534. ALLINGTON. S.M. J. HOPKINS.



"MY son, give me thine heart!"
  Lord what have I to give?
A marble off'ring, cold as snow,
  And dead while it should live.

Once knit to Thee in love,
  Alas! I went astray;
I wander'd on, I sadly fell,
  And sunk in gloom I lay.

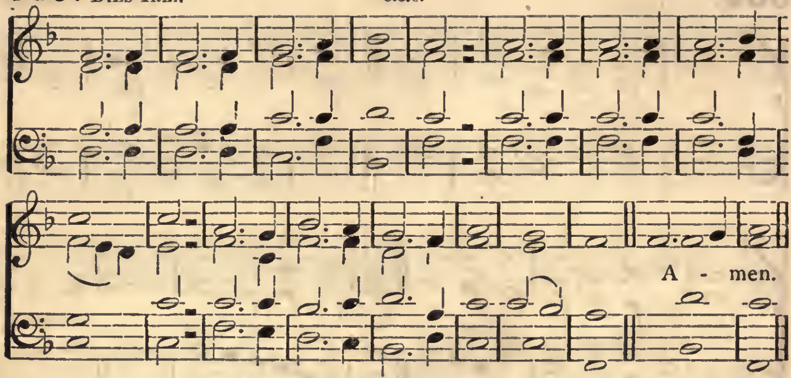
To meet Thy gracious call,
  Good Lord, I am not free;
Ensnared, and held in Satan's grasp,
  How can I turn to Thee?

Yet o'er the waste of sin
  Still comes that tender cry;
Oh! how I pine for blest release!
  Lord, help me, or I die!

"My son, give me thine heart!"
  Sweet hope attend the sound!
O marble soften, melt thou snow!
  Life, stir the barren ground!

"Son, son, give me thine heart;"
"Thy heart of right is mine;"
Lord touch it with a living coal,
  It then shall all be Thine! Amen.

535. Dies Iræ. 8.8.8.



Day of anger, day of wonder,
When the world shall roll asunder
Quench'd in fire and smoke and thunder.

O vast terror; wild heart-rending,
Of that hour when earth is ending,
And her jealous Judge descending;

When the trumpet's voice astoundeth,
Through earth's sepulchres reboundeth,
Summons universal soundeth.

Death astonied, nature shaken,
Sees all creatures, as they waken,
To that dire tribunal taken.

Lo! the book, where all is hoarded,
Not a secret unrecorded;
Every doom is thence awarded.

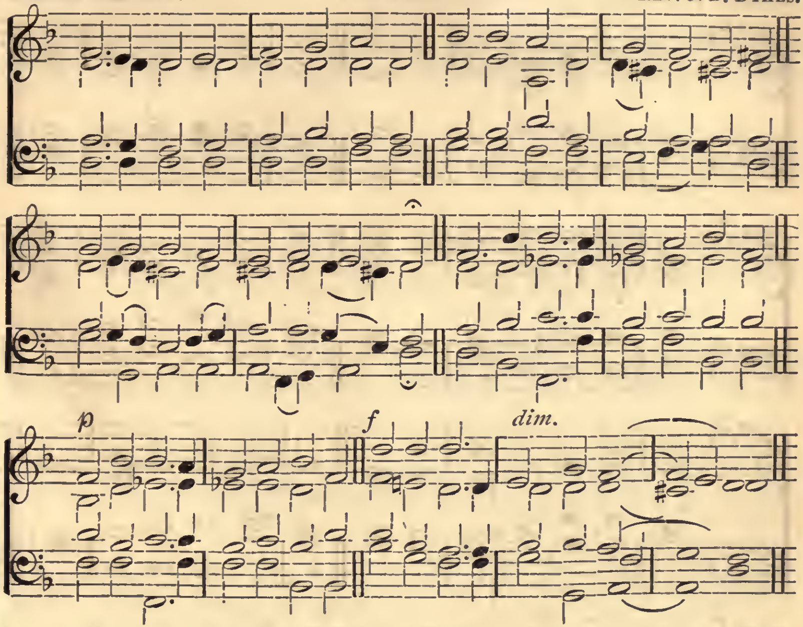
So the Judge when He arraigneth,
Every hidden thing explaineth:
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

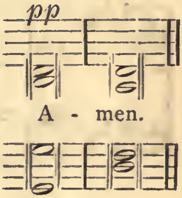
In that fiery revelation
Where shall I make supplication,
When the just hath scarce salvation?

Fount of love, dread King supernal,
Freely given life eternal,
Save me from the pains infernal.

This forget not, sweet Life-giver,
Me Thou camest to deliver:
Cast me not away forever. Amen.

536. Dies Iræ. 8.8.8. Rev. J. B. Dykes.





Seeking me Thy sad life lasted,
On the cross death's pains were tasted;
Let not toil like this be wasted.

God of righteous retribution,
Grant my sins full absolution
Ere Thy wrath's last execution.

Lo! I stand with face suffused,
Groaning in my guilt accused;
Spare my soul, with sorrow bruised.

By the Magdalene forgiven,
By the dying robber shriven,
I, too, cherish hope of heaven.

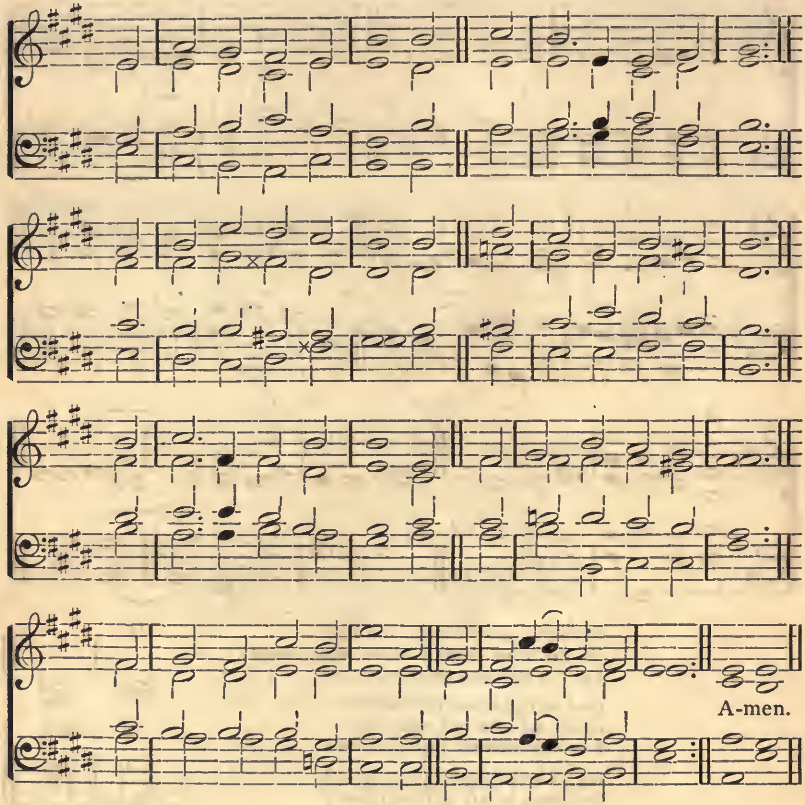
Though my prayers are full of failing,
Save me, of Thy grace availing,
From the pit of endless wailing.

On Thy right a place provide me,
With Thy chosen sheep beside me:
From the goats, good Lord, divide me.

When to penal fires are driven
Those who would not be forgiven.
Call me with Thy saints to heaven.

Kneeling, crush'd in heart, before Thee,
Sad and suppliant I adore Thee:
Hear me, save me, I implore Thee! Amen.

537. MAGDALENA. 7.6.7.6. (D.) DR. STAINER.



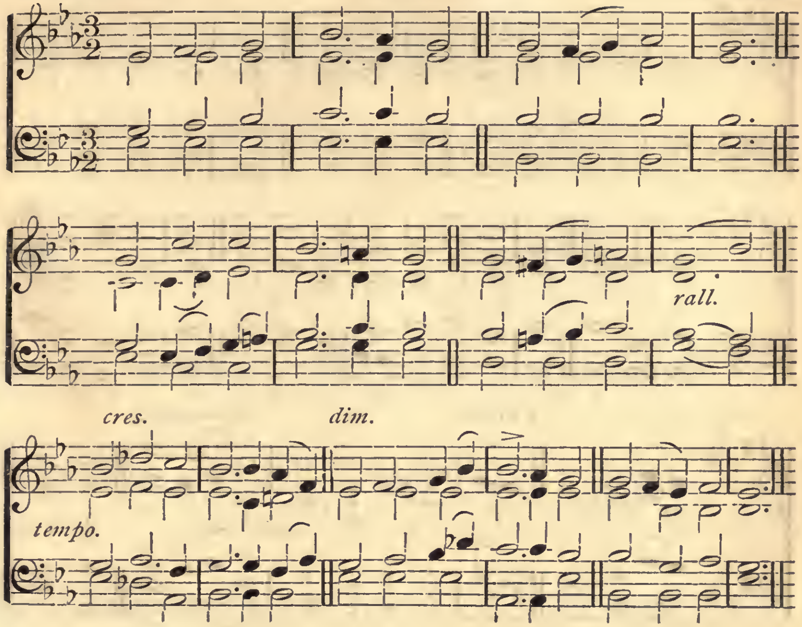
I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee;
The Blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord on Thee. Amen.

538. HORBURY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. REV. J. B. DYKES.



Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

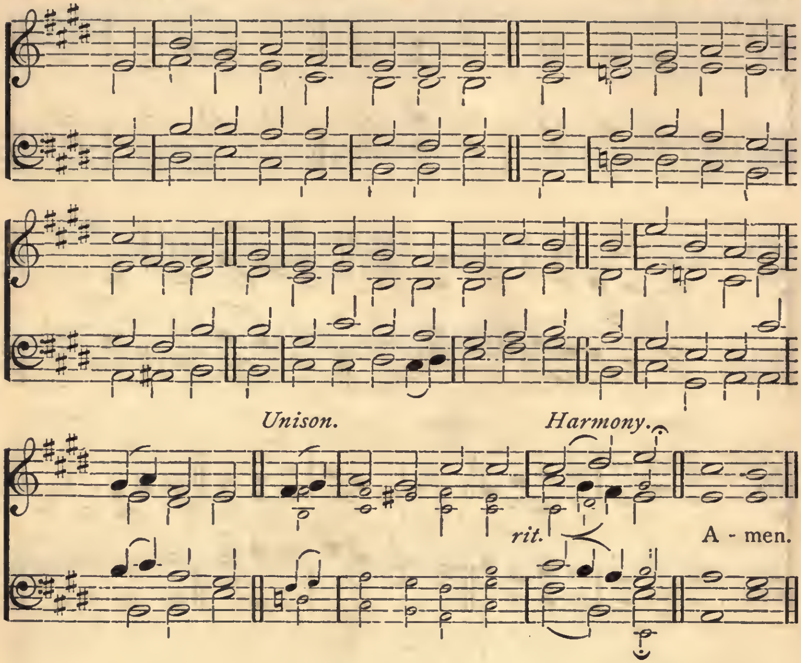
Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

539. HOSANNA. 8.8.8.7. J. W. ELLIOTT.



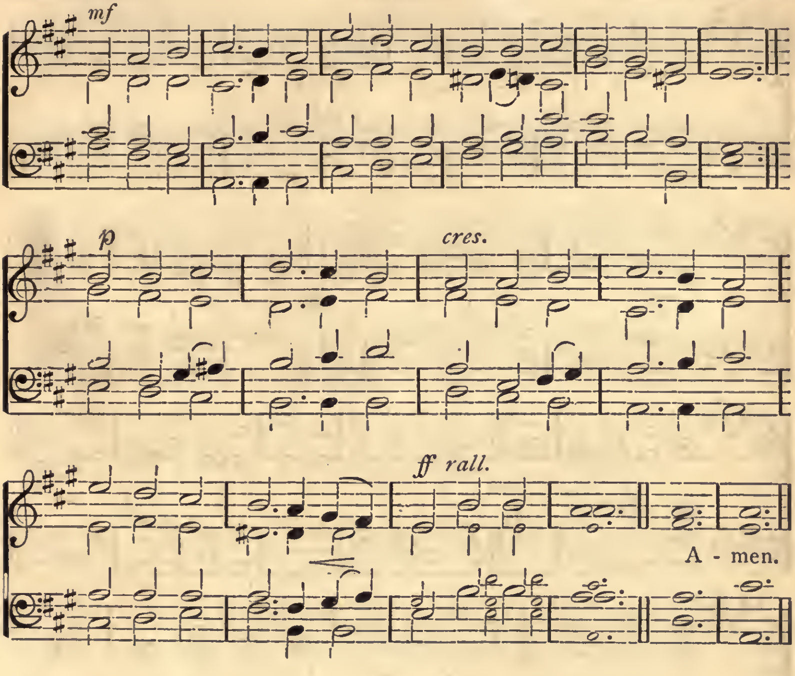
HOSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word,
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven hosanna sing,
Hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour, with protecting care
Abide in this Thy house of prayer,
Where we Thy parting promise claim,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name.
Hosanna in the highest!

But chiefest, in our cleansèd breast
Bid Thine Eternal Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee.
Hosanna in the highest!

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.
Hosanna in the highest! Amen.

540. Fiat Lux. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



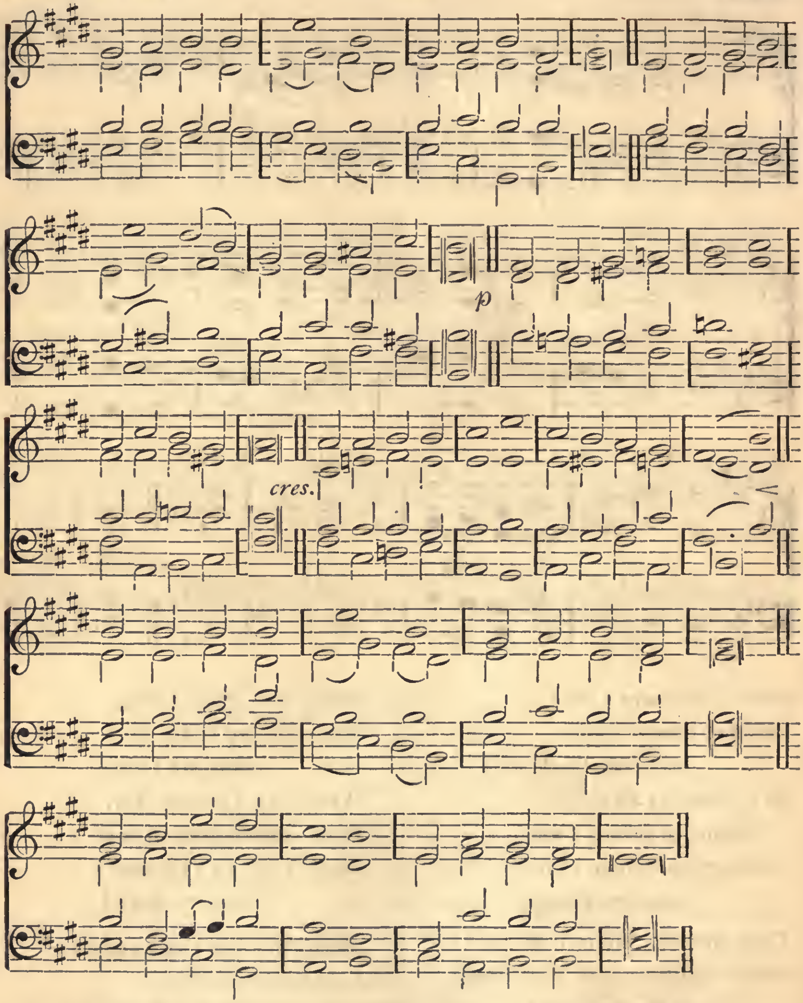
Jesus, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus my Lord!
Oh! Thou art all to me,
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus my Lord!

Thou, blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus my Lord!
Oh! how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus my Lord!

When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus my Lord!
What need I now to fear,
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus my Lord!

Soon Thou wilt come again;—
I shall be happy then,
Jesus my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus my Lord! Amen.

541. VEXILLUM. P.M. H. SMART.



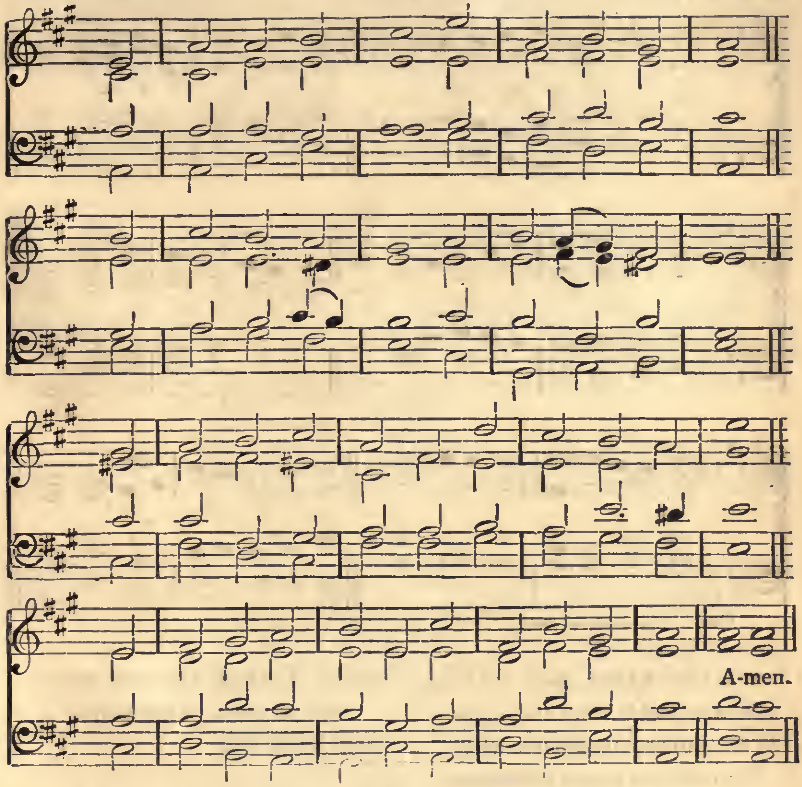
BRIGHTLY gleams our banner
 Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
 To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
 Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
 Take our heavenward way.
  Brightly gleams our banner
   Pointing to the sky,
  Waving wanderers onward
   To their home on high.

Jesu, Lord, and Master,
 At thy sacred Feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
 See Thy children meet :
Often have we left Thee,
 Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
 In the narrow way.
  Brightly gleams, etc.

All our days direct us
 In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
 Over every foe ;
Bid Thine angels shield us
 When the storm-clouds lour
Pardon Thou and save us
 In the last dread hour.
  Brightly gleams, etc.

Then with saints and angels
 May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
 At Thy throne of love ;
When the toil is over,
 Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
 Songs that never cease.
  Brightly gleams our banner
   Pointing to the sky,
  Waving wanderers onward
   To their home on high.

542. Hanover. P.M. Dr. Croft.



O Ruler Supreme,
And Judge of the earth,
Thou choosest for thine
The weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels
And things of no worth
Entrusting Thy riches
Which aye shall endure.

Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of Thy light,
And at Thy decree
Are broken and gone;
Thence brightly appeareth
Thy truth in its might,
As through the clouds riven
The lightnings have shone.

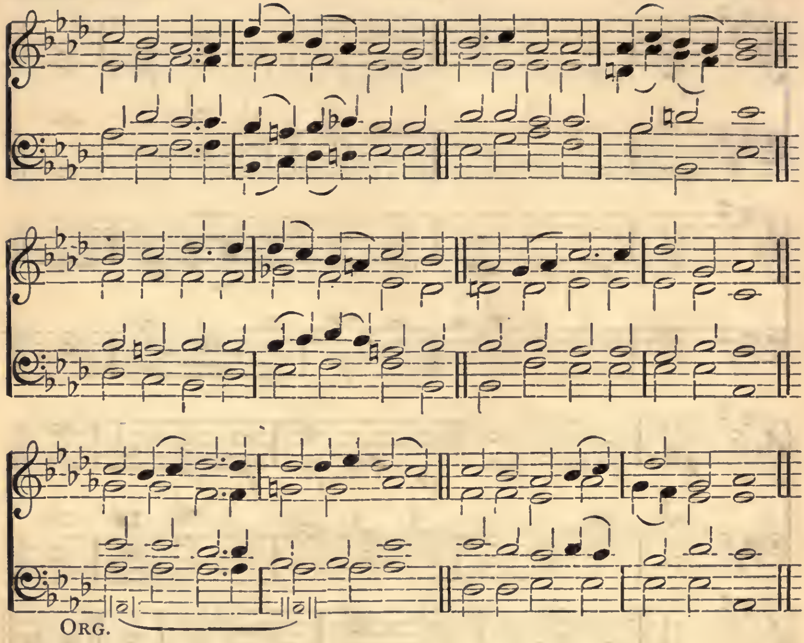
Like clouds are they borne
To do Thy great will,
And swift as the winds
About the world go;
The fire of Thy presence
Their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erflow.

Their sound goeth forth,
"Christ Jesus is Lord!"
Then Satan doth fear,
His citadels fall;
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at Thy word,
And one long blast shatter'd
The Canaanite's wall.

Oh, loud be their trump,
And stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord,
From slumber to sin!
The lights Thou hast kindled
In darkness around,
Oh, may they illumine
Our spirits within!

All glory to Thee,
Who, hid from our sight,
Yet fillest with love,
The vast Infinite!
And for us reveal'd
As One and yet Three,
Dost call us from darkness
Thy glory to see! Amen.

543. REQUIEM. 7's 6 lines. SCHULTES.



LORD, Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through this weary wilderness.
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

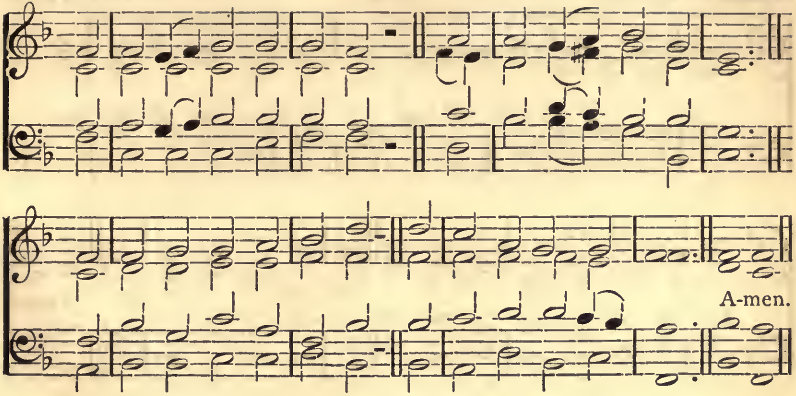
There are stony ways to thread;—
Give the strength we sorely lack;
There are tangled paths to thread;—
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Jesus, etc.

There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;—
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Jesus, etc.

There are soft and flowery glades
Deck'd with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes, and scented shades;—
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Jesus, etc.

Upward still to purer heights,
Onward lead to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
Holy Jesus, etc.

544. KOCKER. 7.6.7.6. GERMAN.



O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
  If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
  To Jesus as your Head.

O happy if ye labour
  As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
  As Jesus hunger'd then.

The Cross that Jesus carried
  He carried as your due;
The Crown that Jesus weareth
  He weareth it for you.

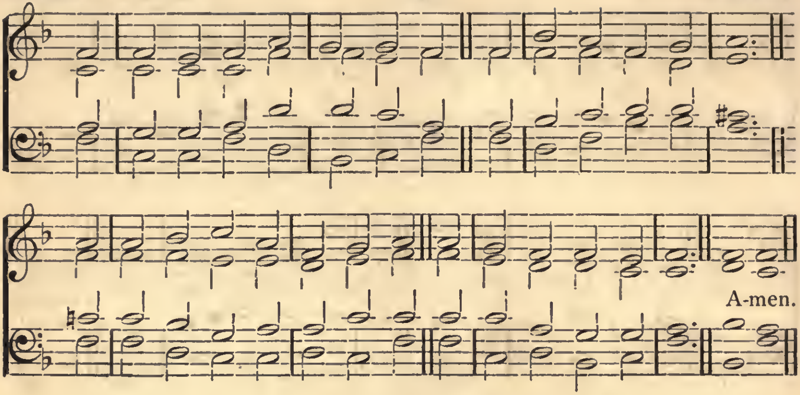
The faith by which ye see Him,
  The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
  To Him alone will turn.

The trials that beset you,
  The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
  That death alone can cure.

What are they but His jewels
  Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
  Set up to heaven on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims,
  Look upward to the skies
Where such a light affliction
  Shall win so great a prize. Amen.

545. ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. OLD TUNE.



THERE is a book, who runs may read,
  Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
  Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
  Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
  How God Himself is found.

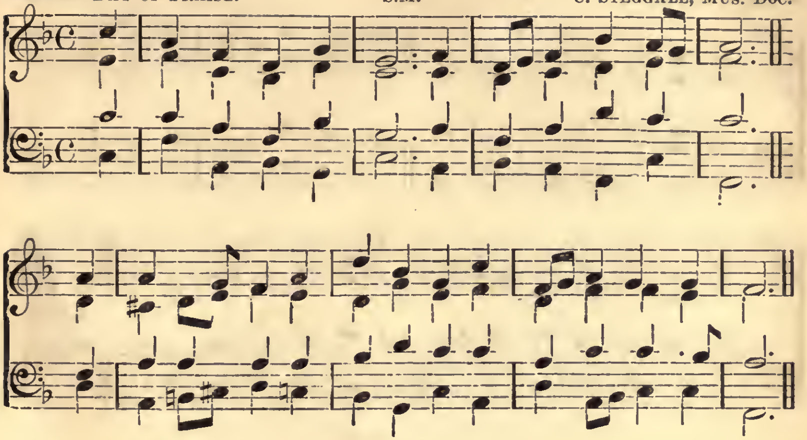
The glorious sky, embracing all,
  Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
  In peace and order move.

The moon above, the church below,
  A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
  Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
  That crown His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
  Perform their courses still.

Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
  And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
  And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

546. Day of Praise. S.M. C. Steggall, Mus. Doc.



Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King!

Yes! onward, onward still,
With hymn and chant and song,
Through gate, and porch, and column'd aisle,
The hallow'd pathways throng!

With all the angel-choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

Your clear hosannas rise,
And alleluias loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float
Like wreaths of incense-cloud!

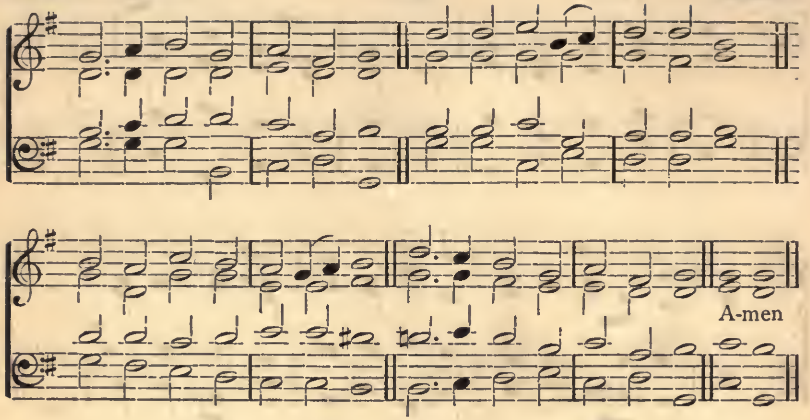
With voices full and strong,
As ocean's surging praise,
Lead forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days!

Yes! on through life's long path;
Still chanting as ye go!
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

Then on! ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King!

547. REDHEAD. 7.7.7.7. REDHEAD.



SOLDIERS, who are Christ's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe:
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the Lord.

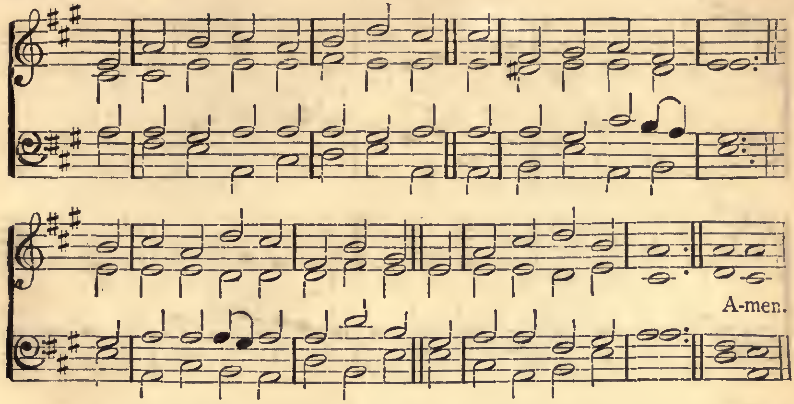
'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

For the souls that overcome
Wait the beauteous heavenly Home,
Where the Blessèd evermore
Tread, on high, the starry floor.

Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth,
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God Himself is thy Reward.

Father, Who the crown dost give,
Saviour, by Whose death we live,
Spirit, Who our hearts dost raise,
Three in One Thy Name we praise.

548. St. James. C.M. R. Courteville.



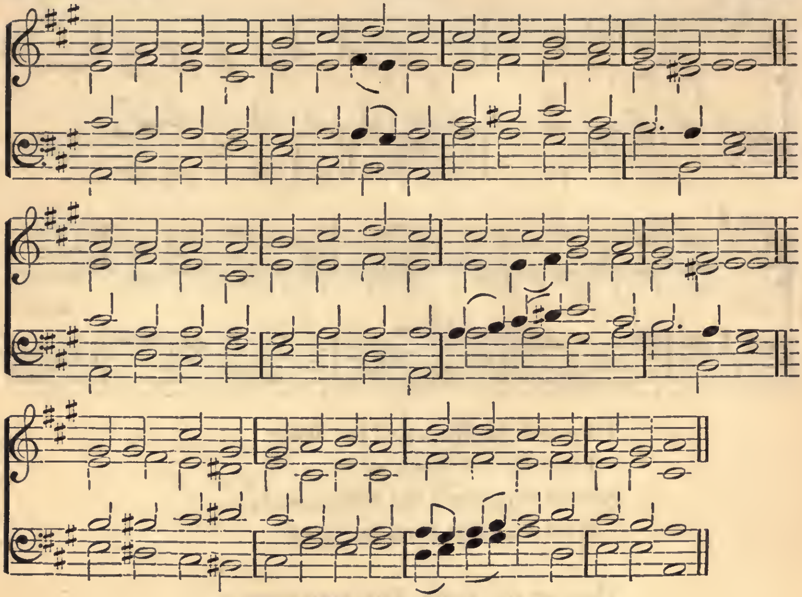
Thou art the Way, to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

549. ORIEL. 8.7.8.7.8.7. ANON.



To the Name of our Salvation
  Laud and honor let us pay;
Which for many a generation
  Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
  We may sing aloud to-day.

Jesus is the Name we treasure:
  Name beyond what words can tell,
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
  Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure
  Saving us from sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
  Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation,
  In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
  By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
  Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
  Sweetest comfort findeth near;
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